CORONET

SEPTEMBER 35c

QUICK POST-SUMMER DIET

LOSE 4 lbs. IN
THREE DAYS

SHOCK: NATURE'S MYSTERIOUS KILLER

Flowers by Magic!

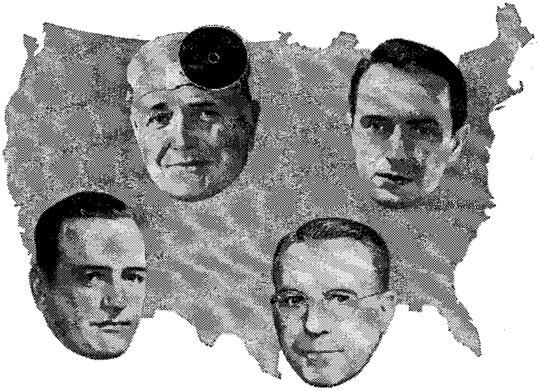
FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

It takes no magician to make the perfect gift of flowers appear whenever and wherever you wish. Phone or visit the FTD florist who displays the Mercury Emblem. Presto! Your floral gift is on its way to the next town or across the world. Say it with flowers-by-magic for any occasion. It's easy and inexpensive.

This Emblem guarantees absolute satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

SEND FLOWERS-BY-WIRE
THRU 11,000 MEMBERS OF ***Florists' Telegraph Delivery***

WHY 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS recommend the famous ingredients of ANACIN To relieve PAIN!



Gives you better *total* effect than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here is why Anacin® gives you a better *total* effect in pain relief:

➡ **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief right to the *source* of your pain.

➡ **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one, but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients, each helping to increase the effectiveness of the others.

➡ **SAFER:** These tablets have a smoother action and simply *can not* upset your stomach.

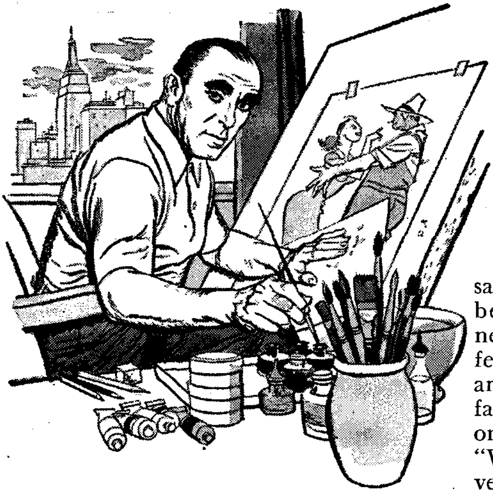
➡ **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also contains a special ingredient (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) which reduces nervous tension and anxiety—leaves you comfortably relaxed—after your pain goes—thus giving you better *total* effect in pain relief. Buy Anacin *today*.

Can not upset your stomach

ANACIN
ANALGESIC TABLETS
FAST PAIN RELIEF
HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS
ANACIN
FAST PAIN RELIEF

They DREW

By REX TAYLOR



Albert Dorne—from his luxurious skyscraper studio, this famous artist can see the slums where he once lived.

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous moneymaker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men met with six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton — to discuss a problem and a plan.

Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. Also thousands of men and women wanted to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. Then, having covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Next came their most challenging problem . . . how would they correct the drawings which students sent in? The famous artists dug deep into their own rich experiences. They tested many approaches. The system they finally selected is probably the most personal and most effective method of criticism that the field of art teaching has ever known.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools now has

their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists, who started the school as a labor of love, still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled in the school. Now a fashionable New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Norman Rockwell— America's best-loved artist left school at 15.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first show where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities for trained artists today are endless," he says. "We continually get calls from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art—if we can find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the famous artists of tomorrow.

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 254, Westport, Conn.

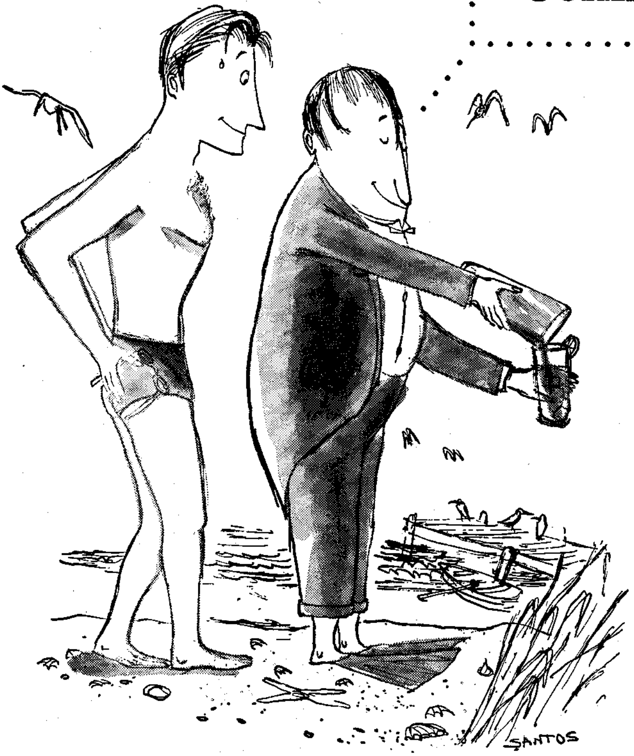
Please send me—without obligation—your Famous Artists Talent Test.

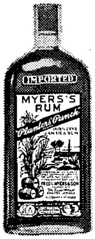
Mr.
Mrs.________________________Age______
Miss (Please Print)

Address________________________________

City, Zone, State__________________________

Now *this* is Rum Collins!





Rare treat, with built-in air-conditioning, a Collins made with **myers rum!** The color is bright—rich, burnished amber. The *flavor* is right—neither soprano nor basso—but a ripe, golden note of pleasing perfection. For a satisfying round of enjoyment serve delightfully *flavorful* **myers jamaica rum.**

MYERS RUM, 97 PROOF. FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE NEWEST IN RUM DRINKERY AND COOKERY WRITE TO: GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., 405 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., DEPT. C2B

Dear Reader:

Kathryn Hardin: found plums in family tree

A year or so ago we received an article from one K. N. Hardin of Marion, Arkansas, supposedly describing his trials in contending with his rambunctious grandchildren. The story had a whimsical, yet slyly hilarious kind of humor, and we bought it right away. Published under the title, "Confessions of a Grandfather" (Sept., 1956) it had readers chuckling and saying, "Now, isn't that just like Grandpa!" Convinced we had discovered the funniest-writing grandpa ever to hobble up to a typewriter, we dashed off a note of congratulations to Mr. K. N. Hardin, urging him to send along some more of his salty stuff. No answer. We waited, then wrote again. Still no answer. Then one day this neatly typed note arrived: "First, I would like to clear up a misunderstanding. I am not a grandfather—I'm a housewife! The grandfather I based my story on is my own father, whose painful trials with his grandchildren have caused our family considerable enjoyment." It was signed *Mrs.* Kathryn N. Hardin.

Our "grandfather," it turned out, was 34 years old, had been happily married for 14 years; was the mother of three ultra-lively children, and lived in a new brick ranch house in the middle of a cotton field on the family farm. Married life for Kathryn started with the army-wife routine, in which she followed husband John from camp to camp. Next came "five wonderful years" of ranching in the Panhandle of Oklahoma, 10 miles from the nearest town. Kathryn's duties there included, besides the regular ranch chores, knocking over rattlesnakes with a .22 rifle.

Now PTA, church and community activities keep life on the more prosaic side—that is until Kathryn sets things to popping with another "Grandpa" story. So far she has had him in the toils of cleaning the attic, hosting at Thanksgiving dinner, matching his mettle against the newest generation, and dieting. This month, on page 109, Grandpa is his usual wryly bedeviled self in another rollicking episode. Don't miss it.

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. *Subscription Rates: $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.*

"I'm Earning $1200 More a Year-

. . . and I went from a dead end job to Secretary to a Hollywood Director!" WRITES Judith L. Adkins OF SANTA MONICA, CAL.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF JUDITH ADKINS "ON THE JOB"

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Speedwriting

FAMOUS ABC SHORTHAND ®

TYPING AVAILABLE

No symbols, No machines—uses ABC's

"Thanks to SPEEDWRITING shorthand, I have a glamorous job most girls dream of—secretary to the casting director of a large Hollywood movie studio. Before studying SPEEDWRITING shorthand, I was a clerk typist. Now I earn $100.00 more a month than in the past."

Why spend many months mastering a whole "foreign language" of symbols when easy-to-learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand qualifies you as a fast, accurate shorthand writer in only 6 weeks? Like Judith Adkins, step into the top-paying job of your choice. In ONLY 6 WEEKS you'll be taking 120 words per minute with SPEEDWRITING — the shorthand that uses the ABC's!

Over 350,000 men and women have learned shorthand the SPEEDWRITING way at home or through classroom instruction. Today they are winning success everywhere—in business, industry and Civil Service.

Write TODAY for FREE book with full details—and FREE SAMPLE LESSON that shows you how easily, quickly YOU can learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Mail coupon NOW!

DID YOU SEE THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE ON Speedwriting?

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

34th YEAR

SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING
Dept. 4609-7, 55 West 42nd Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

FREE To Readers of Coronet Magazine. A big, interesting Booklet with full information about SPEEDWRITING shorthand and typing.

School of Speedwriting, Dept. 4609-7,
55 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

I am a Coronet reader. Please send me, without obligation or expense, your new booklet with full information about SPEEDWRITING shorthand and typing.
☐ Home Study ☐ Classroom Instruction

Name..

Address..

City..............................Zone......State...........

FREE NATION-WIDE LIFETIME PRIVILEGES

- **FREE EMPLOYMENT** • **FREE BRUSH-UP**
- **FREE TRANSFER**

When you enroll for classroom instruction at one SPEEDWRITING School, you are entitled to these privileges at ALL SPEEDWRITING Schools in over 400 cities! For name of your nearest SPEEDWRITING School . . . CONSULT LOCAL DIRECTORY.

© 1957, School of Speedwriting

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

CORONET

Publisher:
ARTHUR STEIN
Executive Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Editor:
LEWIS W. GILLENSON
Managing Editor:
BERNARD L. GLASER
Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BEN MERSON
BEN NELSON
JAMES A. SKARDON
Art Editor:
AUGUSTINO PENNETTO
Art Associate:
DONN CLINGEN
Associate Editors:
PHILIP DOYLE
MARK S. NICHOLS
HANNAH MATLUCK
Canadian Correspondent:
ANNE FROMER
Assistant Editors:
PATRICIA GATELY
SALLY B. SANDLER
FLORENCE SEMON
JOAN STRIEFLING
Production Director:
GUS BERKES
Production Manager:
BRENDAN WOOD
Production Associate:
ELIZABETH ROBINSON

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres.; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Joseph M. Arnstein, Vice-Pres.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres.; Ellsworth C. Dent, Vice-Pres.; Jerry Jontry, Vice-Pres.; Arthur Stein, Vice-Pres.; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription Offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. © 1957, by Esquire, Inc. All rights reserved under the International Copyright Union, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use, without written permission, of the editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Title registered in the United States Patent Office. Printed in the United States. Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Contents for September, 1957

Vol. 42, No. 5, Whole No. 251

Articles

"The Day I Danced for Pavlova"......MARGO FISCHER 25
TV's Master of the Third Degree........IRWIN ROSS 30
Intrepid Men of the Maltese Cross......PETER WYDEN 44
Shock—Nature's Mysterious Killer....MARTIN L. GROSS 50
The World's Biggest Fish Story......N. and M. CARLISLE 55
The Kissing Restaurateur of Paris....LEONARD GROSS 56
Wild Bill Fights a Duel..........WILLIAM L. ROPER 60
Women Who Wanted to Be Men.......ROSANNE SMITH 62
Are You Gambling with Social Security?..S. MARGOLIUS 67
Cash-and-Carry Nonsense.........FRANK L. REMINGTON 73
Biblical Bouquet.................................. 82
"I Hate Cats"...................RICHARD G. HUBLER 84
The Phantom Horse Race...........NINO LO BELLO 89
Sip Away—4 lbs. in 3 Days....ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 90
John Searles' Magic Lake...........VICTOR BOESEN 96
Make-Believe Murderers...........MARTIN ABRAMSON 100
The Shop That Sells Dreams........JAMES V. O'GARA 104
Grandpa Retires from Retirement......K. N. HARDIN 109
He Makes Bad Boys Good......GWEN DEW BUCHANAN 124
The Amazing Fence That Grows........PETER FARB 129
Disaster at the Dock..................WILBUR CROSS 133
Mama Mahaffey: Texas Dynamo........SETH KANTOR 138
The Man Who Was Doomed to Silence...BILL MONROE 146
They Called It Justice.................WILL BERNARD 168

Pictorial Features

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Model
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS RODEWALD 36
Pathways Across Space................GEROLD FRANK 74
Bush Pilot.........PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS RODEWALD 114

Service Features

Products on Parade.............................. 18
Coronet Family Shopper.......................... 157
Coronet Shopping Guide.......................... 164
Coronet School and College Directory............ 166

Departments

Dear Reader..................................... 5
Brassy Brazzi: He's Sure of His Mettle........MOVIES 8
All About You................................... 14
Human Comedy..............................HUMOR 29
Animal Oddities..............A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 49
Grin and Share It..........................HUMOR 94
Apt Answers................................HUMOR 113
Tales Out of School........................HUMOR 156
Silver Linings.................................. 158

Cover

Painting..............................FREEMAN ELLIOTT

brassy Brazzi: he's sure of his mettle

ROSSANO BRAZZI's first trip to Hollywood, in 1949, was a nightmare. Unable to speak English and cast as a bearded professor in a remake of *Little Women,* he flopped miserably. His co-star, June Allyson, recalls: "He learned his lines phonetically. I taught him to say 'ham sandwich,' and for two months that's about all he ate because it was the only thing he could order in English."

His English—and his stature as an actor—have grown considerably since then. American audiences were intrigued by the performance of this 6-foot, 175-pound, blue-eyed Italian in three Hollywood pictures filmed abroad: *Three Coins in the Fountain, The Barefoot Contessa* and *Summertime.* Fans will get another chance to see him and June Allyson this month in *Interlude,* a love story photographed in Munich and Salzburg.

Touted by some as "the most virile foreign star since Valentino," Brazzi tossed away a law career in 1939 for a small part in an Italian film. After that, he worked steadily on stage and screen until a Hollywood producer imported him for his 1949 fiasco.

Returning to Rome, Brazzi found Italian critics also sneering at him. "In 1953, they said I was through," he recalls. Today he has a solidly booked schedule through 1959. U.S. audiences will see him this year in *The Golden Virgin* opposite Joan Crawford; *Legend of the Lost* with Sophia Loren and John Wayne, and *South Pacific,* in which he will sing. "Singing," laughs untrained Brazzi, "comes naturally to Italians."

Born 40 years ago in Bologna, the son of a leather manufacturer, Brazzi met his wife Lidia in a drama class and despite her "aristocratic" parents' objections married her 17 years ago.

Last year Rossano and Lidia, now weighing over 200 *pasta*-plump pounds, went through a second ceremony to accomodate mellowed relatives. Lidia's father now handles his son-in-law's huge volume of fan mail.

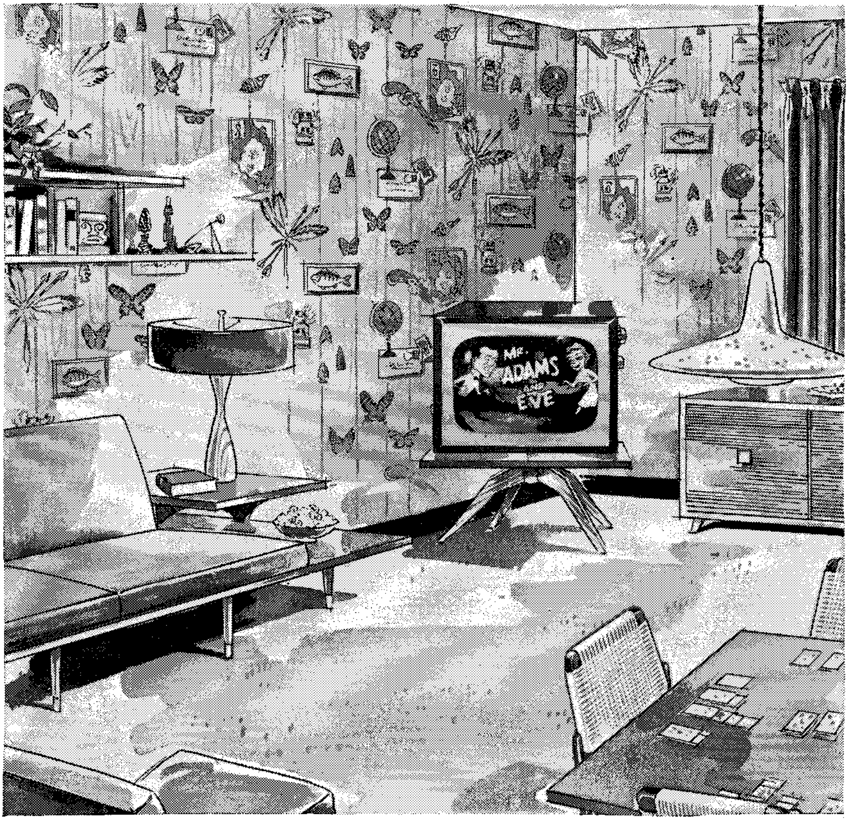
Perhaps in self-defense against past critical indifference, the cocky Brazzi regards himself not only a great actor, but also an accomplished screen writer and "the world's champion Indian-style wrestler." As for his English, he says, "I don't want to compete with American leading men. An accent makes me more unique."

(*Continued on page 13*)

The Big Change

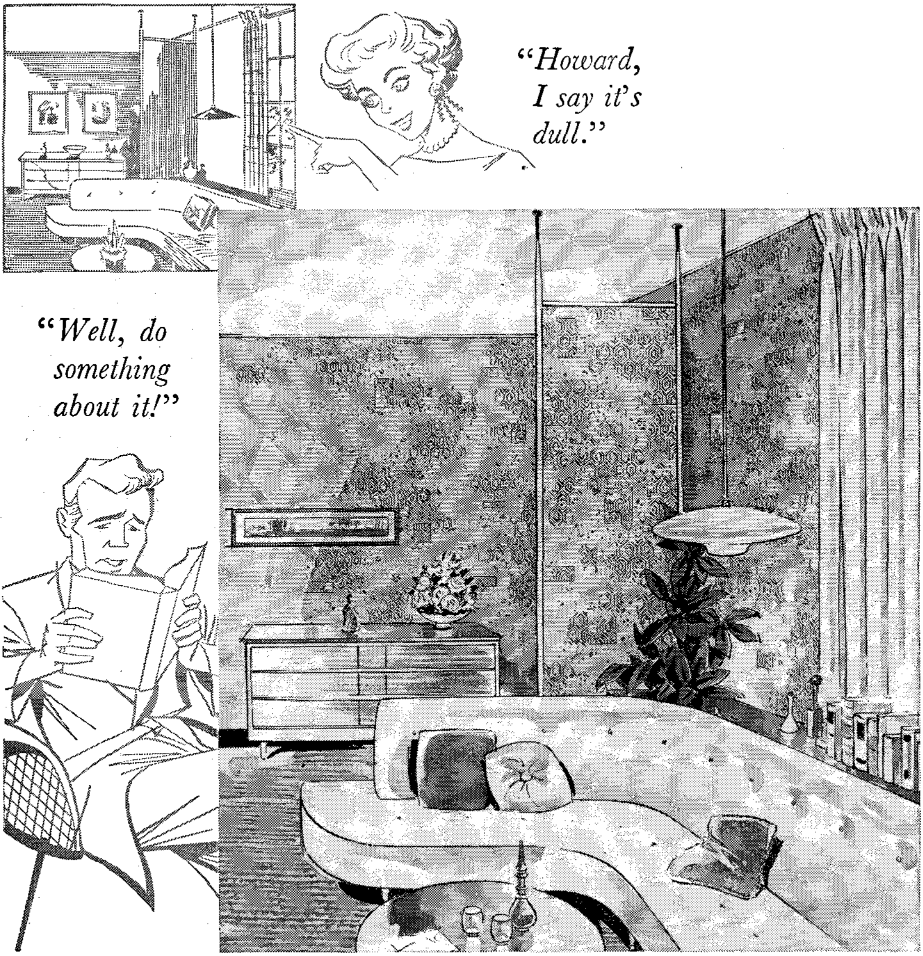
Mr. Adams and Eve discover

even the Garden of Eden can be improved



TRIMZ Hobby Treasures $1.79 the roll

A do-it-yourself drama starring
Trimz Big Change *ready pasted wallpaper*
with Ida Lupino and Howard Duff in the title rolls


"Howard, I say it's dull."
"Well, do something about it!"

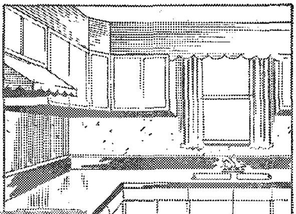
TRIMZ Intermezzo $2.09 the roll

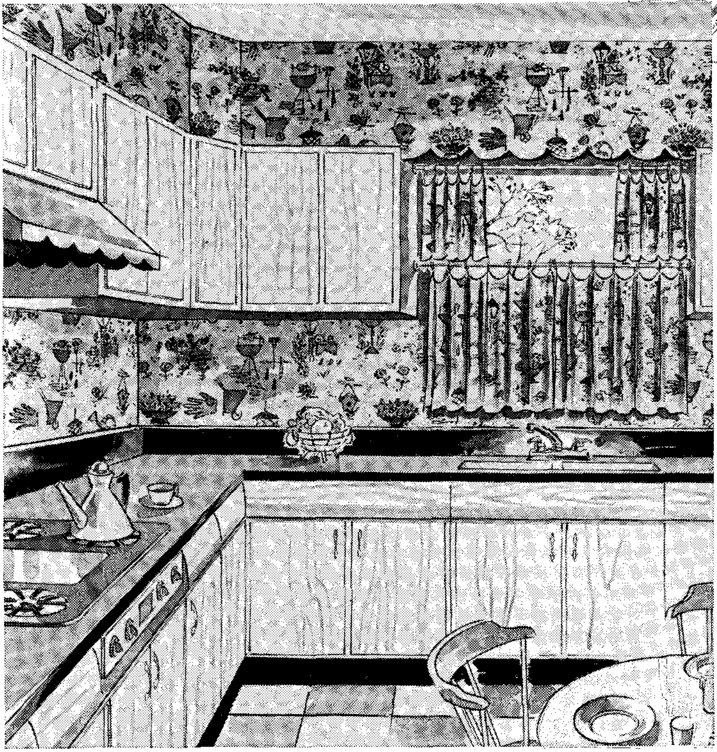
After the Big Change with Trimz®

The Big Change...accomplished by a couple of inexperienced decorators like you! A jaded paint job easily, quickly Trimz-transformed! Colorfast, of course, embossed for easy handling; plastic coated to insure its soil resistance. Ready-pasted and pre-trimmed, new strengthened Trimz now has improved paste that adheres slowly enough for amateur paperhangers but holds practically forever to the properly prepared wall. As low as $1.09 to $2.19 a roll. And so wonderfully worth it!

These characters look familiar? They are co-stars of "Mr. Adams and Eve" on CBS-Television.

"Eve, don't leave me
alone in this
mess hall."





TRIMZ Green Thumb $1.99 the roll

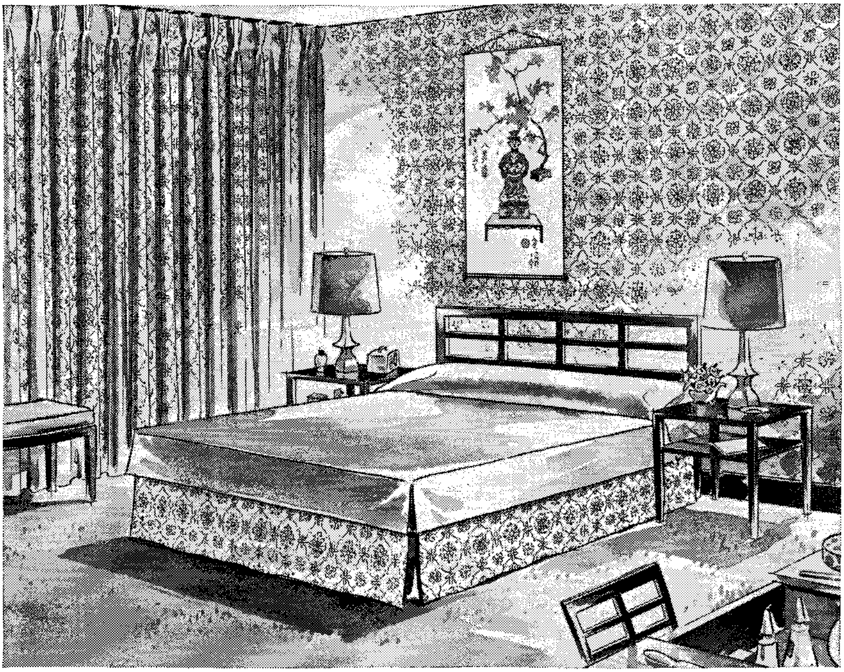
"You'd think
he was a full
time chef now."

After the Big Change with Trimz®

With Trimz as little as $1.09 the roll and cost of hanging zero, Mr. Adams enjoys K.P. duty. Eve was charmed to find "perfect match" curtains for her new Trimz kitchen, too; handsome polished cotton, 36-inch width...washable and colorfast, in exact same color and design as her Trimz walls. Twenty-two of these Big Change Trimz wallpapers have these delightful Decor-mates, practically priced at $2.79 the yard. Says Eve, "This is fun! Let's do another room, right away."

All prices quoted in this Trimz sequence are slightly higher in Western States.

"We say, 'Do yourself the favor of a Big Change! If we can Trimz a room, anybody can . . . that's for sure'!"



TRIMZ Strafford $1.89 the roll

After the Big Change with **Trimz**®

Trimz, Dept. C-97
United Wallpaper Division
3101 S. Kedzie Avenue
Chicago 23, Illinois

Please send me the name of my nearest Trimz dealer. I want to make my house a Garden of Eden with The Big Change.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *Zone*____ *State*____

There are more than 120 new Trimz Ready-Pasted Wallpapers. As Eve says, the hardest part is deciding which. But Trimz makes that easy, too. All are offered in choice of colors...many have soft-hued texture effects to combine with figured styles for today's smart accent effects. So, today, see your Trimz dealer, or send coupon for his name.

Interiors today for tomorrow's living by UNITED

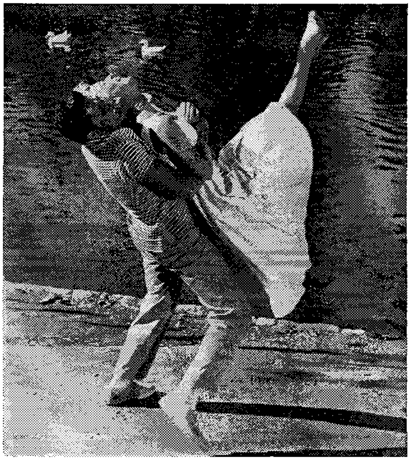
JEANNE EAGELS. The current trend in movie cycles veers to biographies of former alcoholic and drug-addicted celebrities (Barney Ross, Lillian Roth, Helen Morgan). Now the story of Jeanne Eagels combines *both* addictions, and gives Kim Novak her toughest role to date.

An ambitious carnival performer (*above*), Jeanne Eagels schemed her way to Broadway, then won tremendous acclaim as Sadie Thompson in *Rain.* But success without personal happiness proved disastrous.

Kim Novak is attractive in the Twenties' styles, but inept direction and a confused script hamper her and co-stars Jeff Chandler and Agnes Moorehead in making the characters and the era come alive.

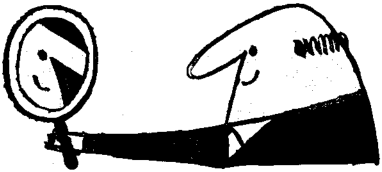
THE PAJAMA GAME. Union troubles in a pajama factory may seem like an unlikely subject for a musical. But not when it concerns a superintendent and a girl labor leader (John Raitt and Doris Day, *right*). Then lovely corn grows in the garden of discord.

A solid plot, bright songs and clever dances make this Broadway hit an entrancing movie. The picnic scenes brim with vitality. The stage show-stoppers—Carol Haney's *Steam Heat* number and the soft-shoe dance by Eddie Foy, Jr. and Reta Shaw—are faithfully duplicated. Heroine Doris Day is gay and spontaneous. But Raitt, an excellent singer, lacks conviction as an actor. —MARK NICHOLS



ALL ABOUT

Why your best audience is—you; If you've given up sports, don't blame your age



WHAT SENSE I MAKE!

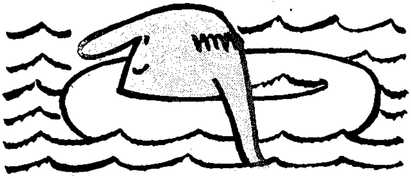
Who's the best audience you'll ever have? Probably yourself, say psychologists Anthony J. Smith, Harrison E. Madden and Ronald Sobol. They found that discussion group members recalled easiest the things they themselves had said, rather than statements made by their colleagues. And when they remembered what others said, it turned out that what was said fitted in with their own views. Apparently most of us go into a discussion thinking we have an open mind. Actually we're primed with our own beliefs—and are eager to have them supported by others. Understandably, we like what *we* say—and listen mostly to ourselves.

STRONG-MINDED HAIR

If you're a man worried about losing your hair, here's hope. Simply develop muscles under your scalp. For a study of balding men by Dr. M. Wharton Young, of Howard University, revealed the significant fact that muscle was found under the hairy area of their scalps, but none under the bald zone. How do you develop muscles under your scalp if there are none there to begin with? The study didn't say.

WIT AND WITHOUT

Ever been overawed at a party by the cutting repartee of an extremely witty guest? Well, don't be, says Dr. Martin Grotjahn, University of Southern California psychiatrist. The man's more to be pitied than envied. He's probably unloving and unloved, and uses his wit to keep people at arm's length—and not to entertain them. He needs constant admiration to bolster his defenses. If he didn't release his hostility via his biting tongue he would probably "blow his top" in some other manner.



MENTAL GYMNASTICS

If you've reached middle age and find yourself slowed down in athletics—don't blame your age. Blame your own laziness. That's the con-

(*Continued on page 16*)

Hammond Spinet Model illustrated

There's companionship in a home that has a Hammond Organ

...it helps you find gentle ways to draw the family even closer

...*it gives your children exciting* glimpses into the world of music

...it keeps your own viewpoint young, revives your sense of accomplishment

...and a family who shares the gift of music, also shares a new understanding of each other that's called companionship.

Why a Hammond Organ?

Because it differs from all others in several important ways. (1) No Spinet Model Hammond has ever needed tuning. (2) It gives you thousands of different kinds of tones . . . controlled at a touch by Hammond's exclusive Harmonic Drawbars.

The orchestral voices of brasses, woodwinds, strings and percussion instruments are all yours to command at the console of your Hammond Organ. Ask your dealer to demonstrate these exclusive musical advantages.

Easy terms: $135 down at most dealers and about $40 a month

Hammond Organ Company
4205 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send color brochure and tell me how to get FREE LP ORGAN RECORD at my dealer's.

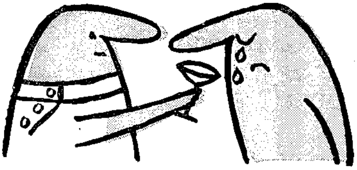
Name..

Address..

City........................Zone......State............

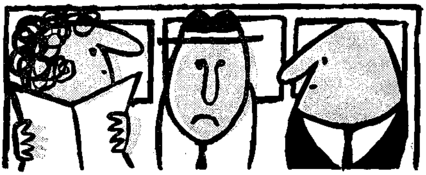
© 1957, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 9

clusion of Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, of the University of California, based on studies of men who continued an active physical life into their 80's. Even at that age, he finds, men can perform physical feats as well as fellows one third their age. If you make sports a balanced part of your life, he says, there's only a slight deterioration through the years in strength and speed—so slight that is shows up only in championship preformances. "A man 40 today can look forward to 40 more years of active participation in athletics," he concludes.



TELL-TALE TEARS

If one of these days when you arrive for a physical checkup your doctor says, "Just weep into this, please. We need a tear sample," don't be surprised. For Dr. Olive Fedde Erickson, of the Stanford Medical School, reports that the ratio of the three chemical elements in tears changes with the patient's health and emotional status. Tears from a man under severe stress are different from tears wept when you're undernourished, or, say, ill from rheumatic fever. Dr. Erickson thinks tear analysis may become a routine diagnostic tool.



DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS

Ever see a stranger sitting on a bus and think to yourself, "He looks unhappy"? Don't count on it. University of Colorado Medical Center researchers have found that two people looking at the face of a third person are as likely as not to interpret the expression differently. The reason is that we tend to read our own emotions into other people. Be sure that you're really looking at the other person's face—and not at a mirror of your own psyche.

HOW YOUR CHILD SEES YOU

The image your child has of you seems to bear a relationship to his attitude toward other youngsters, according to a University of Michigan pilot study. Children who saw their mothers as their main source of affection *and* discipline tended to be more considerate of their playmates than children who identified their fathers as the affectionate parent and their mothers as the disciplinarian. The second group was less friendly, more apt to use force to get their way. Why? Probably because they hadn't learned control of hostile impulses since they weren't dependent for affection on the supplier of discipline!

Here now, from Stern's! The Wonderful

"Fence With Roots" You've Read About! LIVING FENCE

of Stern's Multiflora Roses—SO DENSE NO PERSON OR ANIMAL CAN GET THROUGH!

BEAUTIFUL PROTECTION ALL YEAR! Use to reinforce present fences, or alone. **Needs no support.** Covered with roses each spring, sparkling foliage in summer, red berries all winter!

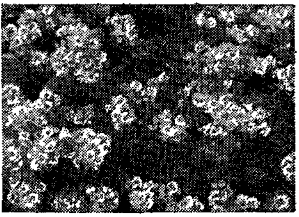
Here are the tough, hardy shrub roses that are perfect for hedges and farm fences! About ⅕ the price of wire fencing. No upkeep, no repairs, nothing to maintain. Beat man-made fences by a mile!

Plant 18" Apart—
They're 3 to 4 Ft. Tall Next Year!

Grow like wildfire in practically any soil. Soon so dense and thick they form a solid tangle that children, dogs, horses, sheep, even bulls can't get through! Shoot up so fast, sometimes *grow an inch a day!* Reach about 8 ft. at maturity, then gracefully arch down. Or keep any height you like by clipping once or twice a season. Once established, take care of themselves. Last a lifetime. Grow more beautiful and useful every year!

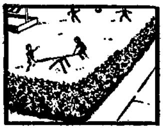
Recommended By U. S. Dept. of Agriculture
and U. S. Soil Conservation Service

Found the one shrub best suited for use as a living fence. Forms barrier so strong, now being used to replace conventional guard-rails on many state highways. Raises property values. Attract song and game birds and other small game that cut down destructive insects and rodents. Help conserve topsoil, cut winds. To quote an expert: *"You couldn't make a better investment than planting the fence that blossoms as the rose."*



HARDY, FAST GROWING

FOR FARM



FOR GARDEN

Fall is the Perfect Time to Plant!
Order by Mail With Money-Back Guarantee

For a 4-ft. tall Living Fence BY NEXT SUMMER, plant *this fall.* Easy directions enclosed. Plant 1 ft. to 2 ft. apart for farm fence, 18" for garden hedge. (Use 25 plants for 40 ft. hedge; 50 for 75 ft.) *You must be delighted with results, or get free replacement or money back.*

FINE QUALITY, HEAVY 15"-18" PLANTS

10—$2.50 25—$5 50—$9 100—$15
250—$30 500—$50 1000—$90

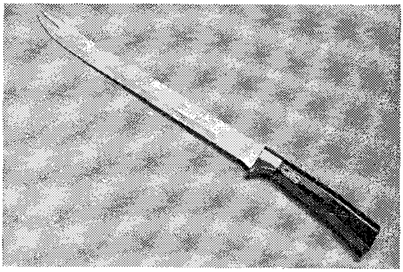
Send check or money order. All prices postpaid.

Stern's Nurseries FIELD 140, GENEVA, NEW YORK

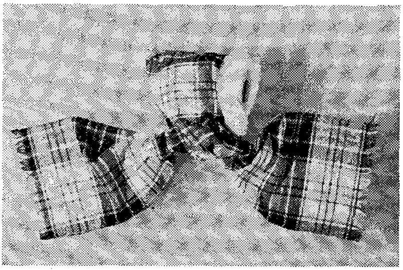
Specialists in Rare And Choice Trees, Plants & Flowers

Products on Parade

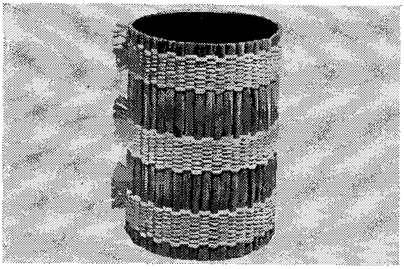
Edited by Florence Semon



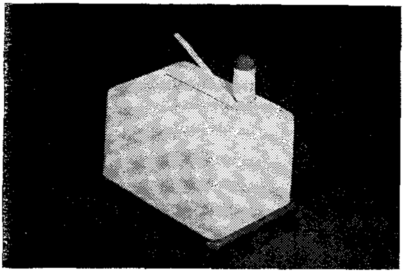
DOUBLE-DUTY STAINLESS STEEL KNIFE for slicing and serving chores. High carbon blade with serrated edge. Black ebonite handle and 24 kt. gold-plated bolster. Measures 7¼″ long; withstands boiling water and is dishwasher guaranteed. $1.98 pp. Fineline Co., Dept. 417, 303 5th Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



SEND HER BACK TO SCHOOL in this warm, one-piece version of the scarf and hat set. Parker Wilder Plaid of 55% wool and 45% rayon. Trimmed with genuine mouton processed lamb in matching colors of red, blue, green, gold or brown. $2.49 pp. Galaxy Fur, Dept. C, 236 W. 27th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



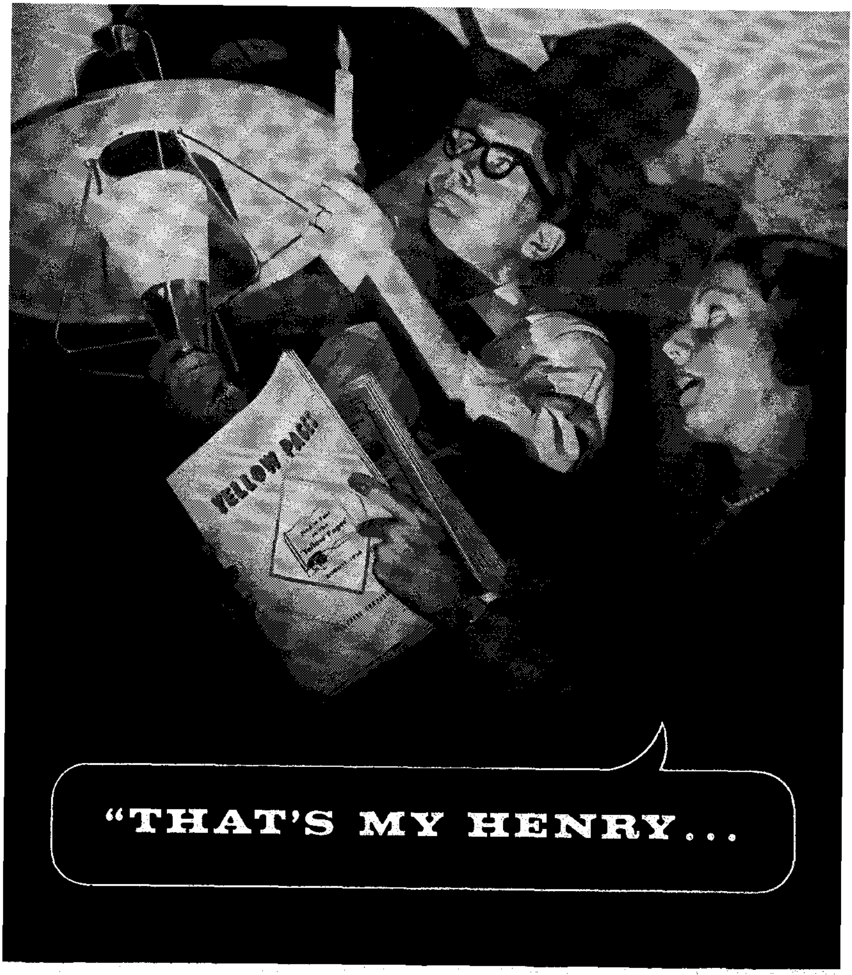
ATTRACTIVE BASKET hand-woven in Puerto Rico can be used as scrap basket, flower container, knitting basket, etc. Outside of natural palm fibre trimmed with nylon bands in blue, pink, or yellow. Heavy gauge metal liner inside. 12″ high x 8″ diameter. $4.95 pp. Hobi, Dept. C8, Flushing 52, N. Y.



PRESS THE BUTTON on the hygienic Tooth Pick Boy and a single toothpick automatically pops up on end. Easy to fill; holds a box of toothpicks. Dispenser of cream-colored plastic with green trim. $1.99 pp; 2 for $3.75 pp. Mrs. T. Dempster, Dept. D-3, 2966 N. Hancock St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.

(Continued on page 20)

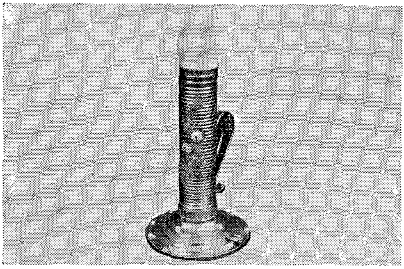
Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.


YELLOW PAGES
"THAT'S MY HENRY...

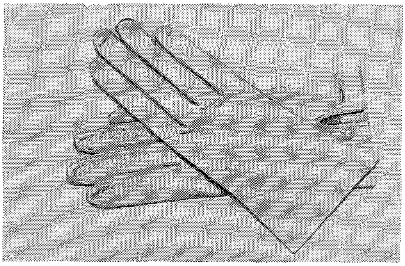
...I keep telling him,

If you want it fixed right, and fixed right away, look under electric contractors in the **Yellow Pages"**

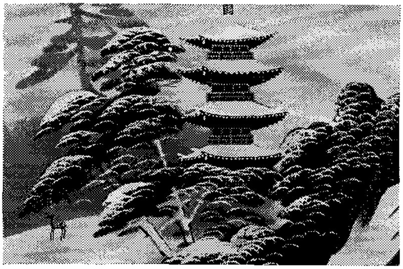
Products



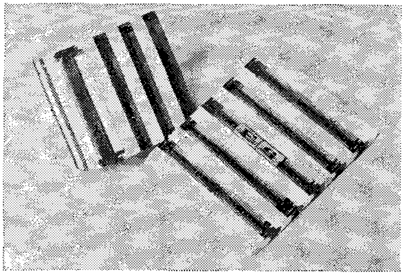
MULTI-PURPOSE CANDLE STICK lights automatically when lifted. Equipped with switch to keep light on indefinitely. 7½″ high; jeweled metal case finished in gold, copper, black, pink, blue or white. Complete with 2 batteries. $1.98 pp. Expansion Products, Dept. R, 347 5th Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



HANDSOME PEARL-BUTTON-CLOSED shortie gloves of guaranteed washable and color-fast glacé leather. Full-scale color selection of black, white, navy, brown, pink, sky blue, aqua, grey, scarlet, beige, olive green, or lilac. Sizes 5½ to 8. $5.00 pp. Joseph Perrella, P.O. 533, Gloversville, New York.



GIVE YOUR HOME a touch of the Orient with this beautiful hand-painted water color on silk. Delicately colored in brown, white, misty grey, Mounted on a mat; measures 16″ x 20″. Catalogue of additional paintings sent with order. $3.00 pp. Wes Enterprises, Dept. C, 507 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



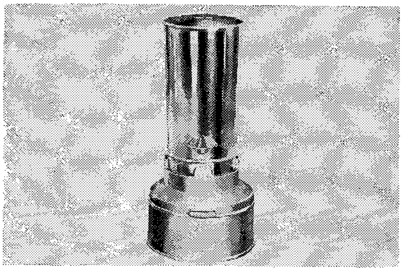
BEND THE FLEX-EJECTOR CASE and out pops a cigarette. Sturdy plastic in red, blue or black with white stripes. Case comes in regular or king size; holds 10 cigarettes. Personalized with 2 or 3 gold-plated initials. $1.50 pp. J. D. Porter Enterprises, Dept. C, P. O. Box 156, Boulder City, Nevada.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 157.

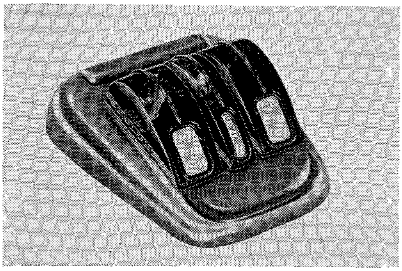
on Parade

SCRATCH Remover
AUTO BODY
All Colors Makes and Models of Cars

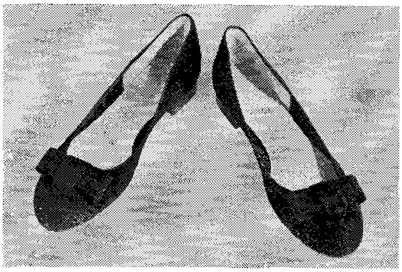
AUTOMOBILE SURFACE SCRATCHES and paint blemishes are removed with new Duro Scratch Remover. Works on all colors, makes and models of cars. Easy to use; simply rub remover on, then wipe off. Large tube, 80¢ pp. Woodhill Chemical Co., Dept. MBS, 1391 E. 33rd St., Cleveland 14, Ohio.



MIGHTY MIXI makes delicious milk shakes, floats, sodas, etc., in a jiffy. Durable plastic; operates on two standard flashlight batteries. Measures 4½″ x 4½″ x 9½″. Bound to appeal to all ages. Complete with batteries. $3.88 pp. Best Values Co., Dept. CO, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.



MAHOGANY PLASTIC DESKIT is compact home or office accessory. Consists of clip well, moistener, and roll dispensers for stamps, etc. Tape, air mail stickers included. $3.45 pp. Personalized with 2 initials and last name, $3.95 pp. Modern Products, Dept. 15, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.



AN ATTRACTIVE FLAT with tailored bow that tall gals can comfortably wear around the clock. Fashioned for the woman with the hard-to-fit foot. In black suede or kidskin. Available in sizes 8 to 12, AAAAA to C, $13.45 pp. Shoecraft, Inc., Dept. C, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17, New York.

...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in the October issue of Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests *...at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

FREE MAIL TODAY

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. CT-19

980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. OR
711 Fifth Ave., New York City, OR
Suite 800, 17 No. State St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen.

No cost. No salesmen will call.

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr.

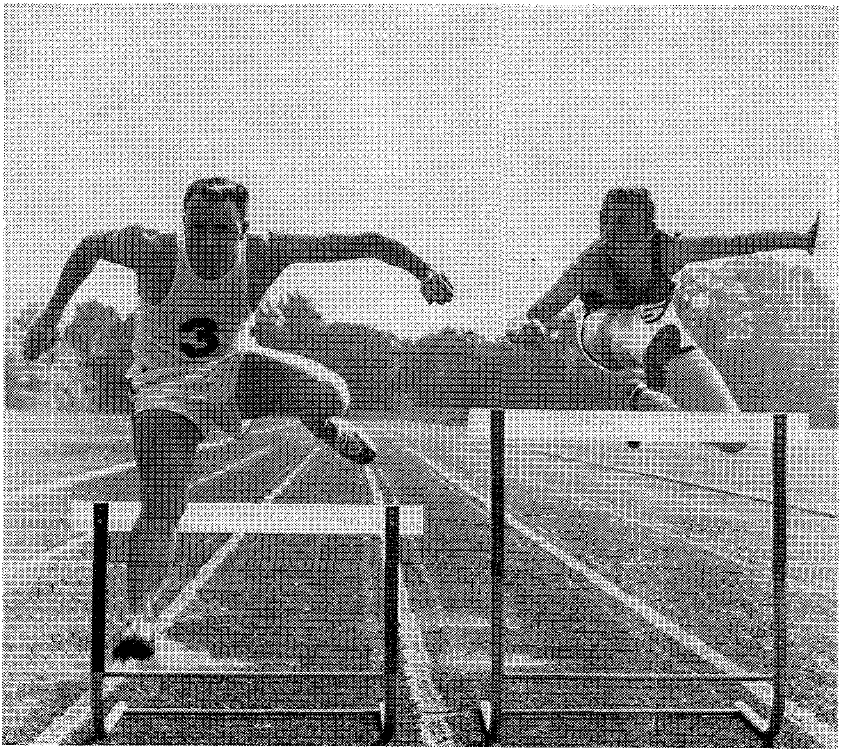
NAME..............................

ADDRESS..............................

CITY.............ZONE....STATE.......

TELEPHONE..............................

Use margin for more writing space CT-19



Would you call this fair play?

Number 5 has to take the *high* hurdles—number 3 gets by with the *low.* Would you call *this* a fair race?

Hardly—but you face that same kind of unfairness every day as far as your taxes are concerned. Here's how:

Part of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But a strange twist in federal laws exempts several million families and businesses from paying all the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. These are the people who get their electricity from federal government electric systems. Like runner number 3, they enjoy *lower* tax hurdles while you strain over the *high* ones.

This kind of tax favoritism is a far cry from American standards of fair play. That's why we believe it should be made widely known and given critical study.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

CORONET ♛ SEPTEMBER, 1957

"The Day I Danced for PAVLOVA"

by MARGO FISCHER

THE OTHER DAY my heart went out to a young girl who, with her mother, sat in front of me on a bus in New York City. Tears ran down the girl's cheeks and I heard her say, "I made such a fool of myself. Everyone laughed at me."

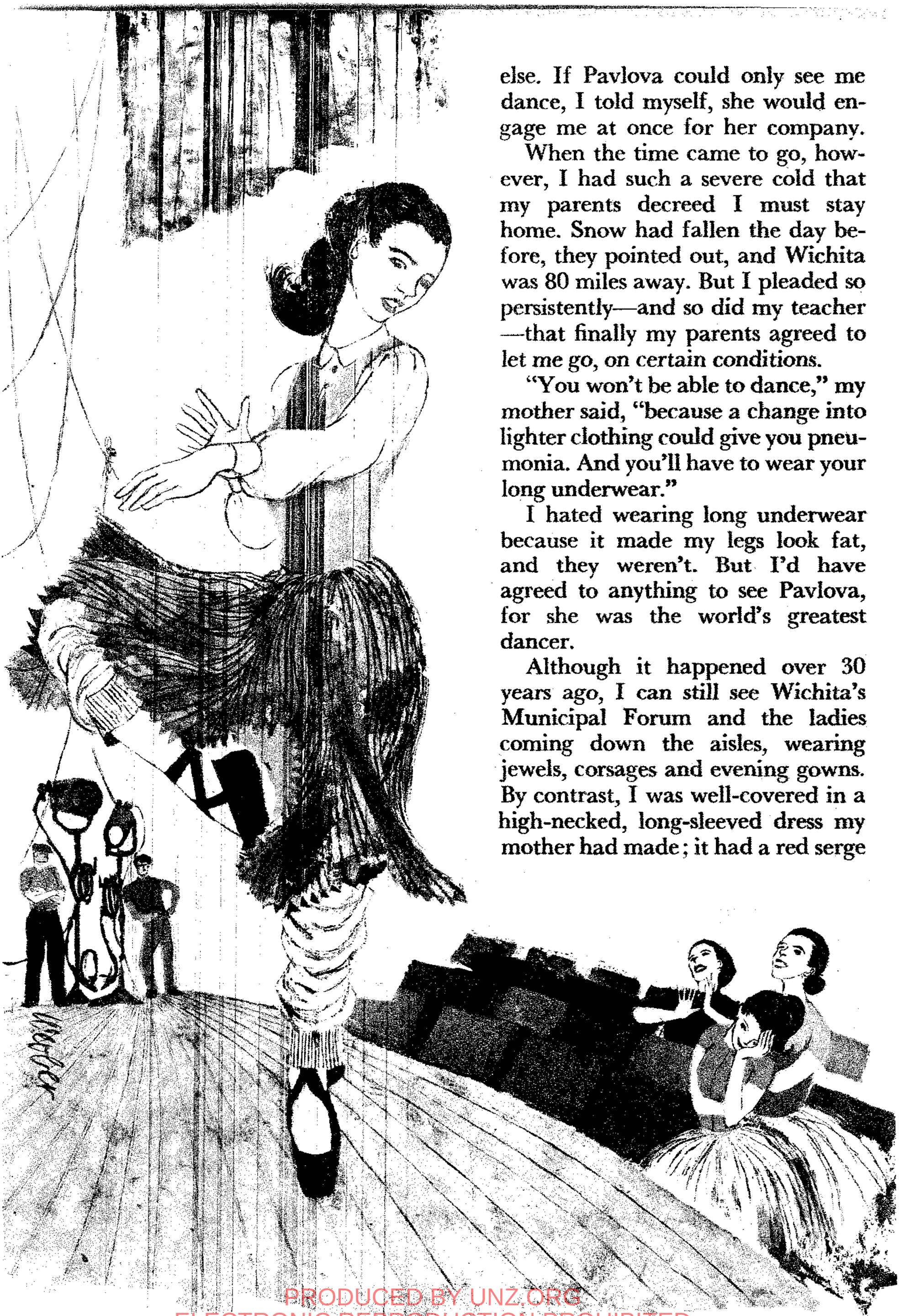
"Never mind," her mother told her. "You're only 15, and you'll have lots more opportunities."

Fifteen! Is there a more difficult age for a girl? No longer a child, yet not a woman, she is so serious, so sensitive and self-conscious that humiliation of any kind cuts deep I remembered the winter I was 15—when I decided to become a professional dancer.

My teacher said I had real talent. She'd studied with a famous ballet master, which was enough to make her an authority in the small midwestern town where I lived.

She also knew Anna Pavlova, and when the great ballerina was scheduled to appear in Wichita, Kansas, the "big city" in our part of the country, my teacher wrote to her and asked if she'd see some of her pupils dance. Pavlova consented, and I was one of the three chosen.

For weeks I thought of nothing



else. If Pavlova could only see me dance, I told myself, she would engage me at once for her company.

When the time came to go, however, I had such a severe cold that my parents decreed I must stay home. Snow had fallen the day before, they pointed out, and Wichita was 80 miles away. But I pleaded so persistently—and so did my teacher—that finally my parents agreed to let me go, on certain conditions.

"You won't be able to dance," my mother said, "because a change into lighter clothing could give you pneumonia. And you'll have to wear your long underwear."

I hated wearing long underwear because it made my legs look fat, and they weren't. But I'd have agreed to anything to see Pavlova, for she was the world's greatest dancer.

Although it happened over 30 years ago, I can still see Wichita's Municipal Forum and the ladies coming down the aisles, wearing jewels, corsages and evening gowns. By contrast, I was well-covered in a high-necked, long-sleeved dress my mother had made; it had a red serge skirt, accordion pleated, and was topped with a darker red velvet basque.

I'd never seen a ballet company before and hadn't dreamed dancing could be so wonderful. Young men, like live Greek statues, jumped, leaped, whirled and twisted effortlessly. They lifted girls high into the air, then spun them around on one toe as though they were dandelion puffs.

Then Pavlova came out alone to dance "The Dying Swan." She wore a pure white feather costume in which she floated over the dark stage as if it were a lake. A single spotlight followed her movements, and by some miracle she was transformed into a swan.

As she danced, I identified myself with her completely. I had the same dark hair and eyes, the high-arched feet, the slender, lithe body. It was all happening to me. I was the dancing star.

Then it was over, and we were waiting backstage, for we were to have the privilege of going into Pavlova's dressing room. Suddenly I decided I simply couldn't let her see me with fat legs. I quickly pulled up my long underwear legs, rolled them as neatly as possible above my knees. Then, with the others, I went in to see my idol, face to face.

Already dressed in street clothes, Pavlova looked as ethereal and lovely as she had on stage, but there was a sadness about her. "I'm depressed," she explained to my teacher. "Today I had a letter from my home in London. One of my dear little dogs is dead." She sighed, then almost instantly changed expression. "Come," she said, "get into your practice clothes."

Stagehands were busy taking down scenery when we returned to the stage, and Pavlova asked them to stop for ten minutes. Then, with my teacher, she went down into the empty auditorium and sat in front-row seats and called out various steps for my two co-students to do.

Both girls were so nervous they botched every step they tried. I knew I could do better and, after I had stood it as long as I could, I asked my teacher if I couldn't dance, just in my dress. The skirt was full, and I wore the same size toe slippers as one of the girls.

"Why not let her?" Pavlova asked.

Overjoyed, I changed into the borrowed slippers and was told to bourée (fast little running steps on toes) diagonally forward, then circle the stage with spins and end up with 16 grand fouetté turns direct center. (These are turns made on one toe by whipping the other leg around in a circle.)

I started, and thought I was doing well, but when I went into the spins I was sure I heard laughter. By the time I finished, there was no doubt about it. The stagehands were laughing. So were the two girls and my teacher. And even Pavlova! Could I have danced so badly that it was funny?

Embarrassed, I looked down at the floor—and saw what had happened. The legs of my long underwear had come down on the outside of my stockings, and I'd been dancing in this ludicrous costume.

Humiliated beyond reason, I jumped down from the stage into the dark auditorium and hid in one of the back rows. There I wept hysterically. I wanted to drop through the floor, to disappear forever, and never, never have to face anyone again.

Then I felt a hand under my chin. I looked up into Pavlova's face.

"Don't cry," she said. "You have given me a good laugh. Something I needed very much today. I want to thank you for that.

"Now listen to me. You wish to become a successful dancer, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered, with a sniffle.

"All right, then. What do you think success means? Success means that people will laugh at you. They will make fun of you. You may have an accident, and a whole audience will laugh. Sometimes an audience will give you big applause. Sometimes no applause at all. You will work for almost nothing, maybe. Again, you will work for much more money than you're worth. This is success.

"But if you're a good dancer, a real artist, these things will not matter. Because eventually—if you work very hard—you will be able to create in the minds of thousands and thousands of people living images of beauty. For an hour or two you will help them forget their sorrows and their problems. This is a very great thing."

I worked for seven years before I was good enough to be a solo dancer, but whenever the going was hard I remembered Pavlova's words and found new strength. The year I got my first professional job was the year Pavlova died . . .

I was remembering all this when the driver stopped the bus abruptly and the hat box which the young girl had been holding on her lap fell open. Out of it spilled a toe slipper with one ribbon missing. She picked it up and the tears started down her cheeks again.

I leaned over and asked, "Are you studying to be a dancer?"

"Yes," she answered.

And then I told her the story of the time I danced for Pavlova.

No Sale!

WORN OUT from housework and a mother's million other chores, a Milwaukee woman lay down on the davenport to catch forty winks. She felt one of the youngsters patting her face and drowsily enjoyed the child's affection.

The ringing doorbell roused her from her nap. Hurrying to the door she told the salesman she didn't want any of whatever he was selling. He looked at her so queerly when she told him, however, that she glanced at a mirror on her way back to the davenport.

Her face was thoroughly plastered with green trading stamps!

—Milwaukee Journal

Human Comedy

AFTER READING the daily horoscope which appears in one of our newspapers, I turned to the boss' secretary and asked: "Do you ever read your horoscope?"

"I don't bother with my own," she replied, "but I sure read the one about the boss every day. It's the only way I know how to handle him!"

—TOM TARBOX

WE WERE on our way back to the States, the regular watch had been set and everything was normal. Then suddenly out of the night two lights, one on our port, the other on our starboard bow, were sighted. Combat had nothing on the radar screen and according to the charts, no permanent installation was marked. The captain was awakened and the ship immediately changed course to avoid the unknown.

About ten minutes later a very chagrined captain went back to sleep. The cause had been ascertained—a crescent moon, showing its points only, had risen on the horizon. We have no doubt that this is the first time in naval history that a United States vessel had to change course to avoid a collision with the moon.

—ROBERT F. HYNES, RMI (U.S.N.)

ON A MISERABLE RAINY DAY recently, the weather caught me unprepared. I was dodging in and out along the street trying to make an appointment on time, when suddenly a low gruff voice behind me said, "Keep moving! I've got you covered."

Glancing back shakily, I found myself looking into the warm smile of an elderly gentleman who was holding an umbrella over my head.

—JUDY JAMES

SUN, dust and long hours at the wheel had my temper on edge as I pulled into a roadside cafe in Arizona.

The elderly proprietor smiled a greeting at me but I snapped out my order for a hamburger and coffee. "And hold the mustard!" I shouted at his retreating back.

"Sorry," he said, turning around. "We're plumb out of mustard. How about taking it without something else?"

I returned his grin. "Okay, dad, you got any catsup?"

"Sure, just got in six bottles."

"Make it a hamburger then, without catsup."

On the way out I couldn't miss the small sign on the cash register. It read: "LEAVE SMILING OR DON'T PAY"

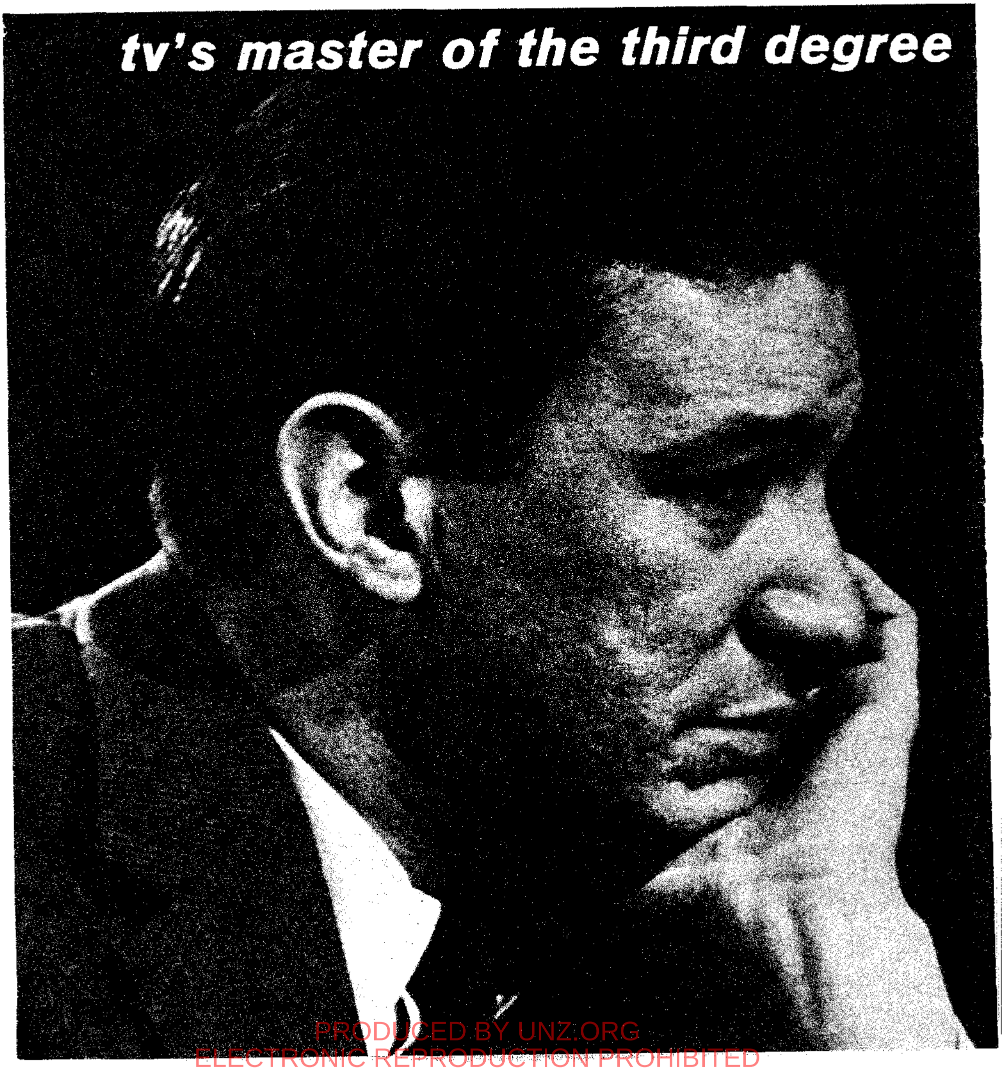
I paid.

—CHARLES CARROLL

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

MIKE WALLACE

tv's master of the third degree



Junking sweetness and light, he's won renown with his technique: a cunning mixture of flattery, sympathy—then the sudden barbed question—that traps guests into "full confession"

by Irwin Ross

Of Mike Wallace it has been said, "Before the TV camera he could ask a 79-year-old spinster how many sweethearts she had had—and she would probably tell him. Her least likely response would be to slap Mike's face."

This ingratiating talent made Mike Wallace one of the hottest properties in television. Last fall, over New York's WABD, he quietly inaugurated a remarkable interview show—blunt, searching, with no holds barred. Wallace's interrogation had the intensity of a third degree, often the candor of a psychoanalytic session. Nothing like it had ever been known on TV.

Within a month, "Night Beat" was the talk of the town. Thereafter, the irrepressible Wallace was snapped up by the ABC network—at a salary of at least $100,000—and last April his free-wheeling sessions were exposed to a nation-wide television audience on Sunday nights, 10 to 10:30 EDST.

Wallace's setting and methods are deceptively simple. In a bare, darkened studio, he sits facing his subject. The glare of a spotlight picks out the guest; another illuminates Wallace, a handsome, somewhat solemn, and occasionally dour young man.

Wallace, whose confidential manner can seemingly shut out the unseen audience, is alternately cosy, flattering, sharply inquisitive—and persistent. He is especially deft at asking an embarrassing question in the most casual, matter-of-fact manner.

"Toots, why do people call you a slob?" he remarked genially to famed restaurateur Toots Shor—and got this jovial reply: "Me? Jiminy crickets, they must have been talking about Jackie Gleason" (Toots' best friend).

Wallace had no hesitancy in asking Mary Margaret McBride how much she weighed. ("Well, I've just lost 40 pounds.") Or Elsa Maxwell how old she was. (73.)

To Wallace, no guest is sacred, and he frankly dotes on controversy. Apart from probing the lives of his guests, he has explored American sex mores, censorship, politics, Zionism, trade union policy, psychoanalysis, the exposé magazines, and many other topics.

During the time that each guest is on, the audience is treated to an "interview in depth"—which often results in a surprisingly detailed and unvarnished view of the individual concerned.

Steve Allen, for example, presented a candid self-portrait thoroughly unlike the easy-going personality he mounts before his own TV cameras. Wallace questioned him about a newspaper article which had characterized Allen as a sad and introspective fellow. Instead of disposing of the matter with a bright quip, Allen rambled on endlessly, denying that he was introverted or sad or ever hated anybody. The tedium of this performance could only lead to the view that the man did protest too much.

Later, Wallace asked Allen about his controversy with Ed Sullivan over who was stealing the other's ideas. Allen delivered himself of a mild assault on Sullivan, then observed that the whole thing hardly mattered. "You know there are important things going on in the world. My program is not one of them . . . it'll be forgotten ten, 20, 30 years from now."

ONE of the innovations of Wallace's interviews is the prolonged close-up; the camera often remains fixed on the subject's face for five minutes or more. Under a drumbeat of tough questions, the swift play of facial expressions is highly revealing. Even a refusal to answer can be a damning comment.

Wallace gives much credit to the physical setup of the show in explaining why his guests talk freely. With guest and interviewer facing each other, it is much easier to get involved in candid conversation. ("How often on TV will you see an interviewer with his back to the camera?" Wallace asks.)

The darkened studio also encourages a frank exchange, as does the lateness of the hour. Wallace believes that his guests are more relaxed and agreeable to intimate chatter after the tensions of the workday are over. And the time he devotes to each interview allows him to explore promising themes at length.

Moreover, Wallace knows where he is going. Before each guest comes on the show, he is exhaustively researched and then interviewed by a staff reporter. Wallace has a list of typed questions before him, but the responses are often unexpected and then the dialogue veers off into uncharted terrain.

Wallace's ability to draw people out is remarkable. He is effortlessly sympathetic and seems genuinely engrossed in the problems of whomever he is talking to. Like a psychiatrist, nothing shocks or dismays him —an attitude which entices a subject into even greater self-revelation. He uses flattery disarmingly, building up the guest's confidence before the dissection begins. And Wallace knows how to listen, thereby discerning unexpected avenues of inquiry.

Frequently guests say more than they intended. Some inadvertent remarks by Siobhan McKenna, the celebrated Irish actress, caused a tremendous outcry. In a discussion about the Jewish Mayor of Dublin, Wallace asked whether there was a large Jewish community in Ireland. Only in Cork and Dublin, Miss Mc-

Kenna replied, adding, "They have all the businesses. Maybe that's why there's an economic depression elsewhere." She made another similar remark later on in the show.

Bedlam broke loose on the station switchboard; some 1,500 calls, telegrams and letters protesting Miss McKenna's comments arrived in a 24-hour period.

Next night she returned, a taut and nervous figure, to deny any anti-Semitic implications. What she had meant, she said, was that "we could do with more Jewish enterprise in other parts of the country."

Wallace, himself a Jew, exonerated her of any intolerant sentiment. Congratulatory calls flooded the switchboard.

Last spring, Wallace had just gotten launched on the ABC network when he found himself in deep trouble. On his fourth program he presented Mickey Cohen, the ex-gambling czar of Los Angeles. The chunky Mr. Cohen, a decidedly opinionated as well as remarkably candid man, conceded that he had killed more than one man in his professional life—but "no man that in the first place didn't deserve killing by the standards of our way of life."

What made the headlines next day, however, was the uninhibited and avowedly libelous assault which Cohen directed against West Coast police officials. Instead of swiftly changing the subject, Wallace had prodded Cohen on. Reaction was swift: denunciation of the show in West Coast newspapers, threats of libel suits, a complaint to the Federal Communications Commission.

The following week, an ABC vice-president came on the show to deliver a lengthy apology to all concerned, and Wallace added his own regrets. Then he interviewed the sulfurous Senator Wayne Morse, who seemed positively mild in comparison to Mickey Cohen.

The good humor of his guests under Wallace's probing is surprising. Only occasionally does his quarry turn on him; only twice has he been topped.

Once he was questioning Fannie Hurst as to whether she was satisfied with her work, whether she felt she had fulfilled herself as a writer. Miss Hurst parried the questions, and then went over to the offensive. "I'm going to ask you an embarrassing question, Mr. Wallace. Have you ever read my books?"

Wallace had to confess that he had only read one—"Back Street." Miss Hurst had scored a clean hit.

On another occasion, with sports writer Jimmy Cannon in the guest's seat, Wallace suddenly asked: "Why have you never married, Jimmy?"

Bachelor Cannon quickly responded: "I guess for the same reason you've been divorced twice, Mike."

"Simple and straightforward answer," Wallace replied gallantly, "and, I guess, a good one."

The trade knows Wallace as an amiable, straightforward young man, burdened neither by an overblown ego nor pretensions to omniscience. In an industry populated by exuberant personalities, he is distinctly not a "character." His only known claim to eccentricity is a passion for clam juice, which he can drink at all hours. Otherwise, his tastes in food, drink, attire and conveyance (Ford convertible) are conventional; his manner is even-tempered and moderate.

Off camera, he bears no resemblance to the tough, prodding interrogator that has become his public role. Indeed, some observers find him a trifle insecure—largely because of his eagerness for constructive criticism, his friends say.

The youngest child of an insurance broker, Myron Wallace was born 39 years ago in Brookline, Massachusetts. He went to school there and entered the University of Michigan in the fall of 1935. "I was a rather naïve kid," he recalls. "It seems to me that my contemporaries knew their way around much better than I did, socially and otherwise."

He had been active in high school dramatics, he had won a prize for public speaking, and he threw himself into college radio with a passion that denoted, he felt sure, a true vocation. He wrote, directed, produced, performed and announced. And he spent hundreds of hours training his voice until it became a fine instrument—supple and resonant, under a control that never wavers.

After graduation from Michigan, Wallace was selected—from among five applicants—for a $20-a-week announcer's job on a small station in Grand Rapids. He was announcer, news commentator and salesman; he also swept out the studio.

After a year in Grand Rapids, he was hired at $50 a week by a Detroit station, where he made his dramatic debut in soap opera—and was soon affluent enough to marry Norma Kaphan, a young lady whom he had begun to court at the University of Michigan. The union was to endure seven years and produce two children.

In 1941, the Wallaces went on to Chicago. In competition with four veteran Chicago announcers, Wallace landed a job handling the "Road of Life" show. The pay was munificent for a 23-year-old: $150 a week, plus $10 a day for a "hitchhike" announcement between shows.

Mike relaxed and enjoyed Chicago until June, 1942, when his sponsor dropped "Road of Life" and with it, of course, its star announcer. He resolved that he would never again be dependent on one source of employment.

Soon afterward, Wallace was handling three jobs at once: a dramatic show, on which he starred; an eight-times-a-day news show; and a Navy recruiting program, which he narrated. He found the latter so persuasive that he enlisted. He returned from the Pacific in 1946 and was discharged as a lieutenant.

Back in Chicago, apart from his acting, newscasting and announcing jobs, he got his first interview show—"Famous Names." This greatly pleased him—for he wanted to become a serious personality on radio and not a mere "performer." For a time his wife wrote the show, then the marriage, which had long been under strain, broke up. Years later, Wallace explained that they had both been too young and immature when they married.

In March, 1949, Wallace married actress Buff Cobb. Together they ran another interview show in Chicago, later put on the daily TV program "Mike and Buff" for CBS in

New York. Wallace is proud that they interrogated their guests on a wide range of controversial subjects—"but the trouble was that the show was in the afternoon, it had a kind of women's club, coffee-klatch atmosphere."

Mike and Buff's television partnership ended with the disruption of their marriage late in 1954. (Unbridgeable temperamental differences, friends gathered.) Wallace was hard hit emotionally by the failure of his two marriages. For a brief period he consulted a psychoanalyst; and was reassured to learn that he did not need therapy.

In the spring of 1956, Ted Cott, WABD's general manager, suggested "Night Beat" to Wallace (he had, meanwhile, married artist Lorraine Perigord). In September, Wallace, Cott and producer Ted Yates, Jr. whipped the program into shape for its October debut.

"People said we were crazy," Cott recalls. "Nobody thought we could sell such an outspoken show. Well—it took us two months."

To everyone's surprise, their first sponsor was the Hawthorne Bible, which Wallace plugged earnestly for a week and a half before Christmas. Then the august Chase Manhattan Bank came in, followed by a flock of consumer products.

As the indiscretions of his guests made headlines, Wallace was asked why people appeared on his show. "There seem to be three reasons," he said recently. "Some people come on because they like the challenge; they are bright, articulate and think they can handle themselves under all circumstances. Others want a forum, which wouldn't otherwise be available. And finally you have the *enfants terribles,* the exhibitionists—I won't name names."

Wallace himself can be as surprised at what emerges on his show as is his audience. He once asked New York criminologist Donal McNamara whether he had any theories about the unsolved murder of the notorious Serge Rubinstein. McNamara offered his theory, adding parenthetically that the murderer "probably did the world a favor in the bargain."

Wallace was so startled that it took him a few moments to pose the next question. But most of his guests seem to take his probing in stride. So far, at least, no one has thrown the water pitcher at him.

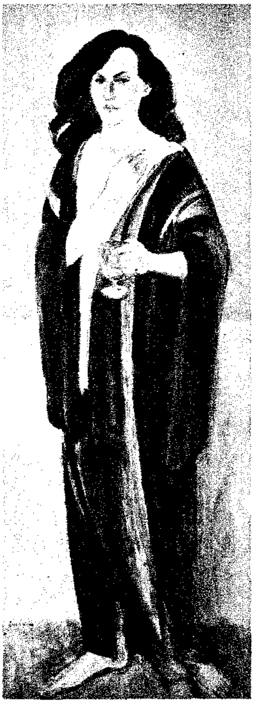
Diplomatic Courtesy

THE SWEDISH DIPLOMAT Erlander is known for his simplicity. One day when he was to talk to some factory workers he found that he had no time to change clothes after a diplomatic gathering, so he was quite upset at the fact that he'd have to appear in a cutaway coat and striped trousers. However, as he stood before his audience, he looked down at his cutaway and commented with a smile, "Dear friends, I hope you'll excuse me for talking to you in my work clothes."

—*Frankfurter Illustrierte* (*Quote* Translation)

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Model

by James A. Skardon
photographs by Douglas Rodewald



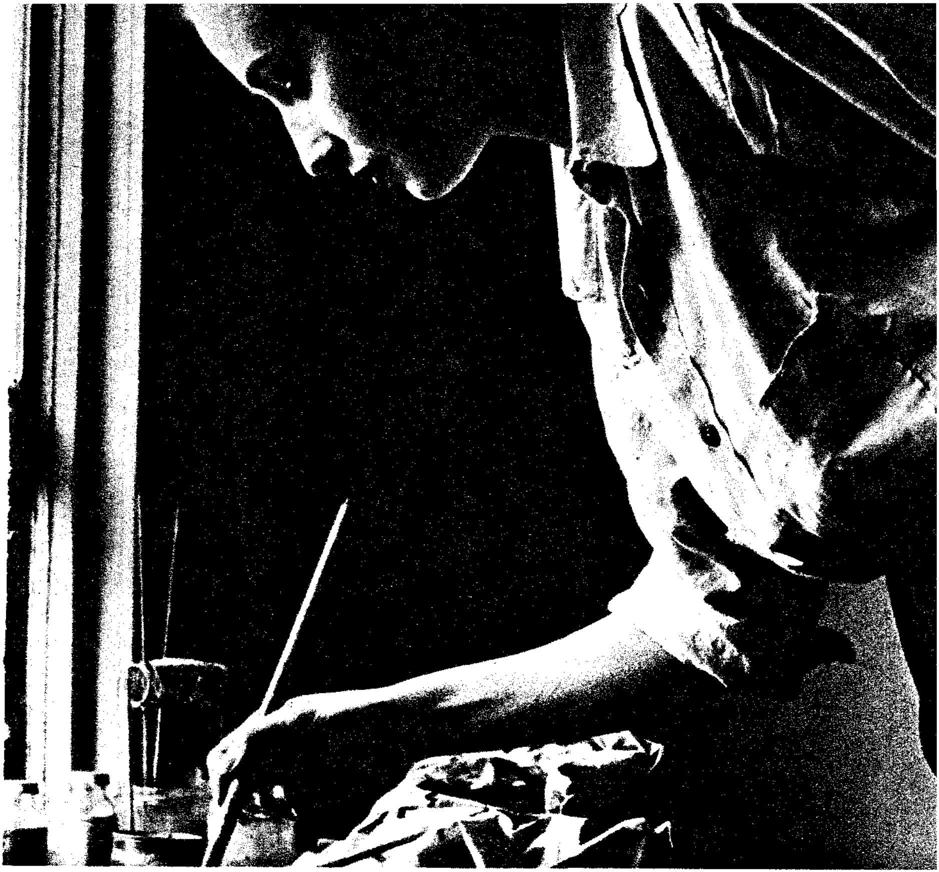
IT ISN'T HARD to believe that Jane Wilson (*left*) with her haunting, dark-eyed beauty is a successful New York fashion model—which she is. But the surprises begin when you find she not only paints such pictures as her self-portrait, "Kimono" (*above*), but that art critics consider her to be one of America's most promising young painters. Besides, she is a Phi Beta Kappa with an M.A. from the University of Iowa, where she also used to teach; is enough of an art expert to have appeared on the "$64,000 Challenge"; and is a wife and homemaker in the bargain. Born on a farm near Seymour, Iowa, she painted her first picture there—of her father galloping on his horse. Since then, as pictures on the following pages show, this farm girl has come a long way.

eling is for bread and butter. Painting is my life's work"

HE BEST art teaching job Jane could find when she came to New York paid $25 a week. Today, as a model—a job she tried at a friend's urging—she earns $30 an hour. She is 5′ 8″, slender, has a 23″ waist and specializes in dresses, suits and cocktail clothes. After modeling from nine to five she rushes home, changes into shirt and bluejeans, shops, prepares dinner, eats and then heads for her studio. There she frequently paints far into the night, for "the quietness helps me concentrate." Though she has been on her feet all day, she never gets tired when painting.

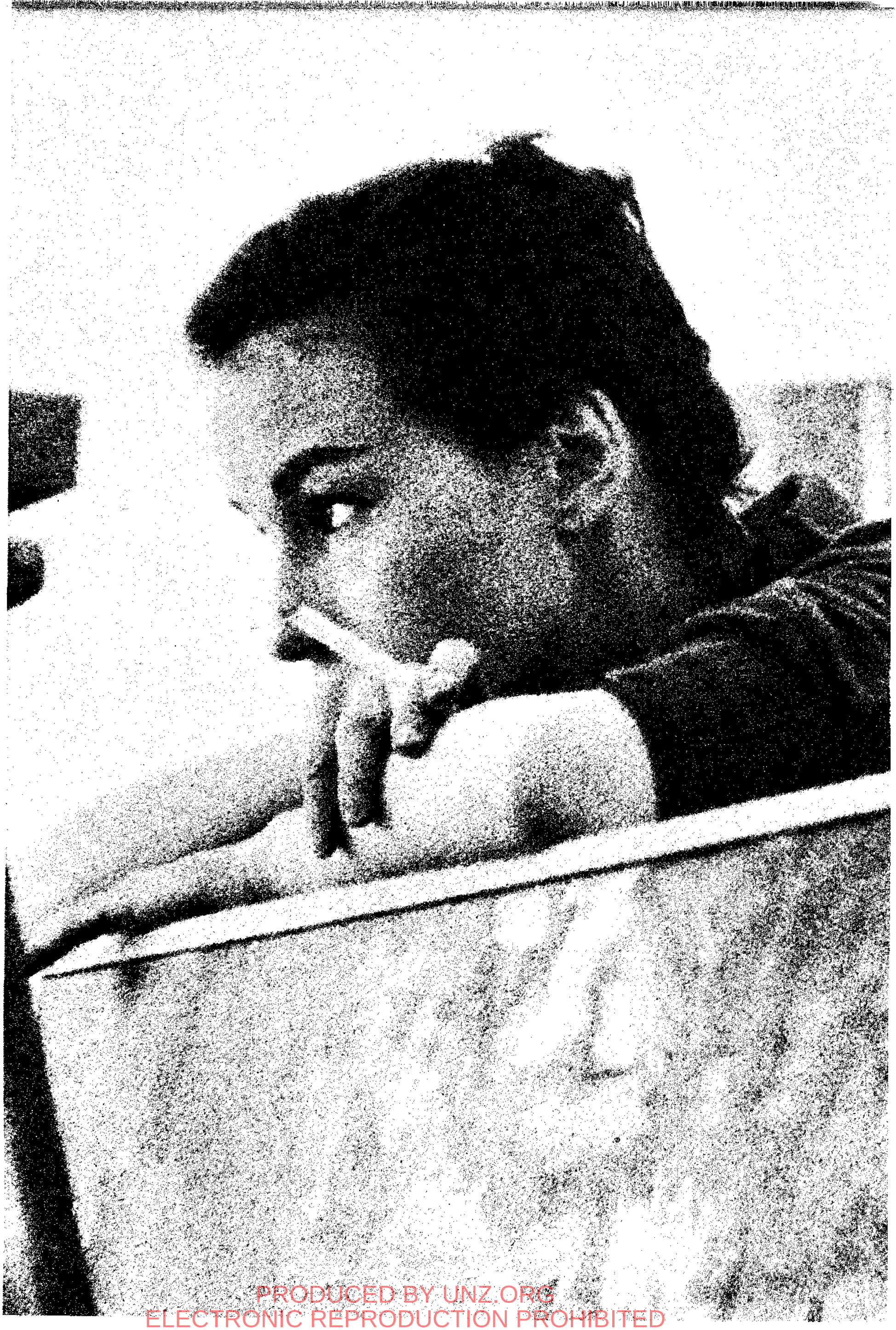
"John plays; and I come and listen. I paint; and he comes and watches"

When John Gruen first walked into the art history class at the University of Iowa, his eyes popped at the sight of the teacher—Jane. He moved his seat up to the front row; they married six months later, and tackled New York together. Now he works as a photographers' agent and composes music in the living room, while Jane models in the daytime and paints in the back-room studio of their brownstone apartment. Each is the other's best critic; and apparently their arts never clash. When she isn't modeling or painting, Jane likes to prepare exotic foreign dishes for their friends, or spoof the Twenties with her collection of old-time fashions (*left*) which she wears to costume parties or uses as props for her paintings.



"Art brings a kind of order to your life. A picture is a gathering up of scattered feelings"

FOR AN ARTIST the acid test is the one-man show, when art lovers and critics come to appraise and (sometimes) buy. Below, Jane, with well-known artist Milton Avery (*left*) and his wife, listens to comments on her work at her recent third show. She got good reviews, sold some half-dozen paintings. Her top price has been around $800 for a "very large" painting; and her price increases with her reputation. There is a little bit of Iowa—its sun and fields—in her work—and some of New York's sophistication. But she never paints from life around her. Instead she paints "from memory," getting the ideas, as she says, "out of my head." "Her work shows her inner harmony," her husband says. And Jane sums it up: "I'm happiest when I'm painting."



Since medieval days, these knights of charity have fought to help victims of disaster—and allay man's inhumanity to man. They're the . . .

intrepid men of the MALTESE CROSS

by PETER WYDEN

WHEN THE flood of humanity escaping Communist rule in Hungary was at its peak last winter, groups of young men wearing red arm bands with eight-cornered white crosses appeared each night at midnight along the snowbound Austro-Hungarian border.

They seemed to know just when and where most of the refugees would try to duck the red and white flares of the Communist border guards and slip through the Iron Curtain. As soon as Hungarians stumbled into Austrian territory, the young men picked them up in jeeps and trucks bearing the same emblem as their arm bands and drove them to certain brightly lighted farmhouses. There, other young men with the same arm bands waited with sandwiches and big mugs of steaming tea.

Whenever necessary, the men with the arm bands risked Communist imprisonment, or worse, by dashing across the frontier to assist refugees who were lost or too scared or sick to attempt the crossing on their own. Soon refugees and relief workers were relaying tales of the men's ingenuity in outwitting the Hungarian and Russian border guards.

The young men with the red arm bands represented a well-organized, well-financed operation. Behind their insignia was the authentic cloak-and-dagger story of a remarkable private intelligence system and of man's humanity to man. Its roots, moreover, dip deep into history.

The border-runners belonged to the oldest Papal order of laymen, the Knights of Malta, also known as "Athletes of Christ." The eight-cornered emblem on their arm bands was the Maltese Cross, and its first appearance was on the red surcoats slipped over the armor worn by their ancient predecessors, the knights of the Middle Ages, who rode and fought through the Holy Land to provide protection to pilgrims during the Crusades. By the 19th century, however, the grand priories of the Order restricted themselves largely to raising funds for hospitals and running hospital trains in wartime.

Today, the Maltese have some 5,000 members throughout the world, including 550 in America. They maintain diplomatic representatives in France, the Vatican, Spain, Portugal, Haiti, Argentina, Brazil, Panama and San Salvador. They still issue their own passports, which are recognized by the nations with which the Order maintains official relations. Archduke Otto of Hapsburg and ex-King Umberto II of Italy are among holders of Maltese travel documents.

The Order is most active in Italy. Its international headquarters is in Rome's fashionable Via Condotti and enjoys extra-territorial status. Official Maltese vehicles are even permitted to bear their own license plates with the legend: SMOM—Sovereign Military Order of Malta.

Throughout Italy, the Knights maintain hospitals, dispensaries, children's homes and immigration centers. They also operate their own fleet of ambulances and sea-rescue planes. These were given them by the Italian government for use during wars and civil emergencies.

Recruited from the ranks of Europe's noblest knights, the Maltese were first known as the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. They operated the only hostelries and hospitals available to the crusaders on their wearying trek. They were also in charge of the military defense of the entire Holy Land. Fighting the Moslems with the aid of knights from other orders, they habitually performed the most hazardous duty, usually as front and rear guards.

Forced to flee by the fall of Jerusalem, the wearers of the eight-cornered cross established headquarters on the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, and eventually at Malta.

With the decay of the feudal system, discipline of the Order suffered. To be a member in good standing, it was still necessary to be of the Catholic faith, of legal age, to possess "integrity of character and corresponding social position" plus nobility of 16 quarterings—meaning at least eight straight ancestors of noble birth on both sides of the family. But as the centuries went by, the knightly oath of poverty, chastity and obedience was less literally observed.

In America, as in much of the rest of the free world, the Knights now confine themselves mostly to the support of charities and appearances on ceremonial occasions of a religious character. Invariably, only the most prominent Catholic laymen belong. All must have been active in Catholic organizations.

The spiritual head of the American Knights is Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York; the lay head is Marquis George MacDonald, a retired New York financier. Among the rank and file are former Ambassador to Great Britain Joseph P. Kennedy, Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, House Majority Leader John McCormack, and Robert B. Considine, the newspaper correspondent. New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis are among the cities where the Knights are represented.

APPOINTED to membership by the Rome headquarters of the Knights, usually upon recommendation of their local bishops, the U. S. Knights contribute to a good-sized list of Catholic charities and make their own funds available for disaster relief anywhere in the world.

Resplendent in bright red coats and dark blue trousers, the Knights furnish honor guards in cathedrals and normally occupy the most prominent spots at important religious occasions (including the christening of Princess Caroline of Monaco).

Each year, at the membership meeting of the Knights in New York (which is closed to the press), the Cardinal delivers an informal accounting of his stewardship.

In Austria, the Maltese have about 300 members, including notables like Foreign Minister Leopold Figl and members of the nation's aristocracy. Together with their youth organization, numbering another 300-odd men, Austria's Maltese normally congregate for gentle pursuits like lectures or chess. But they also finance homes for unmarried mothers and wherever there is an emergency requiring strong hands—like floods calling for volunteers to pile up sandbags—groups of Maltese materialize and pitch in.

When Hungarians began pouring across the Austrian border by the thousands, Maltese Orders from 20 nations sent cases of warm clothes and canned foods to a temporary storage depot in the palatial Vienna art gallery belonging to Prince Franz Josef of Liechtenstein. Italian Maltese persuaded the Fiat auto works to lend jeeps. American Maltese began raising money and arranged for tax-deductible contributions to be handled by the Catherwood Foundation, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. German Maltese dispatched teams of relief workers with their own trucks and ambulances.

Meanwhile, 21 Austrian Knights who had retained estates with roomy (though mostly unheated) chateaux, turned them into small camps for Hungarian students and intellectuals who, it was feared, might become despondent if plunged into the organized chaos of the huge enclosures harboring most of the escapees. Wives and daughters of the Maltese appeared in the big camps to volunteer as nurses' aids, cooks and clean-up squads.

But, most significantly, the Maltese recognized that their Order was sufficiently informal, flexible and obscure—and its members willing enough to assume personal risks—to take on certain unofficial duties at the border which the more elaborate international relief organizations were not equipped to perform.

The Russians were too preoccupied with the bloody events in Hungary to keep more than half an eye on the border. The fate of the escaping refugees thus fell into the hands of four groups, all distrusting and fearing each other intensely:

The Austrian *Grenzer* (border guards), who were under strict orders to prevent incidents that might compromise their tiny country's precarious neutrality; the Hungarian border police, often sympathetic to the escapees but always determined not to get in trouble with their Russian bosses; the Hungarian *führer*, the guides who had gone into the profitable but dangerous business of conducting refugees across the frontier for cash; and finally, the native populations on both sides of the border, largely friendly to the refugees but too poor to help them much.

The Maltese made friends with all four parties. They drafted the willing Austrian *Grenzer* to help hunt for refugees who had lost their way in the ice-rutted no-man's land where Hungarian families sometimes plodded despairingly for miles without knowing that they had long ago crossed the frontier.

Next, the Maltese persuaded Hungarian border guards to furnish details of their troop movements (typical compensation for a cooperating officer: two bottles of cognac weekly). Other Communist troopers helped because they found that the Maltese, on request, helped the troopers' friends in Hungarian border towns with such almost nonexistent essentials as razor blades and medicines. Occasionally, the Maltese were able to make arrangements with Hungarian workmen who had access to Soviet border posts and were willing to spy on the movements of the Russians in exchange for food.

The resulting information about continually shifting conditions along the border was so complete that the men with the arm bands were able to tackle just about any border mission. There was, for example, that strangest of underground railroads: a steady trickle of Hungarian refugees anxious to return from Austria to Hungary. In one case, a woman doctor led her two daughters and a son-in-law from Budapest to Austria and then wanted to return home to live with her doctor-husband. The Maltese arranged with a *führer* to lead her safely back.

The Maltese took their lives in their hands almost nightly. They were under orders from their leaders never to venture into Hungary. It was an open secret, however, that when an emergency arose they let their hearts rule their heads.

One bitter cold dawn, for instance, a young German count who had taken time off from his law practice in Western Germany and had not slept for more than 40 hours, returned from a check of haystacks within Hungary where the *führers* were known to deposit refugees when the going got too rough. He had insisted on making certain that no people were freezing to death in the hay.

Most of the Maltese worked along the frontier all night and snatched a few hours of sleep during the day. Some literally commuted between their night-time border duties and their jobs in Vienna, 50 miles or more distant. Many were college students who cut classes with the unofficial consent of their professors. Among these was a sensitive, soft-voiced young man who calls himself Johannes Hohenberg. His real identity: Duke Johannes von Hohenberg, grandson of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose murder at Sarajevo ignited World War I.

One night, pink-cheeked Baron Elmar von Haxthausen, a German member of the Order, was patroling the border in an all-enveloping fog when he stumbled into three men carrying nothing but violins. They were gypsies. Somewhere in the fog, they told him excitedly, another 30 gypsies were wandering about, lost.

What to do? Haxthausen reflected briefly. Then he suggested that the gypsies play their violins.

"What should we play?"

"Whatever you play best," Haxthausen replied.

The gypsies launched into Johann Strauss' "The Bat." Before they were well into the first act, two more violin-bearing gypsies emerged from the fog. Inside of an hour, in straggling groups, the entire band had been guided to safety by the sound of their own music.

Thanks to their superb intelligence system, the Maltese learned quickly of every new trick of the Russians to stop the refugee traffic. In one area, the Soviets simply moved the border posts to give the escapees the idea that they were safe in Austria when they were not, thereby prompting them to throw off their caution. The Maltese put the posts back where they belonged.

In another sector, the Maltese tried putting up Austrian flags and playing searchlights on them to let refugees know where the safety zone began. The Russians then put up Austrian flags on their side of the border and had Hungarian-speaking soldiers shout: "You're in Austria! Report here!" The Maltese immediately took down their flags and advised the guides of this new trick.

There is no way of reckoning how many Hungarians were snatched to freedom by the ingenuity and daring of Maltese volunteers; how much money was contributed in their behalf by chapters of the Order all over the world; how much of food, clothing and other necessities was distributed to them.

As Sister Kaethe Wierling of the West German Red Cross put it: "I never heard of the Knights of Malta before—but they certainly get things done."

Traffic Hazard

IN KANSAS CITY, KANSAS, the girls at Ward High School have agreed not to wear crinolines under their skirts.

School authorities said the bouffancy caused congestion in the corridors. The girls couldn't get from one class to the next in the allotted three minutes. —*Associated Press*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Animal Oddities

THE big-game season is now officially open, says Guest Quizmaster Robert Q. Lewis. The star of CBS Radio's "The Robert Q. Lewis Show" (Monday-Friday, 8 P.M., EDST) takes you on a safari to Zooland this month. To stalk the quarry, come prepared with pencil and paper and a pith helmet (for atmosphere). Lewis lines up 18 animals below and asks you to hunt down the special characteristic of each. Check your catch with the answers on page 72.

Which Animal Listed Below . . .

1. Can run on the river bottom beneath the water?
2. *Sleeps in the water on its back?*
3. Lives at an altitude of 8,000 feet and produces a valuable product when three years old?
4. *Is no larger than a honey bee at birth?*
5. Can shatter the shell of a turtle with its jaws, yet a man can hold its jaws shut with his hand?
6. *Spends the winter at sea?*
7. Uses its two eyes separately and is able to look in any direction?
8. *Lives entirely in the ocean and suckles its young?*
9. Flies?
10. *Is as tall as an average adult human being when born?*
11. Has four parts to its stomach enabling it to store food, bring it back to its mouth later and chew it when resting?
12. *Has a horn made of a packed bundle of hair?*
13. Has the longest life expectancy?
14. *Has an unusual fondness for salt?*
15. Uses its tail for swimming rudders, for props to sit on, and for alarm signals?
16. *Has a narrow sticky tongue that is about a foot long?*
17. Can run backward almost as well as forward?
18. *Is a land animal with coarse hollow hairs that give buoyancy to its body when it swims across rivers and lakes?*

A. whale; B. caribou; C. chameleon; D. gopher; E. alligator; F. anteater; G. fur seal; H. beaver; I. opossum; J. porcupine; K. tortoise; L. musk deer; M. rhinoceros; N. otter; O. deer; P. giraffe; Q. hippopotamus; R. bat.

For centuries it has baffled and taunted the keenest minds of medicine. But at last they have uncovered clues that may explain . . .

SHOCK—nature's mysterious killer

by Martin L. Gross

A physician in a Midwestern hospital worked optimistically over a middle-aged man who had been hit by a speeding auto an hour before and suffered a compound fracture of the thigh bone.

The situation looked serious, but hardly fatal.

Then suddenly the patient's condition worsened. His skin turned ghostly blue, became cold and sweaty. His pulse speeded up to a rapid but weak palpitation. He lapsed into a semi-stupor, his clouded eyes frozen with fearful apprehension. His blood pressure sank rapidly until there was no register at all.

Within a few hours, the man was dead, the victim of one of man's deadliest and most mysterious killers—shock, a condition which now claims tens and possibly hundreds of thousands of lives every year.

For decades this strange condition stubbornly defied medical researchers. They knew only that shock was a state of human collapse found in such varied victims as the GI with a grenade wound, the heart-attack sufferer, the miner caught in a cave-in, the person with a severed artery, those with pneumonia and other major infections, severe burn cases, brain injuries, and even the susceptible patient being operated on by the most highly skilled surgeon.

Physicians who could normally conquer an entire medical glossary of illnesses stood helplessly by while their patients turned pallid, slipped silently into shock and perished before their eyes.

But in recent years—even in recent months—startling new research has saved many thousands of lives and brought the centuries-long mystery of shock closer to solution. For shock (not to be confused with the purely emotional state sometimes associated with the word) has been with us since prehistoric times.

The human body holds approximately 11 pints of blood, and early researchers noticed that when an injured man lost three pints or more, the body went into deep shock from which it seldom recovered.

Why not, they thought, replace the blood and reverse the deadly shock? In careful experiments in World War I, then in thousands of cases in World War II and Korea, service physicians pumped whole blood, plasma, and such blood expanders as serum albumen, dextran, etc., into the shocked bodies of wounded GIs.

In some cases, the results were miraculous. Blood pressure, body color and health seemed to return even before the transfusions were finished. But in others—called "irreversible" shock—even massive transfusions of many pints of blood proved useless.

It was obvious that blood loss and replacement was not the full answer to this medical mystery. For frozen sailors pulled out of the North Atlantic died of shock without losing blood. It struck men felled by heat exhaustion, children suffering extreme diarrhea. What then *was* the common denominator of this killer?

A partial answer came at the beginning of World War II from a team of research physiologists at New York University, Drs. Robert Chambers and Benjamin W. Zweifach. They put experimental rats into deep shock similar to that caused by car or air-raid injuries in humans. Through a medical window—an uncovered fold of tissue in the appendix of a rat (then later in other species)—they watched what actually happens inside a body in shock.

They learned that it is actually a malfunction of the blood circulation in the huge network of miniature blood vessels called capillaries. This malfunction is triggered by the body's autonomic nervous system which controls the functions we take for granted, our breathing, heart beat, etc. Paradoxically, this malfunction starts out as a desperate defense of the body—which somehow goes haywire.

Human blood flows from the heart to the arteries, to smaller vessels called arterioles, then to the myriad of capillaries which feed the skin and all other tissues. The blood from the capillaries then flows back into small veins (venules), and into larger veins which return it to the heart for another trip around.

Chambers and Zweifach watched numerous cases of shock and always observed the same phenomenon. When the human body is severely injured (as, for example, a man who has lost a great deal of blood) it takes up an immediate and remarkable defense position. The autonomic nervous system hastens to protect the vital organs by keeping the remaining blood in the center of the body.

To do this it virtually closes off the circulation into the extremities by contracting the arterioles, capillaries, and precapillary *sphincters*, blood valves discovered by the New

York researchers. The skin, deprived of blood, turns deathly pale and cold.

Meanwhile, the heart beats faster to transport the smaller volume of blood and its vital oxygen cargo around the body quicker. The pulse speeds up and weakens. Both kidneys are virtually taken out of circulation, the brain gets insufficient blood. The patient becomes restless, dizzy, and often lapses into a coma.

The body is suffering damage, but believes it is valiantly defending its very life. Then suddenly the overworked blood vessels and nervous system crack under the strain. The once-tight vessels stretch open like worn-out rubber tubing. The blood, no longer under normal pressure, merely oozes into this endless network of relaxed tubes. Circulation slows down to a trickle.

The heart pumps faster and faster, but the physician can not get a pressure reading. The patient is in deep shock. Deprived of blood, in vital tissues, the patient may die anywhere from a few moments to a few days later.

"Blood loss is a classical case of shock," explains Dr. Zweifach, now an associate professor at the New York University-Bellevue Medical College, "but the same thing happens in other types of injuries. In burns, the shock is triggered by a tremendous loss of plasma and body fluids which reduce the blood volume.

"We don't know all the reasons why this same harmful defense reaction should start in traumatic shock without much blood loss. We believe loss of fluids and breakdown products of injured tissues—as in a wound—are some of the factors. Fear and pain complicate shock, too."

Fear and shock have always seemed strangely akin. Fear stimulates the release of an adrenal hormone called epinephrine, which violently constricts blood vessels and this complicates—and perhaps even sets off—shock. Some researchers even consider common fainting a form of "neurogenic shock."

"When a person becomes overly apprehensive or startled," Dr. Zweifach explains, "the blood vessels in the muscles of the arms and legs expand and the blood quickly drains away from the head. The person often faints, but can be easily revived by lowering the head and reversing the blood flow."

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS shock research has advanced spectacularly, and scientists have announced amazing new techniques that have already cut the mortality by perhaps half, with some hope of eventual "cure."

In 1946, Dr. Irvine Page of Cleveland, Ohio, succeeded in reversing certain cases of "irreversible" shock by transfusing large amounts of blood quickly under pressure. This has saved many surgery cases from slipping into deadly operating-room shock.

More recently, the U.S. Public Health Service discovered that when plasma is not available, drinking a solution of salt and baking soda is effective emergency treatment against burn shock. And from the University of Michigan has come word that atropine is effective for shock caused by extreme cold.

Then in 1950, Dr. Henri Laborit of the Val de Grâce Hospital in Paris, deeply immersed in shock research, turned his thoughts to the common woodchuck. Laborit realized that shock killed because tissues became deprived of blood and oxygen. But a woodchuck in hibernation for the winter, he thought, has reduced its metabolism to a fraction and does not require as much oxygen to live. Wouldn't a human being in hibernation be better able to fight off shock?

The technique of reducing body temperature for surgery with ice, or hypothermia as it is called, was in the experimental stage. Laborit knew the cooled body needed less oxygen and he decided to utilize hypothermia. But he also needed a drug, or several, to create other facets of sleep-like hibernation—a slower heart action, reduced respiration. If possible, Laborit also needed something to block out the dangerous breakdown of the autonomic nervous system that takes place during shock.

After experimenting with hundreds of drugs, he found the answer in No. 4560 of a French drug house. This was an antihistamine-type drug which had been rejected by the firm because of its side effects—properties which produced just the hibernation symptoms Laborit needed. The drug, which was named chlorpromazine, also seemed to favorably affect the autonomic nervous system.

Laborit added other nerve-blockers, vitamins and antibiotics, and created what he called a "lytic (or blocking-out) cocktail." He was ready to try artificial hibernation on humans.

His first patient was a young girl of 20 whose ruptured appendix had caused a generalized infection. Her pulse was weak, her body blue. She was dying of severe shock. Surgery, even an anesthetic, would be deadly unless she could first be brought out of shock.

Laborit applied ice bags to the most sensitive body portions and dripped the chlorpromazine mixture into an opening in a large vein. Her temperature, which had been over 104 degrees, dropped slowly to normal, then down below 90, where Laborit held it.

As the temperature fell, color returned to her skin, blood pressure rose to near normal, and she fell into a deep, peaceful sleep. Laborit operated successfully, and two weeks later she returned home, completely cured.

During the next months, Laborit used artificial hibernation on 50 patients, often on those already in shock, other times as a preventative. Its life-saving potency was most dramatic in his older patients, whose aged nervous systems gave them perhaps a one-in-three chance of surviving surgery without going into shock. Laborit saved 70 per cent.

Chlorpromazine is now administered, by mouth or hypodermic, as a shock preventative to injury cases and to many patients being prepared for surgery.

After Chambers and Zweifach discovered that human blood vessels stretch dangerously during shock, researchers tackled the idea of raising blood pressure by finding a strong constricting agent. Nor-epinephrine had been known as a powerful blood vessel constrictor. Just one ten-millionth of an ounce in the bloodstream was enough to skyrocket the blood pressure in an instant.

Soon after the first nor-epinephrine was synthesized, Dr. Marcel Goldenberg of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center used it to save two patients with internal hemorrhages in irreversible shock. Today, the drug, known commercially as Levophed, is on vigilant stand-by duty in most American hospitals. It has also proved invaluable in cardiac shock.

Much of the current research involves an old theory by a Dr. Walter Cannon that a toxic agent was responsible for shock, which would help explain traumatic shock where there is no blood loss.

A few years ago, Lieutenant Russell M. Nelson, an Army physician, decided to investigate this killer which he had seen claim so many young men in Korea.

He experimented on dogs and, in a report to the Army College of Surgeons, showed that bacterial poisons, or endotoxins, had caused shock when injected into healthy animals. The walls of the capillaries, he theorized, protect dogs—and humans—until they are weakened in shock and allow the poisons to pass into the blood stream.

The link between endotoxins (released by dead bacteria) and shock had been further investigated by Dr. Zweifach and his associates. "Our liver, lymph nodes and spleen normally do an excellent job of killing off 99 per cent of the harmful endotoxins in the body," Dr. Zweifach explains. "In shock, however, the liver's scavenger ability is knocked out by lack of blood and the bacterial poisons enter the blood and cause grave damage."

In the past few months, Dr. Zweifach has used this endotoxin theory to produce virtually shockproof rats. By feeding them gradually increased doses of endotoxins, they were able to withstand amounts that would normally kill. Dr. Zweifach found that his endotoxin-immune animals survived shock 95 per cent of the time.

Great progress has been made, but multitudes still die from shock, and will continue to do so until this mysterious ailment yields the rest of its lethal secrets to the relentless march of research.

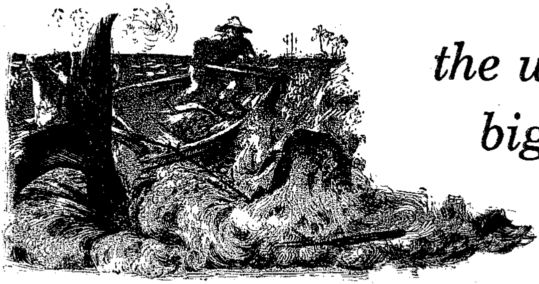
IN OCTOBER CORONET

PARADISE FOR AMERICANS

Crime, poverty and nervous breakdowns are virtually unknown on the Isle of Pines. Discover the simple joys of life in this Shangrila—only 80 minutes from Florida.

FABULOUS FLUOROCHEMICALS

How would you like fully waterproof shoes, permanent motor oil? Learn more about the wonders of new fluorochemicals that promise to revolutionize our daily lives.



the world's biggest fish story

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

Captain Charles Thompson could tell history's greatest fish story—and every word of it was true.

The captain, who fished out of Miami, Florida, was cruising for tarpon with a friend one bright day in June, 1912. They were loafing on the deck of his yacht, the *Samoa,* off Knights Key, when Captain Thompson caught sight of a monstrous dark form in the water. His companion told him he was seeing things, but at Thompson's insistence they lowered a lifeboat equipped with a motor. The captain took a heavy harpoon and rifle, just in case.

It was a fish, all right—a strange, whale-like monster, dark gray with yellowish spots. There was sheer disbelief on Thompson's face as he measured the thing with his eyes.

Cautiously they eased the boat toward it. The captain raised his harpoon, held it poised a moment, then drove it home. The great fish started to move, slowly at first, the boat following helplessly. Thompson stood in the bow, ready to cut the line, for he knew that a dive by the fish would take the boat with it.

All day the struggle went on. And, though over a hundred bullets were fired into it, the fish had shown no signs of tiring when night fell.

The lifeboat was still being drawn swiftly through the seas as dawn broke. The men, haggard and worn, saw a swarm of boats had come down from Miami to watch the battle. It was nearly sundown before the pull on the lines stopped.

They drew their apparently lifeless catch alongside the *Samoa—thirty-eight hours* after Thompson had first seen that shadow in the water. There the fish's tail suddenly thrashed out, smashing against the *Samoa's* propeller with a violence that shattered it.

Scientists later identified the creature as a *Rhinodon typicus,* a whale shark, which must have been brought to the surface by some kind of an explosion deep in the ocean where this species makes its home. It was 38 feet long and estimated to weigh 26,594 pounds.

Captain Thompson had it stuffed, and made a tidy fortune exhibiting it in different parts of the U. S. It was a good thing he had the evidence along, or nobody would have believed his incredible story—that he had caught the largest fish in the world.

* * *

He serves up spicy insults and tops the menu with smooching. Yet customers flock back to . . .

the kissing restaurateur of PARIS

by LEONARD GROSS

TO EARN a souvenir of La Grenouille, indisputably the craziest restaurant in Paris, a lady must kiss its owner, Roger the Frog, possibly the most insulting restaurateur of all time.

The souvenir is a petite cast-iron figure of two frogs. It is a reminder, additionally, of frogs' legs served soaking in butter and, inasmuch as the iron frogs are kissing, of an activity second only to eating in popularity at the restaurant.

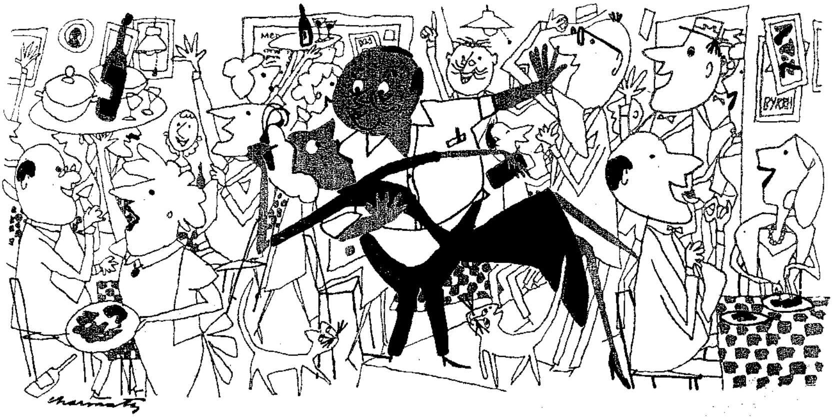
While kissing among the patrons is varied and unpredictable, kissing with Roger is simple and invariable. 1) He sees a woman, 2) He holds out the frogs. 3) He offers his cheek. If the woman is French, there is no question. If she is American or English, there is something of a question, but not much, because the cacophony at Roger's is enough to rout any convention.

So the lady moves her lips to Roger's cheek, and 4) Roger flips his head, to take his kiss the only way a self-respecting Frenchman would.

Escorts notwithstanding, this scowling roughneck has been kissing their ladies with increasing frequency since he opened for business off a small stone courtyard on the narrow Rue des Grands Augustins in the Latin Quarter. He named his restaurant La Grenouille (rhymes with phooey), The Frog.

In the 25 years he has been in business, it is conceivable that Roger has kissed more women than any man in history. Old-timers estimate that to be some 125,000 female customers, and say that he has been slapped by only one. Roger acknowledges the slap, but he will not discuss it.

Dressed in an old shirt, open at the throat, old pants with a napkin hung from his convex middle, Roger prowls about his restaurant leering like a wise cat with a sense of humor. A customer slow to order is warned he will have to pay rent. Another who doesn't order frogs' legs



gets them anyway. A third, complaining that he can't understand his bill (which is hieroglyphic, but never padded), gets no explanation. A fourth gets no bill at all.

There is a saying in Paris that you are not a customer of Roger's; you are a partisan. Those who are not partisans—who, for example, complain about the wine—get tossed out. There are thousands of partisans and only 200 chairs, and thus no room for customers.

Nor does it matter who you are. If you violate the code—and no one knows exactly what the code is—you are risking ejection. Once Henri Spaak, minister of foreign affairs for Belgium, came to Roger's. The patron looked him over carefully and said, "I've seen your mug somewhere before. Oh yeah, you're Spaak. Come on in, brother, and vive la Belgique!"

"They told me you insulted everybody," said the minister, obviously disappointed. "I guess you're being nice to me just because I'm Spaak."

"Oh yeah?" answered Roger. "You want me to toss you out? Or do you want me to toss one of the customers out just to show you?"

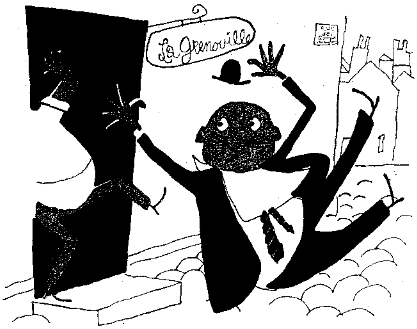
Spaak never failed to dine at Roger's on return trips to Paris.

It is this brawling charm that has drawn hundreds of VIPs, both of politics and the arts, to the chaotic little restaurant two blocks from the Seine. It is not the food that magnetizes, for La Grenouille earns but one crossed fork and knife and no stars in the sacred *Guide Michelin.* Nor is it the decor—for Roger's is a hopeless clutter of three skinny, bending rooms adorned with posters, press cuttings, hats, helmets, onions, garlic, gloves, neckties, purses, horses' tails, lanterns, kettles and waitresses.

What the inhabitants of the upper world come for is the chance to be seated in the kitchen if the house is crowded, and perhaps to kiss a total stranger. In short, to be treated like a human being and to know that if a good word is spoken it is really meant.

Every night he works, Roger goes through a compulsive process of turning order into bedlam. This traces back to a night in his youth when he was a junior waiter at the Ritz. His tie fell into the sauce boat from which he was serving Albert, King of the Belgians.

The King begged that the incident be forgotten, but neither Roger nor the Ritz ever quite got over it.



Luckily for a few thousand children, Roger has never quite gotten over his childhood either.

At lunch one day not long ago, a customer new to the restaurant suddenly found himself propelled into the midst of the middle room, where 40 boys and girls, aged four to seven, turned at once to stare at him.

"Dîtes bonjour à Monsieur," Roger roared.

"Bonjour, Monsieur!" the children screamed.

"Dîtes bonjour à Papa."

"Bonjour, Papa," they screamed.

Roger then pointed to several he judged to resemble the customer, and everybody howled.

This was an orphan's joke. These children were orphans, and so was Roger.

The children were from Élancourt, an orphanage near Paris, to which Roger went at the age of three. For the next ten years, known as "Pest" and "Cholera," he grew up on soup, vegetables and bread, never meat.

The day he left the orphanage so that someone small might have his place, Roger got as far as Versailles. There, at a restaurant, a strange but wonderful odor overcame him. Seeing this, the fry cook said, "If you want to eat, peel."

Roger peeled for three months and ate his fill.

One day a customer noted his industry, plucked him from Versailles and put him into the dining room of the Ritz as a groom. He was working hard, and doing well, when his tie popped into the sauce boat.

From that day forward, Roger thought of nothing but a restaurant of his own. After cooking for a general during World War I and working at several other Paris restaurants, Roger bought a 12-foot cell on the Rue des Grands Augustins.

From the start, there was a free meal for any orphan. Nowadays they come from Élancourt once a week in groups of 40 to 45. And it is not leftovers they eat. It is a meal of frogs' legs or snails, *boeuf bourguignon* or *coq au vin.* As each child finishes, he searches for Roger to give him a kiss before going into the courtyard to play.

Sometimes, when taken by surprise, Roger will inadvertently expose the enormity of his heart. He was haranguing a customer one day when suddenly he raced outside to aid a fallen child whose cry no one else had heard. In the courtyard his concern was such that he would not return to work until a doctor assured him the child was uninjured.

Vagrants, too, know Roger. One of them, a woman in a moth-eaten coat known only as the "Queen of Sheba," lost her family during a bombing. She went to Roger for advice. He gave her, instead, a standing invitation to eat free whenever she was hungry. She has, steadily, since.

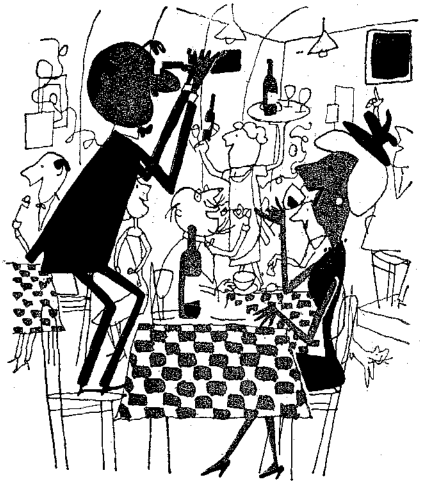
Roger has one son who is studying pharmacy and will have nothing to do with the restaurant. But Mrs. Sphinhirny—that is Roger's seldom-heard family name—a patient, pleasant woman whom Roger married a year before La Grenouille opened, looks on wisely and silently each night at her husband's shenanigans.

If Roger cannot handle a situation, the cooks and waitresses help out; and if the staff can't manage, the partisans take charge.

To earn Roger's frog—males can earn them from the waitresses, but Roger selects all targets—partisans will do a great deal. They will peer through house-owned binoculars at the one menu, a blackboard hung high on one wall. They will come on week nights only, for Roger refuses to operate La Grenouille on the lucrative weekends and they may even suffer the inconvenience of getting lost for, in the age of neon, Roger refuses to illuminate his small sign by so much as a feeble French bulb.

Nothing, it seems, will ever change Roger. The best chance for that came several years ago when then President Vincent Auriol, eager to meet Roger but unable to go to his restaurant because protocol would not permit it, summoned Roger to the Palais de l'Elysée, the French White House, for lunch. But this honor failed to turn his head.

The only time Roger was ever completely at a loss came, oddly, as the result of a kiss. Now Roger's kiss is little more than a peck, but once it showed real power. She was English and dignified, a spinster. When Roger kissed her lips she straightened with a start. And then a weird smile enveloped her face. She rose, kissed every man in the room and walked out the door with her back stiff and her head held high—to an enormous ovation. This, according to legend, is the first and only time a customer ever rendered Roger speechless. ♛ ♛ ♛



Wild Bill Fights a Duel

by WILLIAM L. ROPER

IT WAS WARM that day—July 20, 1865—in Springfield, Missouri. But Wild Bill Hickok wore a black broadcloth cutaway coat, wide trousers and—as always—his two big ivory-handled 45s. He had dressed with care. For it might be his last day on earth.

When the courthouse clock struck 12, Dave Tutt, a crack shot from Yellville, Arkansas, and former Confederate scout turned professional gambler, would start walking south to meet Hickok. Tutt would be wearing Hickok's watch—his way of proclaiming to the world that Wild Bill had welched on his gambling debts—and that he, Tutt, was contemptuous of Hickok's fame as a gunslinger.

As Wild Bill strode along he recalled his resolution to bury the hatchet when the war was over and not to fight again unless he was "put upon." His thoughts were interrupted by the jeers of a crowd of rebel sympathizers who despised him for his recent role as a Union Army spy. But he was determined to ignore them.

As he approached the square he knew his life depended upon keeping cool.

For a while he and Tutt had played at being friends when they met shortly after the war. They had raced and traded horses and gambled night after night in Springfield's old Lyon House. It had ended with Wild Bill losing most of his Union Army mustering-out pay.

One night, however, as Wild Bill was having one of his infrequent winning streaks, he announced he intended to quit at midnight. Tutt demanded Hickok pay him $40 Wild Bill owed on a horse trade. Hickok paid. Then Tutt asked for $35 he claimed Wild Bill owed on a gambling debt.

"It's only $25," snapped Hickok. Red-faced but smiling, Tutt reached over and took Wild Bill's watch, which was laying on the table. "I'll keep this till you pay me the $35," Tutt said. Then, grinning broadly, he walked out.

The challenge was implicit. One of them would die next time they met. And now, on this blazing July afternoon, they knew they were meeting.

Everyone knew that the watch was but a paltry excuse. Under the surface was a smouldering build-up of hatred. Southern sympathizers were convinced that Hickok, who had posed as a fellow rebel in General Sterling Price's defeated army, had come to Springfield to continue his spying on them.

He was in the hire, they believed, of John Smith Phelps, who had organized a volunteer Union regiment and who was later to become governor of Missouri.

For their part, Northern sympathizers believed that Tutt had actually been imported to kill Colonel Phelps and, incidentally, Hickok.

Many believed the assassination of President Lincoln in April of that year marked the first outbreak of a widespread conspiracy of Southern vengeance.

It was well known that Wild Bill had killed three Missourians near Rolla during the war and had taken their horses, among them his beautiful mare, Black Nell. One of the men killed, according to rumor, was Tutt's boyhood friend.

Just as the clock struck 12, Wild Bill stepped onto the Square from South Street. At the same moment, Tutt stepped away from a group of friends in front of the courthouse, and strode across the Square toward Hickok.

They were nearly 75 yards apart when both men drew. Two pistol shots rang out close together. But Wild Bill had drawn faster. Tutt, a bullet through his heart, staggered and fell dead.

Immediately after the fatal shooting, Wild Bill surrendered to the sheriff.

He was charged with murder. But the eloquence of Colonel Phelps won him acquittal. Exhibiting the empty chamber in Tutt's revolver, Phelps convinced the jury that since the gun had been fired, it was reasonable to assume that Tutt had tried as hard to kill Bill as Bill had tried to kill him. It was merely that Bill had succeeded.

For several hours, Southern sympathizers talked hotly of lynching. But it was just talk. And a few days later Hickok quietly rode out of town astride Black Nell. ♛ ♛ ♛

They sailed the seas, brawled with their mates; marched off to war, died in battle. Their garb was a fraud. But truly daring were the feats of these . . .

Women who wanted to be men

by Rosanne Smith

An attractive young lady from New Jersey recently addressed a letter to her congressman asking for an appointment as "midshipwoman" to the United States Naval Academy. It would seem that she was preparing to attack one of the last masculine fortresses not already taken by modern-day woman. Actually, that fortress was breached long ago.

In the last century, more than a score of women refused to recognize the conventional limits of their sex and, posing as men, sailed the seven seas as full-fledged tars, and even fought as soldiers, under conditions that would make many a modern male yearn for home and mother. Several went completely undetected until it suited them to take up the life of a woman again.

One of the most colorful of these extraordinary ladies was Emma Barnes from the State of Maine, who signed on the *James Rae* whaler, when she was 15. She served as an able-bodied seaman for 18 months, going aloft in the rigging and performing the strenuous duties that were then the lot of the deck sailor.

Her sex was discovered when, at the height of a storm, she inadvertently answered a command from the mate in her natural voice instead of the rough, gruff tone she had assumed. After the discovery of her femininity the captain refused her wages, and she took her case to the Alderman's office. She appeared at the hearing dressed as a woman—and a tall, fine-looking woman she was.

Some of the questions and answers from that hearing, as reported in the *Philadelphia Ledger* in the year 1856, are interesting.

"Under what name and at what wages did you ship?"

"George Stewart, and at $18 a month."

"What is your height and weight?"

"My height, sir, in my bare feet is full five feet nine and a quarter inches, and my weight is 180 pounds on shore. At sea it is rather more."

"Do you like the sea?"

"That I do; rough as it is, there is something pleasing about it—a landsman's life is but the same thing over and over again. A sailor at sea is kept too busy to be troubled with the blues."

"Didn't you lick a Yankee captain once?"

"That I did. It was round the Horn—I mind it well. He was a big fellow—as big as I am, but over six feet. He picked a quarrel with me and struck me with his fist. I knocked him down with a left-hand blow. He fell on the quarterdeck and hallooed like a calf. I gave the saucy fellow just what he deserved."

"Were you not afraid to trust yourself with sailors?"

"God knows I was not. They are easily managed and generally speaking they are the warmest-hearted beings in the world. I drank and smoked with the men at all times. George Stewart hasn't an enemy among men."

The redoubtable Emma was awarded the pay due to her and it is a safe assumption that she chose a new name and went to sea again. For with her stocky build, her knowledge of the sea and ships, and the strength to knock down a six-foot man with a left-hand blow she would have no difficulty again passing as a man in the cumbersome clothing of a sailor.

It is easy to see how a woman could pull off such a masquerade provided she had the strength to perform her duties. In those days there were no stringent physical examinations. A captain or shipowner took the measure of a man with his eye, and accepted any reasonably hearty-looking specimen.

Many boys barely into their teens ran off to follow the sea. So a high voice and the absence of a beard would not be considered out of the way, and the bulky sailor's garb would easily disguise the undeveloped femininity of these young girls.

Sailors slept in their clothing, and the long hours and hard duty produced a weariness that left them unobservant of their companion's personal habits—particularly when the last thing they would suspect was that a woman was in their midst.

In 1802, a Mrs. Cola served on board a British man-of-war as a common sailor. When she told her story she became famous and opened a coffee house which became a rendezvous for seamen.

A 14-year-old Cornwall girl, Elizabeth Bowden, on being left an orphan went up to London to search for a way of making a living. Unable to find work, she disguised herself as a young boy and walked to Falmouth where she enlisted as a "ship's boy" on board His Majesty's ship-of-war *Hazard*. She did "good service aloft and below."

She had never learned to swim, however, and one day while she was serving as oarsman in one of the ship's boats she was thrown into the water when the boat capsized in heavy seas. She nearly drowned, and in the process of reviving her it was discovered that she was a girl.

Dismissed from the service, according to an old account of the case, "by the kindness of the officers, the poor girl was placed in a proper position."

In 1815, a Negro woman admitted that she had served 11 years on the British war vessel *Queen Charlotte*. Listed under the name William Brown, she had become so expert a sailor that she was promoted to captain of the foretop.

She was described as "quiet, almost surly," certainly not qualities associated with the loquaciousness of the lighthearted female. In the entire 11 years her secret was never once suspected.

It is understandable how these women, even in the intimacy of the foc'sle, carried off their masquerade with so many factors in their favor. But the task of those who disguised themselves as soldiers was infinitely more difficult. For not only did they have to undergo the arduous life of a soldier but they had to face the test of combat and of living under battle conditions.

One, a Mary Smith, served for five years in the 24th Iowa Infantry and carefully saved her wages. When she was mustered out she bought land in northern Iowa and used the remainder of her savings to go to school.

When she finally fell in love she felt she must tell her sweetheart about her past life. He refused to believe her at first. But when he checked the records, from the information she gave him, he found her story completely true. He married her and she bore him a large family.

When the Civil War broke out, a Brooklyn girl, obsessed with the story of Joan of Arc, became convinced that voices of destiny were calling her to duplicate the adventures of Joan. Her family tried to dissuade her but she ran away and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment. She was wounded at the Battle of Chickamauga.

In attending her wounds, it was discovered that she was a young girl. Learning that her wounds were fatal, she dictated this note to her father:

"Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, pa, forgive me. Tell ma to kiss my daguerreotype.

"Emily.

"P.S. Give my watch to little Eph."

PROBABLY the most fabulous of all these modern Amazons was Madame Loreta Janeta Velazquez. Daughter of a Spanish father and a French-American mother, she was born in Cuba and moved with her family to Mexico when she was still a child. Later, she was sent to the United States and educated in a convent in the South. She, too, was fascinated by Joan of Arc, by military strategy and heroic exploits in battle.

She rebelled against the match her parents had arranged for her and eloped with a young army officer. When the Civil War broke out, her husband reluctantly resigned from the U.S. Army and joined the Confederate forces.

Madame Velazquez had borne three children, all of whom died and, driven partly by grief and partly by the urge to emulate Joan of Arc, she determined to follow her husband into battle. When he positively refused to allow her to accompany him, she decided to accomplish her purpose alone, and set out for New Orleans.

In her memoirs, Madame Velazquez writes: "As soon as I got to New Orleans, I went to an old French army tailor in Barrack Street . . . who understood how to mind his own business by not bothering himself too much about other people's affairs, and had him make for me half a dozen fine wire net shields.

"These I wore next to my skin, and they proved very satisfactory in concealing my true form, and in giving me something of the shape of a man, while they were by no means uncomfortable . . . A woman's waist, as a general thing, is tapering, and her hips are very large in comparison with those of a man, so that if I had undertaken to wear pantaloons without some such contrivance, they would have drawn in at the waist and revealed my true form . . .

"So many men have weak and feminine voices that, provided the clothing is properly constructed and put on right, and the disguise in other respects is well arranged, a woman with even a very high-pitched voice need have very little to fear on that score."

Madame Velazquez wore a mustache and an Imperial goatee, and after she assumed her disguise went in company of a new acquaintance to visit a family. She had a bad moment when the mustache became freighted with buttermilk and was about, she thought, to come off. Her fears proved unjustified as she discovered that the beard and mustache were difficult to remove even with the aid of alcohol.

So effective was her disguise that when she presented herself to her husband he failed to recognize her. Relenting, he undertook to train the troops she had recruited and was killed a short time later when a carbine exploded in his hand.

In company with her manservant Bob (who never once suspected her sex) and a battalion of 236 men, Madame Velazquez fought in the battles of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. Chafing under the boredom of a lull between battles, she disguised herself as a *woman* and went to Washington where she met the Secretary of War and Mr. Lincoln. ("I could not dislike him," she reported.) She learned much about the movement of Federal troops in the East and 13 days later she was back in uniform.

She soon found that in her guise as a dashing Confederate officer she was very attractive to women. To avoid embarrassment she told each admirer, "I don't want to deceive you. The fact is, I am as good as married already." Producing a young lady's photograph from her pocket, she added, "I expect to be married to this lady after the war."

Her sex was discovered as the result of a wound she received at the Battle of Shiloh. "One of the principal causes of my detection . . . was that my apparatus got out of order, so that I was forced to dispense with it," she wrote. "I was to blame, too, for permitting myself to grow careless, and not always being on my guard."

What impelled these women to lead such bizarre lives? If pressed for a reason they might have said they wanted adventure, or life in the open air. Some would have cited religious convictions; or that they, like Joan of Arc, were driven by voices of destiny. Madame Velazquez wrote of her childhood: "I wished that I was a man, such a man as Columbus or Captain Cook, and could discover new worlds, or explore unknown regions of the earth."

But most of them, after experiencing the world as men, were content to live out their lives as women.

Today, with stringent physical examinations, the clean-shaven face, the higher age level required for military service, it would be virtually impossible for a modern woman to duplicate the exploits of these adventuresses.

Many of them lost their lives trying to fulfill their mistaken destiny. It was an unselfish sacrifice no matter how misguided.

Candid Comments

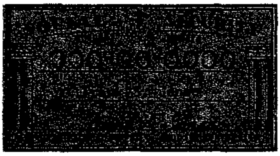
THERE ARE always too many people who reach for the stool when there's a piano to be moved. —ELMER LETERMAN

NOTHING fascinates a woman like the man she can fascinate. —*The Pelican*

A FRIGID SILENCE at home is often a sign that a man will have to thaw his own dinner. —HAL CHADWICK

NOTHING lengthens the life of your car like marrying off the last of your children. —HAL CHADWICK

are you gambling with your SOCIAL SECURITY?



Changes in the law have made it a financial jack pot, often worth as much as $50,000. But millions are shortchanging themselves through ignorance. Here's how to make sure you get every dollar coming to you

by Sidney Margolius

If you are like many people, you may be risking your most valuable financial asset—your Social Security benefits—through misunderstanding of what today's Social Security really gives you.

For many young families, Social Security now represents the equivalent of as much as a $50,000 insurance policy if anything happens to the breadwinner. In old age, it entitles you to monthly checks that will add up to $25,000 in many cases. If your earning capacity is destroyed by illness in your middle years, your Social Security becomes a disability-insurance policy that will pay you as much as $20,000.

In fact, Social Security now gives your family almost life-long protection against death, crippling illness and old age. Already 10,000,000 widows, dependent children and retired people are receiving monthly checks from the $23,000,000,000 trust fund to which they and their breadwinners contributed. But the full impact of Social Security on your family's security will not really be felt until late this year and in 1958, when recent improvements come into full operation. New beneficiaries will get larger checks, and more will get them.

Social Security is most people's most important financial asset, but it is also one they often misunderstand and sometimes throw away.

In some cases it is only by accident that people do get their payments. A young widow with two children, for instance, almost passed up $200 a month. Like many wives, she never realized that Social Security pays not only old-age benefits but family payments if a breadwinner dies. A funeral director told her about them. But friends deprecated the probable amount, so she assumed she would have to return to work and thus get no benefits.

By accident she met an acquaintance of her husband's who insisted she was entitled to $200 a month, which would enable her to stay with the children. Even if she worked full time her children would still receive $136 a month. She applied, and is now receiving $200 a month.

In Warwick, Maryland, last year, a factory worker whose wife had died in 1951, leaving him with a baby daughter, ran across her Social Security card among some old papers. For the first time, he noticed that a Social Security card says to notify Social Security if any worker in the family dies.

The young widower acted at once, writing his letter on a piece of paper toweling because there was no stationery in the house. That paper-towel letter brought the little girl $73.50 a month for the next 13 years. Her mother had been a covered worker, too. Still, payments for four years were lost, as well as the funeral-expense reimbursement.

A young woman whose father had fallen ill wondered if he were not eligible even though he planned to return to work. Then, while working in a publisher's production department, she noticed in a book her employer was bringing out that a man over 65 might get Social Security while unemployed. That chance observation won her father an award of $75 a month, plus back payments of $2,978.

That many people finally do collect their benefits is due to the massive rescue operation conducted by the Social Security Administration itself, and to its constant publicity campaign to inform the public about its rights.

Recently, it sought to dramatize to older people their potential eligibility for retirement benefits by publicizing that Eddie Cantor received his first payment at 65. When Eddie learned he could get payments (he, too, didn't know it), he agreed to the stunt even though he planned to turn over the checks to charity.

The results were as expected. Letters poured in from others over 65 asking why they couldn't have benefits. The answer in many cases was that they could—among them a North Dakota wheat farmer who wrote complaining about that rich fellow getting payments. He is now receiving the monthly check he was entitled to but did not know about.

One of the most revealing situations showing how people pass up benefits is that many farmers, who recently were granted coverage, were found to be already entitled to payments through previous coverage in industry, especially during World War II. A Chillicothe, Missouri, farmer, for example, could have been drawing checks since 1954. As it was, he had lost a total of $2,100 in payments.

As a matter of hard fact, several million people are either throwing away future benefits because they fail to get credits they are entitled to, or already are eligible for payments and have not applied. Here is the startling story of how some

Americans are forfeiting what undoubtedly is their best, and often only, financial security:

Some 25,000 of the 200,000 older widows who became entitled to benefits in November, 1956, when the eligibility age for women was lowered to 62, had not yet applied for benefits by the end of April, and would soon forfeit some payments if they did not. About 200,000 of the 850,000 wives of retired workers, and women workers over 62, similarly had not applied.

Approximately 1,000,000 of the nation's 5,500,000 self-employed people estimated to be eligible for coverage have not filed the required Social Security tax returns which would entitle them and their families to future benefits. Some may be covered through side jobs, but an unknown number simply are not filing the required reports.

A frequent misunderstanding among self-employed people with small earnings is that they do not realize they should file the self-employed tax return every year even if they do not earn enough to owe income tax. They can still get Social Security credit for what they do earn as long as it is over $400 a year.

Over 1,000,000 of the 3,000,000 farmers believed to be eligible for coverage still had not taken advantage of their recently granted opportunity by the time they filed their 1955 tax returns in 1956. Under a special system set up for self-employed farmers, some may have chosen not to be covered. Others may be "city farmers" covered through part-time industrial jobs. But whether through ignorance or indifference, many farm families are passing up valuable future benefits.

Of 270,000 clergymen eligible for Social Security, about 150,000 as of now have not taken advantage of the chance to get the coverage they won in 1954. (Ironically, clergymen often must advise others about their rights and benefits.) Some may have elected not to be covered, but others apparently never understood that clergymen are the one group that must declare their intention to be covered within two years after becoming eligible.

An older minister, for example, asked three young colleagues, all family men, why they had not signed up. They said they already had some coverage through previous work in industry, and didn't want to bother. What they did not realize is that without continuing coverage their potential payments are being whittled away and in time will disappear completely.

In 1956, Congress added a new dimension to Social Security. For the first time, breadwinners now have some defense against the universally feared hazard of loss of earning power through severe chronic illness. And permanently disabled workers now can collect full payments after reaching 50.

It had been estimated that 700,000 already disabled workers would be eligible, either for payments immediately or a "freeze" of their wage record until they reached 50. But by the spring of 1957, only 260,000 had applied.

The Social Security Administration is making an intensive effort to find these disabled workers. It realizes this is a shut-in group and many may not be aware that a disabled worker now may be eligible for payments even if his disability occurred as long as ten years ago.

It is also anxious to find younger disabled workers, warning that those who do not bother to apply for the "freeze" because they will not get payments for some time may find at 50 that they have lost their eligibility.

They may even eventually lose all future rights to old-age and survivors insurance benefits as well as disability payments, Nelson H. Cruikshank, AFL-CIO Social Security director, points out. The reason: you need to work under Social Security a certain time to qualify for any payments. A disabled person who had not accumulated enough coverage by the time he fell ill finally may forfeit all benefits if he does not freeze his record.

At the beginning of 1957, 1,400,000 of the 6,400,000 workers over 65 and qualified for benefits had not yet applied. Social Security believes most of these are still substantially employed. But there are an unknown number, in three categories especially, who sometimes pass up benefits.

One is male workers over 65 or female workers over 62 who become unemployed through illness or other reasons but hope to return to work. Meanwhile, they can collect payments.

Another is older men and women who have not worked under Social Security recently but may have had a little coverage in the past, possibly in wartime. Anyone who reached retirement age before July 1, 1954, needs only a year and a half of coverage to get payments.

The other group consists of men over 72 who are entitled to benefits even if still on the job. When actor James Gleason was making a movie last year at 73, he heard about this from his stand-in, who was 74. Jimmie could have been receiving $103.50 a month all year. Fortunately, he got his cue early enough to get most of his back payments.

Dependents of deceased workers also sometimes pass up benefits. The number of widows and children who lose benefits is proportionately small but always painful because such cases are a personal tragedy, points out Roy L. Swift, Social Security information officer for the Bureau of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance. For example, last January, a young Florida widow with two children, whose husband had died in 1954, was located. She got back payments only for 1956.

That most bereaved families do get their benefits before the critical first 12 months are up is due in large part to the arrangements Social Security has with funeral directors and community organizations to advise dependents to visit the nearest Social Security office. Of all Social Security benefits, in the experience of Edward J. Sinder, manager of a large New York field office, the average person is least aware of the survivors payments. Yet this is the potentially most valuable feature to younger families, especially now with more women at work.

Last year, a Covina, California,

family of seven children learned how valuable the double protection from both parents' coverage can be. Their mother had worked three years as a drill press operator before her death. The youngsters will collect a total of $28,738 by the time the last reaches 18, even though their father is still alive and working.

Payments also are waiting for a small number of widows whose husbands died between 1939 and September, 1950, and who previously were not eligible because their husbands lacked suffcient coverage. They now get benefits if their husbands worked as few as one and a half years under Social Security.

Another group sometimes unaware of its benefits is that of elderly dependent parents. They can get payments if the son or daughter who was their main support dies leaving no spouse or child entitled to payments.

Still another group in danger of losing benefits is totally disabled children of retired or deceased workers. Under new rules they can get payments even if now over 18, as long as they had become disabled before 18.

With Social Security now providing more thorough protection against disasters that can overtake any family, why do some people neglect these benefits? One reason, the Social Security Administration believes, is that many people still think they must be in actual need to qualify. Or they delay filing claims until their funds run out because they "do not want charity." Your own family may need to be informed about its potential benefits and recognize that these payments are a right earned by its breadwinner's Social Security taxes.

Another reason for indifference is the persistent idea, inherited from the early years of Social Security, that the payments are small. The fact is, successive changes have raised these payments to where they now can provide much of the basic income a widow and orphaned children or retired folks need, and they are tax-free. By 1958, a family of a widow and two children typically will get the maximum payment of $200 a month.

Beginning with 1958, more workers as they retire will be getting the maximum $108.50 a month, plus $49.80 to $54.30 for their wives. Too, as more and more working women qualify for benefits in their own right, an increasing number of retired couples jointly will draw as much as $217 a month. Disabled workers also get as much as $108.50 a month.

Another major reason for the public's confusion is that the constant improvements in Social Security have also made it increasingly complicated. There now are different rules for self-employed people, farmers, clergymen, household workers, etc., and even for men and women. People who learn the rules governing their situation often get more Social Security.

Some beneficiaries have learned, to their dismay, that if they earn even a dollar over the $1,200 a year limit on their earnings, they lose a whole month's payments of as much as $162.80 for a retired couple. If they earn $1,280.01 they lose two months' payments, and so on.

Others have found they can earn even several thousand dollars a year and still collect some benefits, if they concentrate earnings in a few months. Some know they can reapply for larger payments if they have earned enough from part-time work.

The compromises in the new disability insurance have produced a number of jokers. One is that any disability benefits paid by Federal agencies such as Veterans Administration, or by workmen's compensation, reduce the Social Security disability payment. Some disabled people, especially those who come under Social Security late, also have been frustrated by the requirements for length and recency of coverage.

The deadlines on applying for Social Security impose a harsh penalty on people for not understanding a complicated law that has been amended four times in just the past seven years. Those learning tardily about their rights to monthly payments can collect for only 12 months retroactively. The lump-sum funeral reimbursement of up to $255 that is paid on the death of any covered worker must be applied for within two years, or it is lost completely.

To make sure your own family does not pay these penalties, it needs to know these points especially:

Social Security payments never arrive automatically. They must be applied for.

There are four times when the nearest Social Security office must be visited: (1) if any worker in the family, male or female, becomes disabled to the point where he or she can not do any substantial work for pay; (2) if any worker in the family dies, whether or not he is the chief breadwinner; (3) when either husband or wife reaches retirement age (65 for a man, 62 for a woman); (4) when any older person in the family still working reaches 72.

It is not difficult to get information about benefits. For there are Social Security field offices in all larger towns; or visiting representatives in smaller towns will advise on individual cases. Look up the nearest Social Security office in your phone book under "U.S. Government," or ask your local post office where it is, or when the representative will visit your town.

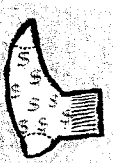
Never delay applying for benefits. They are now too valuable.

◆

Animal Oddities

(Answers to quiz on page 49)

1-Q; 2-N; 3-L; 4-I; 5-E; 6-G; 7-C; 8-A; 9-R; 10-P; 11-O; 12-M; 13-K; 14-J; 15-H; 16-F; 17-D; 18-B.



cash -and- carry nonsense

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

TEARING THE WRAPPINGS from a box of soda crackers, a Knoxville, Tennessee, man did a double take. For the box held a purse containing feminine "doodads," identification cards, and a wallet full of currency.

The purse's owner, it turned out, worked in the cracker factory. One day she'd hidden it in an empty cracker box for safe-keeping. A co-worker inadvertently tossed the box on the conveyor belt and it was sealed.

Fearful folk, it seems, stash their cash in the most improbable places. An Evansville, Indiana, victim of a robbery began carrying his wallet under his hat. For 20 years another man kept his cash in a rat trap in his piano; another hid his money in a stuffed bird in a glass cage.

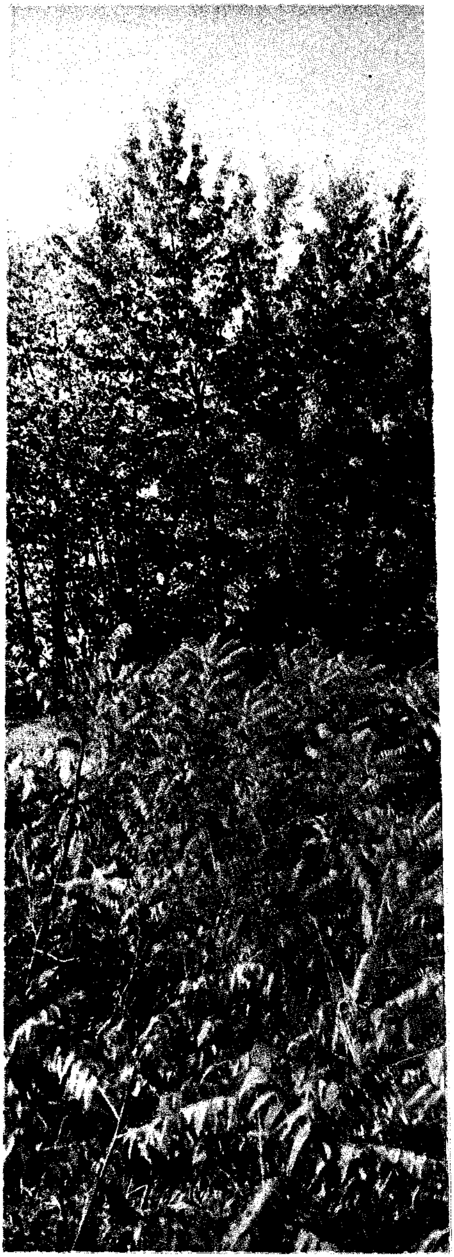
Recently, James Dunbar, a Texas service station manager, secreted $1,000 of receipts inside a new tire. All unsuspecting, a station attendant sold the casing to Jose Gonzalez. Some 50 miles later, the tire went flat. Jose changed it and proceeded blithely on to Houston. In the meantime, Mr. Dunbar discovered his loss. He frantically called police who duly recovered the cash still reposing safely within the astonished Mr. Gonzalez's tire. Jose received a new casing from joyous Mr. Dunbar.

An Ohio woman dashed over to the local sanitation department when she belatedly remembered the $600 in bonds she'd stuffed in an old flashlight which had been thrown out with the trash. But she was too late. The refuse had already been buried beneath two feet of earth in a landfill.

A frantic husband sprinted all the way to a second-hand store to buy back for 70¢ a pillow his wife had sold to the proprietor for 25¢. Fortunately, the $1,100 he'd secretly sewn inside it was still there.

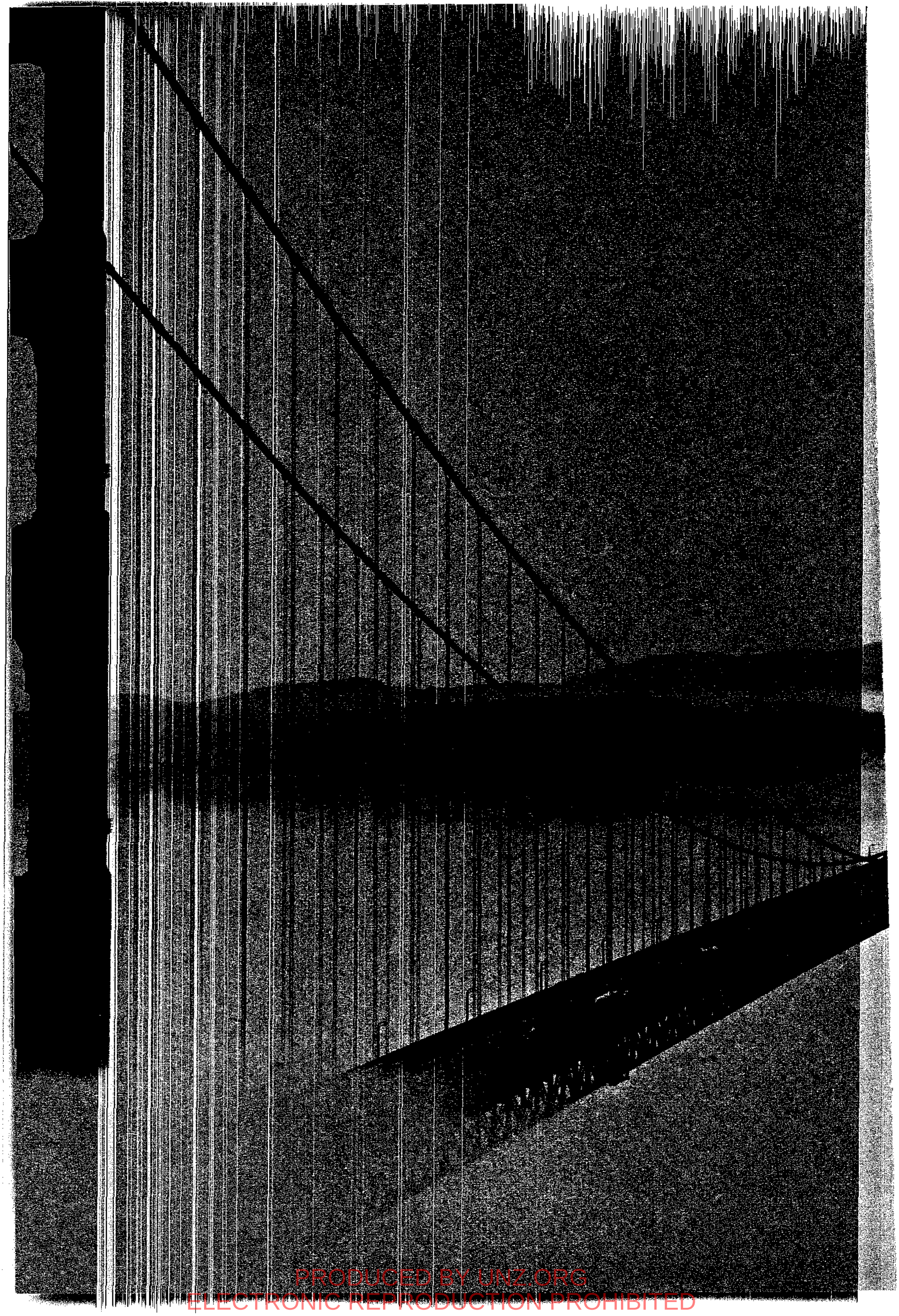
A Seattle man chose what he thought was the most foolproof cache of all. He stuffed $40 in his sock, put the sock back on, locked his apartment securely and retired for the night. Next morning the sock was still on his foot—but the $40 had somehow disappeared during the night!

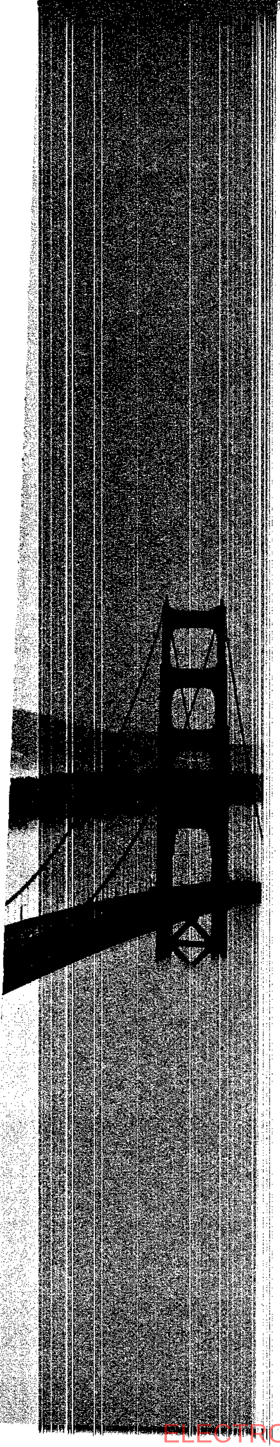
Pathways Across Space



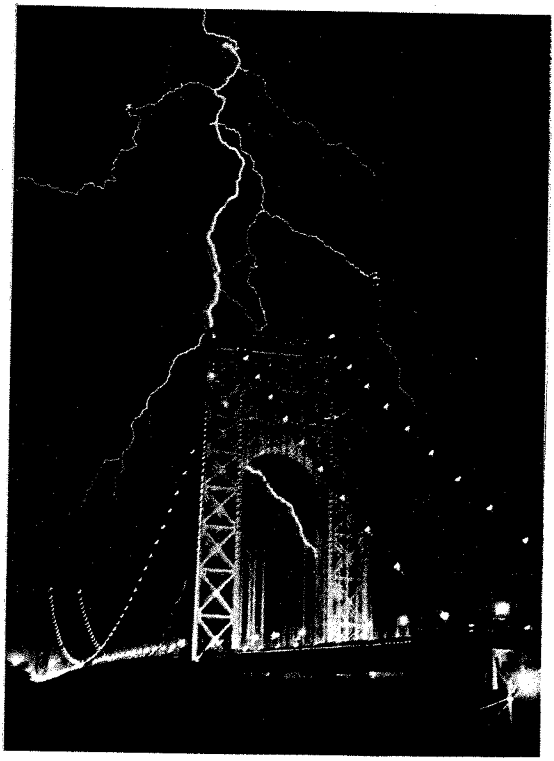
by **Gerold Frank**

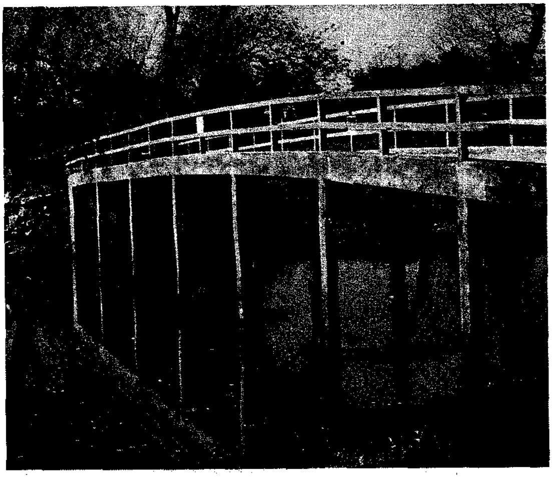
WHAT is a bridge? Whether of wood or steel or ancient stone, whether soaring into the sky or seeming to haunt a drowsy, forgotten land, all bridges are alike in this: they are man's way of knitting the earth together. Theirs is the duty to annihilate barriers, to render chasms impotent, to destroy the triumph of gulf and river—to make pathways across space for the feet of men.

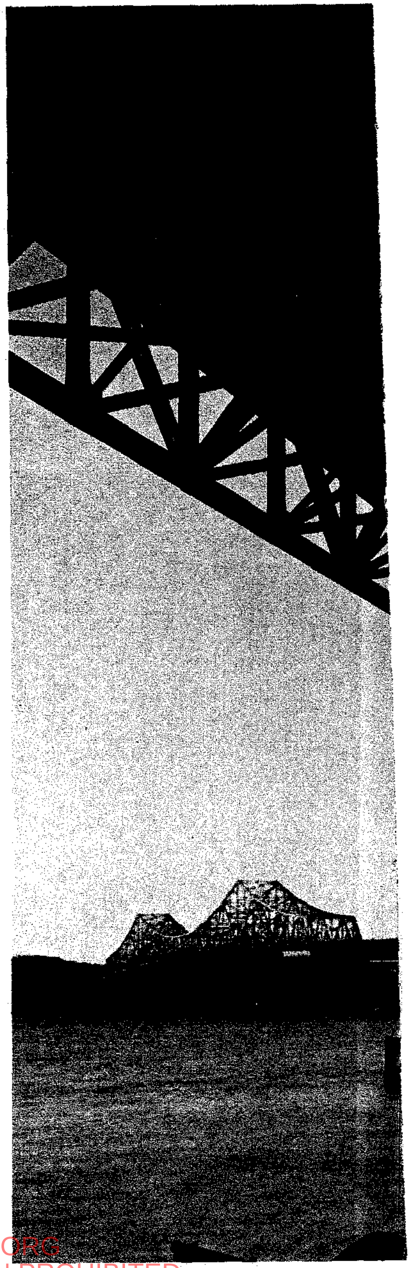




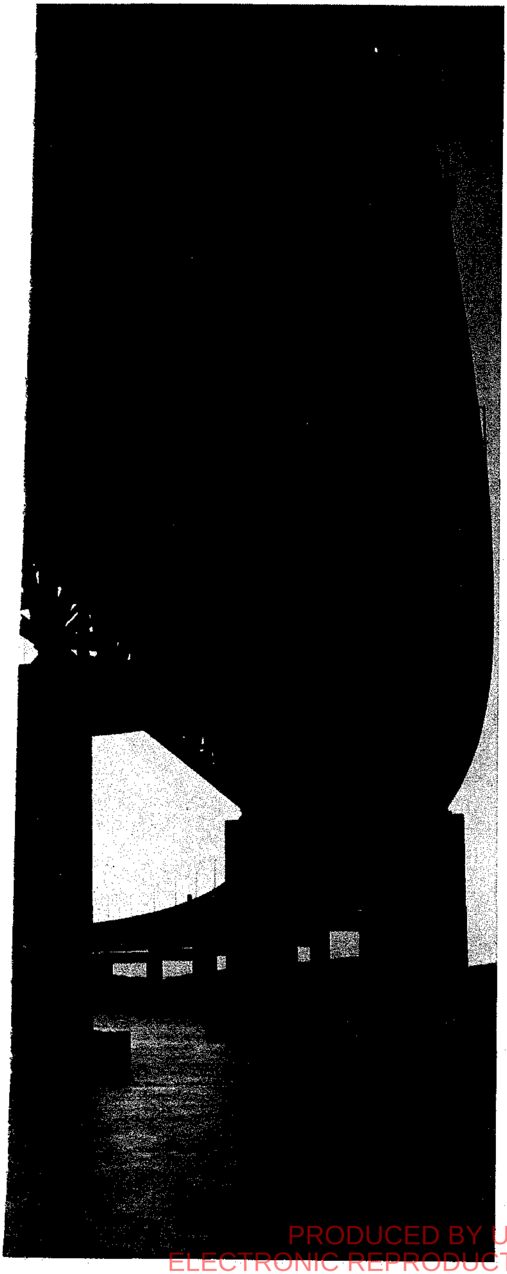
B UT TO MANY, *a bridge is far more than that. It can be a work of loving art, the brilliant child of engineering wed to architecture, sitting astride vast waters, majestically aloof—a colossus reigning over fog and mountaintop. Or it can stand garlanded with man-made light—a thing massive, Herculean, undaunted—challenging even nature's own thunderbolts to conquer it.*

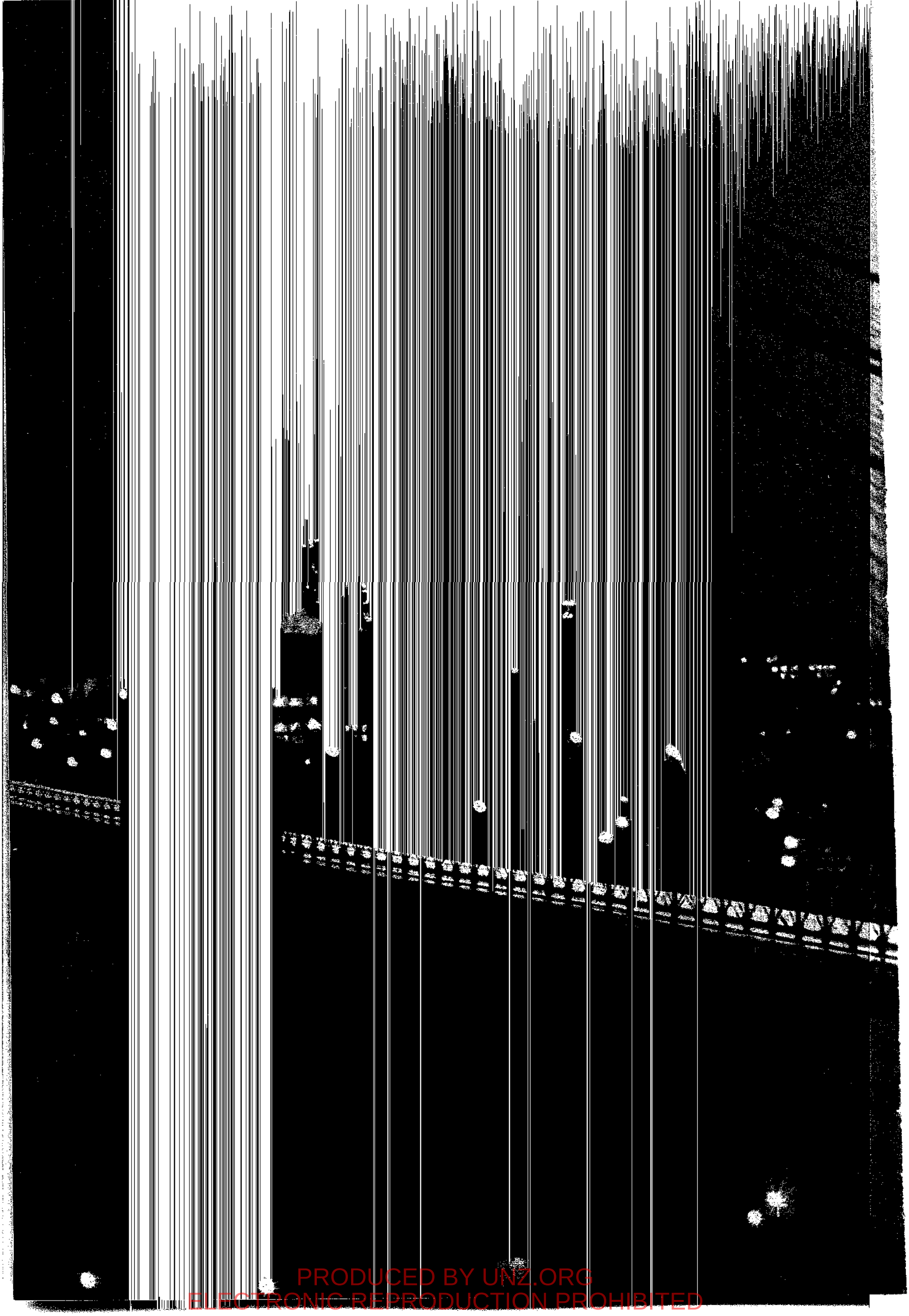


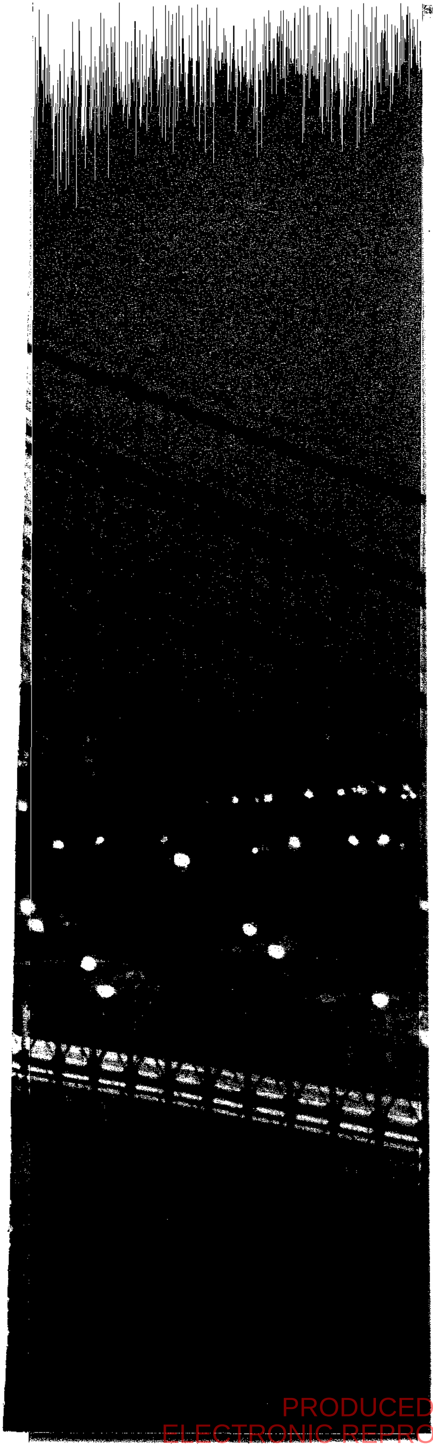




FOR THE CAVE MAN, *a bridge was a fallen log, or thick vines festooned from tree to tree. Today, our bridges are as varied as the land they grace. Each has its special tone, and mood, and way. The wooden span and the placid stream below speak of the same peace; the intricately fashioned serpent of iron and concrete echoes itself in the dark waters it guards; and even the multicolored fieldstone arch is art's imitation of nature—as right as though it grew there.*







CALL IT BY *whatever name—truss bridge, toll bridge, gateway bridge, arch or aqueduct; revolving bridge, elevator bridge, cantilever bridge, suspension bridge—each serves its master, man. At his will it cuts through space; at his wish it repairs the earth's faults; for him it turns mountains into stepping stones and helps weld the world itself into one.*

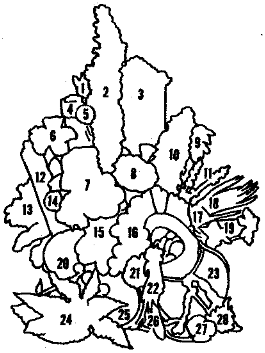
BIBLICAL Bouquet

IT HAS taken 200 years to identify properly all the flowers and plants mentioned in the Scriptures. And now some of the most important of them have been assembled into a unique and graceful arrangement known as the Biblical Bouquet.

The idea for the Bouquet was conceived by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association to increase interest in flowers, and it required three months to collect the grouping. Before it was completed, in fact, the Biblical Bouquet had become an international project with florists from Jerusalem, Cairo, Rome and San Juan contributing plants or counsel. Many of the FTDA's more than 10,000 members in the United States and Canada will display the arrangement in their flower shops this year.

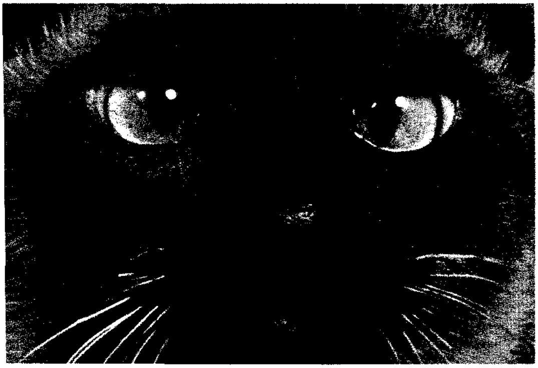
Research into the nature of Biblical blooms turned up some startling facts. The Old Testament, for instance, mentions three times more flowers than the New Testament. All in all, the Scriptures include 116 shrubs, plants and flowers. Some are now extinct or changed in appearance; others are known by more modern names. For example, the "apple" of the Garden of Eden was actually an apricot. The "burning bush" Moses beheld was crimson-flowered mistletoe. The rose of Sharon was a tulip. And most of the Scriptural lilies were really anemones or poppies.

Thus, across the centuries, the rich floral heritage of the Scriptures has at last come into full bloom in this charming Biblical Bouquet.



1. mandrake flower
2. hyssop
3. Table of the Ten Commandments
4. sugar cane
5. mandrake fruit
6. lily of the field (scarlet lily)
7. lily of the field (anemone)
8. lotus seed pod
9. spice (sweet storax)
10. lily of the field (hyacinth)
11. date
12. sugar cane leaf
13. rose of Sharon
14. apple
15. lily flower
16. grapes
17. lily of the field (crocus)
18. wheat
19. ivy
20. lily leaf
21. pomegranate flower
22. dill
23. jug (holding walnuts, almonds, pistachio and garlic)
24. castor leaf
25. pomegranate fruit
26. St.-John's-bread
27. almonds and walnuts
28. rose (now known as narcissus)

ILLUSTRATED BY SLAYTON UNDERHILL



“I Hate

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

Cats"

Let's get out from under the velvet paw, snarls the author: cats make monkeys of their masters, shrug at mice, slaughter birds and small game. And all they love are their own fat, sleek skins . . . H-s-s-s-s-s-s!

OF THE 21,000,000 cats estimated on the loose in the United States, I care for only one.

I was sleeping beside a campfire in the foothills of the Sierras last summer when, in the early dawn, a stray house cat gone wild yowled and ran across my face. I roused in time to see it, throw a bit of quartz after it—and find that the bottom of my sleeping bag was smoldering.

I feel that I owe my escape from a wilderness hotfoot to that cat. Frankly, I care nothing for the other 20,999,999.

Cats—like the omnipresent rats they never hunt, despite legend—are rapidly becoming a menace to the nation. I do not, like the extremists, advocate that they be exterminated. I only recommend they be reduced to manageable proportions.

Some 25 per cent of American families are supposed to keep cats—about one in four. Half of the felines—about 10,000,000—are homeless or, if you like, independents that make the night hideous with their caterwauling (a name especially invented to describe a cat's nocturnal noises).

I have observed that cats appear to make pets of men rather than the other way around; as for women, they make them slaves.

Yet no honest cat fancier—however fanatic—can deceive himself that a cat loves him. No cat loves a human nor, indeed, anything but its sleek self. They have neither affection nor loyalty.

Their green, thousand-yard stare from slitted, unblinking pupils is clear rejection of any fealty to anything but their own instincts. Even these play them false: the agonizing night-yells of the breed are usually a result of "courtship" that takes place in the form of a battle before the act of mating.

Despite their disdain for humankind, cats are adored by their owners. They are expensively groomed, fed and kept up—and on occasion left enormous sums in the wills of their doting "masters." Pussytoriums flourish for their pleasure and the growing of catnip is a million-dollar business in this country.

There are even astrologists that make a good living casting cat horoscopes. One of them, for a kitten born under the sign of Aries—from March 21 to April 19—goes as follows:

"You (the cat, that is) are susceptible to headaches and weakness of the kidneys. Don't eat too much catnip or you may suffer from hangover. Take more milk."

Other people who share my anticat feelings have even suggested that they all be rounded up in a nationwide cat hunt and be mercifully put out of the way. This might be feasible—except for the fact that cats really do seem to have nine lives.

A few years ago one was sealed up in a crate for a seven-week ocean voyage and was plucked out in a coma but perfectly alive. Others have survived sojourns in deep freezes (they hibernate and get thick frost on their fur but that is all), tumbles out of three-story windows, and neglect that makes them as big and sturdy as any denizen of the woods.

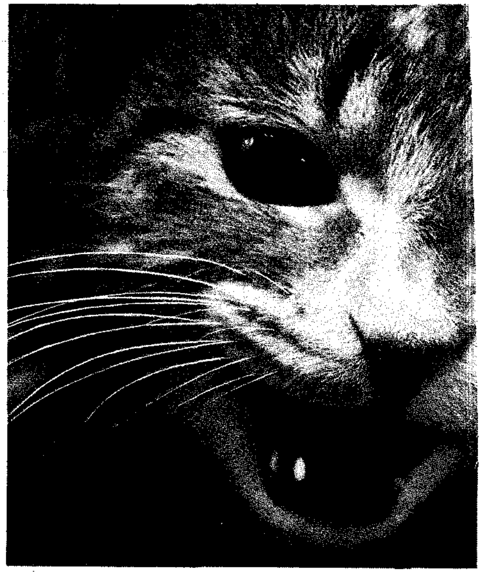
I know of one cat, abandoned for five years—a battling tom—that got to weigh 25 pounds and could bash in the head of a dog with a single blow.

I would suggest that, at the very least, all cats should be caught and licensed. This has been tried, but judges in various states have ruled that cats are "naturally wild"—whatever that may mean—and are therefore allowed to run free. Dog owners must pay for a license; I have no idea as to what second- or third-class status this reduces the other pet enthusiasts.

One of the most ancient schemes relating to cats—proposed by Aesop, the fabulist—was that they should be belled because of their predatory instincts. Most naturalists heartily agree with this.

Cat proponents declare their pets destroy mice, rats, gophers and other pests. Some on-the-spot investigation of this claim seems to prove that cats are no longer rodent-hunters except in the outposts of civilization. They prefer to fatten themselves and their twice-a-year litters of two to six kits on easier game.

Cats are sure death to birds. Their winter fur grows shining and long on juncos, sparrows, pheasants and quail. Birdwatchers have cata-



logued innumerable instances of cats raiding nests and devouring eggs, young and maimed parents at their leisure. One horrified observer, through his field glasses, observed a nest of nine catbirds killed within seconds by a pouncing feline.

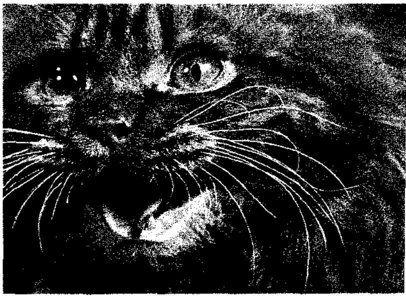
Oftentimes foxes are blamed for chicken-house depredations — but trappers who have dissected the stomachs of foxes rarely find a feather. What they do find are the remains of rats and mice, supposed to be the food of cats.

They have surreptitiously disemboweled, in a scientific manner, the bellies of a few roaming cats—and found nothing but feathers and half-digested birds.

Any ground-nesting bird and most tree-nesting species are fair game for cats—as are such small animals as rabbits. Not a few hunters are becoming convinced that if the stray cats throughout the nation were eliminated, the bag of birds and small game would be tripled.

A neglected byproduct of any anti-cat campaign would be the fur gathered in this manner. For much of the expensive stuff rated as imported seal or rabbit is actually cat-fur. The pelts of well-fed vagrant felines furnish some of the richest and best to be had. If the states and Federal government would add a bounty to this, there would be a perceptible diminishing of such tame-life.

It would be difficult to catch the cats, however. Their senses make them among the most alert animals alive. They can hear as high as 40,000 cycles a second, far above the range of the human voice. They can spring from a chandelier without setting it swaying, or prance on eggs without cracking a shell. They can leap as high as six feet in the air without warning; their claws are anything from a silk glove to a saber to a bludgeon.



This 50-specie race—estimated from prehistoric remains to be about 50,000,000 years old—has been celebrated in awe by man more often than any other animal. From the saber-toothed tiger to the Egyptian goddess to the talkative Siamese in the living room, the cat has always had its own way with man.

Perhaps it is time to end it—and give another less dangerous pet, such as a chimpanzee, a chance for man's favor.

The only historical break that the anti-cat crowd has had came in Europe in the Middle Ages when cats were denounced as the familiars of witches. Hordes of people hunted them down and disposed of them in a frenzy of intolerance. As against this, however, cats are protected by law today in some countries and their services have been decided to be of legal value.

Members of the anti-cat clan deny

there is any particular antagonism attached to their dislike. Rather, there is a liking for the other pets—those capable of affection and loyalty—and a respect for those species that the unbridled hunting habits of cats are rapidly eliminating.

A list of particulars on their attitude might read as follows:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"We approve those states that have laws making it a misdemeanor to allow a cat to stray. Though we approve of the state legislature of Illinois passing a bill to leash and license cats like dogs, we disapprove of the governor vetoing it simply because it was unfair.

"We take issue with Mohammed who, seeing his favorite cat asleep on his flowing sleeve, cut off that part of his garment rather than disturb his pet.

"We point with alarm to the fact that an infected claw can cause infection when a cat scratches with it.

"We realize there is a huge and sentimental press devoted to cats that are 'clever, intelligent, humorous and heroic.' These qualities are so open to doubt that they are closed to discussion.

"We declare that for a very long time—the first record of a house cat is in a painting in an Egyptian tomb dated at 1500 B.C.—the cat has dominated man (or, more precisely, woman).

"We think it is high time that man recovered his independence and crawled out from under the velvet paw."

Thought Provoking

THE TROUBLE with people these days is that they want to get to the promised land without going through the wilderness. —*Reading Railroad Magazine*

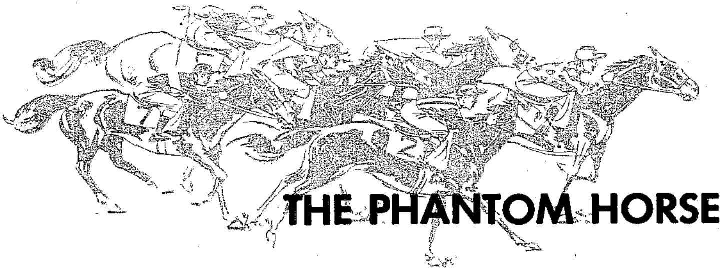
EVEN IF money could buy happiness, think what a luxury tax there'd be on it. —CHARLES RUFFING

TOO MANY WOMEN think that by trying to improve on Mother Nature they're fooling Father Time. —DAN BENNETT

STARING UP to admire your own halo creates a pain in the neck. —HAROLD COFFIN (*Wall Street Journal*)

A LOT of people might spend less time watching TV if only they could remember what it was they used to do. —CHARLES RUFFING

PERHAPS the weather bureau gives feminine names to hurricanes because they go around in circles trying to make up their minds what course to take. —FLOYD R. MILLER



THE PHANTOM HORSE RACE

by NINO LO BELLO

ON BANK HOLIDAYS in England, half a century ago, dozens of small race meetings were held all over the country as part of the day's celebration. On the August Bank Holiday in 1898, a syndicate of wily horse players staged one of the most amazing coups in the history of the sport of kings. They did it by betting on horses that never had been born, in races that never were run, at a track that didn't exist.

Shortly before the Holiday, the editor of *The Sportsman,* a daily newspaper devoted to the turf, received a press release on the impressive letterhead of the Trodmore Race Club of Trodmore, Cornwall. It stated that the first Trodmore Races would be run on the forthcoming Holiday, and requested that such announcement be made.

The Sportsman printed the announcement. But the editor faced the problem of getting someone to cover the new Trodmore event. However, this happily solved itself for him when a well-dressed gentleman appeared at his office. Explaining that he was on his way to Trodmore, the obliging chap volunteered to wire back the names of the winning horses and other pertinent information—for a small fee. The harried editor readily accepted.

Shortly before race time, London bookmakers were deluged with bets on Trodmore entries. Any who appeared hazy about Trodmore were shown *The Sportsman*'s announcement of the meeting. And at day's end, true to his agreement, the special correspondent wired in the Trodmore results and betting odds. These were published and there was a rush to collect winning bets.

One bookmaker discovered to his shocked surprise that he had accepted a large amount of money on a horse named Reaper, a 5-to-1 shot. Having never heard of Reaper, he checked up on the horse and discovered that no such animal had ever been registered. Furthermore, he soon discovered that no such place as Trodmore existed. The bookmakers had been well 'ad!

"The Trodmore Race Syndicate," as it came to be known, had made up its own results, fixed its own odds, collected its winnings and vanished with more than $250,000—for a perfect day at the races! Incidentally, *The Sportsman's* obliging special correspondent never bothered to pick up the fee for his "services."

WITH THIS AMAZING BUTTERMILK DIET

sip away–

by Alexandra Kropotkin

In the old days a great many Russian nobles and landowners used to overeat. They overate during the cold monotony of the long winter months. In the summertime they overate to celebrate the bounty of the harvest.

They had no scientific diets for reducing, yet they had a traditional cure for overweight. They drank buttermilk to reduce and to correct digestive troubles. Some went to German spas to "take the waters." But the rest stayed home drinking buttermilk and eating cottage cheese. They knew this diet gave them a simple cure that worked. It had been known to work for centuries past.

A buttermilk diet is, in fact, probably one of the oldest diets in the world.

Long before research taught us the scientific values of various foodstuffs, and their impact on our health, the people of the old civilizations understood the worth of lactic dieting. Even in the years before Christ, a diet of buttermilk, yogurt and cottage cheese was taken to relieve digestive disorders and remove excess weight.

Today, with modern variations, we present a Three-Day Buttermilk Diet that will help you lose at least three pounds—and probably four, if you don't go in too heavily for salt, seasoning, tea and coffee. Scientifically checked, this diet is easy to follow and will leave you feeling well fed and peppy. Before starting any diet, of course, it is *always* advisable to consult your physician. But if you are in normal health, buttermilk is nature's magic solvent for helping get rid of some of that excess poundage you may have picked up this summer.

The buttermilk for this diet—called *cultured* buttermilk—is on sale everywhere in the U.S.

Buttermilk contains 87 calories per eight-ounce glass. In a reducing

YOU CAN . . .

4 lbs. in 3 days

diet, it is particularly suitable because the fat content is very low, while the energy and body-building mineral values are relatively high. On this diet of buttermilk buttressed with non-starchy vegetables, cottage cheese, graham crackers, and three apples a day, you will feel satisfied and comfortable.

The complete diet is on the following page—simple, delicious and sure-fire.

The meals are substantially the same every day and furnish you with a total of 1270 calories daily. And, if you really want to give your weight and your digestive tract a three-day treatment, here you have the ingredients.

In each glass of buttermilk, apart from the calorie value listed in the diet chart, you get calcium and phosphorus for bone and muscle building. You also get an excellent supply of riboflavin and protein, and a good amount of thiamine, as well as iron, niacin, ascorbic acid, carbohydrates and vitamin A. All of these are essential to health, digestive regularity and general well-being. The cottage cheese also contains these important ingredients.

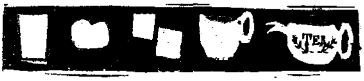
The vegetables and apples in the diet give you additional amounts of vitamins and minerals. They also supply some of the bulk that your body needs, and add some variety to the menu.

From the graham crackers come vitamins B, E and F—good for you at all times. Howard Hughes, multimillionaire genius of the aviation and movie industries, always carries a box of graham crackers with him wherever he goes.

If you are in the habit of taking meals at restaurants, you will be interested in the way the buttermilk-diet problem was worked out by a group of career girls. They discussed their needs with the proprietor of the small restaurant where they ate

THREE-DAY BUTTERMILK DIET

breakfast

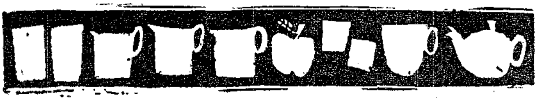


One eight-ounce glass buttermilk	87 calories
One large baked apple	150 calories
One graham cracker, 2½ inches square	27 calories
Black coffee or tea	0 calories
Breakfast total	264 calories

lunch

Two eight-ounce glasses buttermilk	174 calories
Half cup cottage cheese	107 calories
Half cup cooked diced carrots (no butter)	23 calories
Half cup cooked string beans	13 calories
One medium-sized raw apple	75 calories
Two graham crackers, each 2½ inches square	54 calories
Black coffee or tea	0 calories
Lunch total	446 calories

dinner



Repeat lunch menu	Dinner total	446 calories

before bedtime

One eight-ounce glass buttermilk	87 calories
One graham cracker, 2½ inches square	27 calories
Bedtime total	114 calories

regularly. He agreed to have on hand the vegetables they needed, and to make sure they were cooked without butter or margarine. He also promised to keep an adequate amount of buttermilk and cottage cheese for them. The girls decided they could easily bring the apples and graham crackers along with them.

Dieting of any kind is easier, in some ways, for people who have home-cooking facilities. At home you can bake your breakfast apple with a minimum of sugar. This cuts your calorie count, for a good-sized apple baked with a teaspoon of sugar has only 150 calories, whereas one served in a restaurant could be a good deal higher.

The two raw apples included in this diet—lunch and dinner—and the baked apple for breakfast, give you vitamin C. This has often been called the "beauty vitamin." Parsley also contains this same desirable vitamin.

You can vary your menu by substituting grated raw carrots for cooked diced carrots. Make a salad of grated carrots on lettuce leaves dressed with lemon juice and the cottage cheese which is part of your diet meal. Decorate the salad with a lavish topping of scissored parsley, tender celery leaves, water cress, chives and fresh dill.

These aromatic herbs are zestful health-givers. Parsley has an iron content and celery is good for relieving the annoyance of that "puffed-up" feeling.

The French, firm traditionalists as to food, are noted for their use of fresh herbs in salads, omelets, and in most of their meat or fish preparations. Herbs have no calorie content but they do contain beneficial minerals you require.

For vegetable variety at lunch or dinner, instead of the half cup of string beans, you can have the same amount of spinach (25 calories) or ten stalks of asparagus (50 calories). But stay away from the cabbage family—broccoli, cabbage, Brussels sprouts. They are not suitable for this diet, having a tendency to bloat you.

During your Three-Day Buttermilk Diet, one meal may be augmented by a cup of clear tea or black coffee. Use a no-calorie sugar substitute if your sweet tooth demands it. A cup of tea or coffee, without milk, is also permissible between meals. You might even try dropping very thin slices of your lunch or dinner apple into your cup of tea. Tastes good.

For a between-meal snack, your best choice is a stalk of celery, hearts of lettuce or escarole. Few calories here. Italians in the city of Naples sometimes take a pocketful of lettuce leaves with them when they go to the movies. This is healthy, even if a bit wilted.

Working out this diet, I was reminded of a childhood meeting with Professor Élie Metchnikoff, the celebrated bacteriologist who succeeded Louis Pasteur as head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. My mother had been a pupil of Metchnikoff. She took me to see him. He firmly believed that most people could live to the age of 150 if they ate cottage cheese and yogurt, and drank buttermilk.

* * *

GRIN
and
SHARE
IT
mmBODECKER

AN OBSERVER watching an angler on the river bank saw the fisherman catch a big pike and throw it back. Then he landed a large trout but threw that back also. Finally, he caught a small perch and, smiling happily, deposited it in his bag.

"Say," the observer called out, "why did you throw those two big ones back and keep the small one?"

The fisherman shrugged.

"Small frying pan." —L. H. FOSTER

THE TWO GOLFERS had reached the last green in the competition final and, as the excited onlookers stood in hushed silence, the first player shaped up to putt. Just as the putter blade was moving nicely toward the ball, a spectator sneezed violently. The unfortunate golfer started visibly and then struck the ball with a jerky and indeterminate jab. The ball hit the back of the cup, rose a good four inches into the air—and dropped into the hole.

When the applause died down, the second player advanced to his ball and addressed it amid a dead silence; then, turning his head, he cocked an eye hopefully in the direction of the miserable wretch who had sneezed.

"I wonder," said he politely, "could you possibly manage another sneeze?" —R. W. BOND

THE FOLLOWING are examples of some of the phone calls received in an Ohio draft board:

Housewife: "My husband has been on active duty and we now have five children. What does that make him?"

Worried registrant: "Will you please look in my file and see if I have a wife and one child or two children?"

Hopeful: "If I volunteer, can I turn in my wife and mother-in-law?" —MRS. KATHERINE TOBIAS

A BIG-GAME HUNTER recently returned from Africa and went to a psychiatrist. He told the psychiatrist he didn't want to go through analysis, but would pay him $200 for answering two questions.

The psychiatrist said this was highly irregular but he agreed to do it.

"Is it possible," the hunter asked, "for a man to be in love with an elephant?"

The psychiatrist said, "Absolutely impossible. In all the annals of medicine I've never heard of it. The whole idea is ridiculous. What's your second question?"

The man then asked meekly: "Do you know anyone who wants to buy a very large engagement ring?"

—ART BUCHWALD (*New York Herald Tribune*)

THE RETURN to Washington last fall of Robert Cutler, the Boston banker, as a special presidential aid on national security affairs caused some discussion in a proper Boston club.

One member noted cautiously that Mr. Cutler was making something of a name for himself. The equally cautious response came: "Yes, that's true, but only nationally."

—*New York Times*

PAUL AND LITTLE JOHN, two neighborhood children, were playing outside my window. Suddenly John whacked Paul over the head with a stick. Paul, through his tears, shouted accusingly, "That's a sin!"

"What's a sin?" little John asked.

"An evil deed."

"Has it got teeth?" asked John, puzzled.

"No," replied Paul.

"Has it got claws?"

"No."

"Well," said John with an air of relief, "if it doesn't have teeth and doesn't have claws, I'm not afraid of it." And with that, he whacked Paul with the stick again.

—HERBERT W. CHESHIRE

WOMEN DRIVERS posed a problem even during the reign of Louis XV. It was fashionable in those days for a woman to drive her own carriage. In the narrow, crowded streets of 18th century Paris, this custom created perennial traffic jams. The King directed d'Argenson, one of his ministers, to have it stopped. But d'Argenson hesitated. He stood to lose his post by issuing such an order, as many of the ladies had great power in court. The task required delicate handling. With a master stroke of genius, he solved his dilemma by proclaiming the following ordinance:

"Ladies under 30 years of age are forbidden to drive carriages."

—ELINOR V. WYCKOFF

DURING mid-term exams at college, one of my classmates was having a difficult time with the economics exam. A particular question had him completely stumped and, after considering it for some time, he finally penciled a notation below the question, which read: "This doesn't ring a bell."

When we received our exam papers back, the professor had written directly below the student's note: "Ding Dong—Page 258."

—DONALD W. BOWAN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

THE MOTORIST in Southern California's Mojave Desert who climbs out of the eroded wonderland of Death Valley by way of the Panamint Mountains on the west soon comes upon a sight that leaves him wide-eyed all over again. In the distance he sees what appears to be a vast snow field.

As he draws closer, he makes out heavy machines moving about on its bone-white surface. Rising from it are rows of mushroom-like structures and a winding elevated pipeline which lays a long finger across to a huge industrial plant on the edge of the plain.

What the motorist is seeing has no equal anywhere on earth. The sea of white is Searles Lake. Its contents are not water but chemicals, mixed together in a dense brine sealed over by a thick crust.

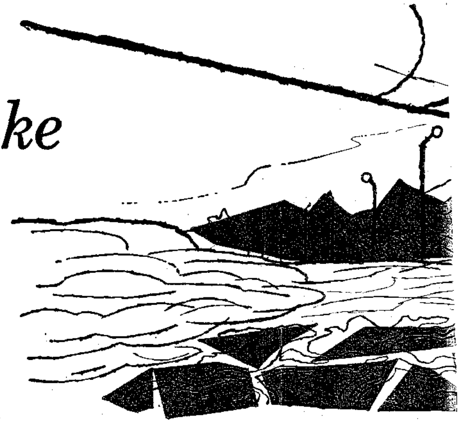
Searles Lake is the greatest natural deposit of diversified chemicals known. Called "the world's richest hole," it has been estimated to hold more than twice the wealth of the Comstock Lode, which in the last century gave up nearly $1,000,000,000 in silver and gold.

The lake covers 30 square miles. It is a porous, crystalline mass, about 65 to 135 feet thick, with the brine filling the interstitial spaces. This brine is about one-third dissolved salts, in which the useful materials are bound up.

In recent years a second pocket has been found underneath the first, making the lake a kind of chemical department store with a basement. The second is separated from the first by a mud seam at about the 70-foot level.

The mushroom-like structures seen from the road are batteries of more than 40 wells, sunk through the crust to bring the brine to the surface. The big plant on shore, connected to the wells by the pipeline, five miles long, is that of the American Potash & Chemical Corporation. The town surrounding it is Trona,

John Searles' Magic Lake



by VICTOR BOESEN

Beneath its thick crust in the California desert gurgles the world's greatest treasure-trove of chemicals where employees and their families live.

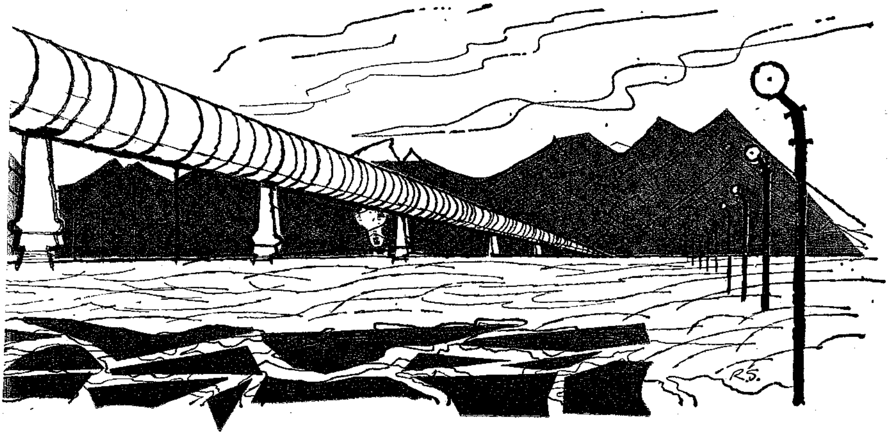
Into the plant flow 20,000 tons of brine a day—enough in a year to float four battleships. Out of it come the separated components, primarily borax, potash, soda ash, salt cake and lithium carbonate. From these, in turn, are derived still more materials, over 30 from borax alone.

From the loading platforms these products are rolled away at the rate of 40 to 50 carloads a day over the company's own railway. Then they are transhipped to industrial users in every state of the Union, and to countries all over the world.

The names of the raw materials that come from this fabulous pickle vat mean little to most of us, but with them are made hundreds of products bearing heavily on the daily lives of people everywhere. Take alone those that involve the use of borax, nearly all of the world's supply of which lies in Southern California. Glassware, cooking utensils, light bulbs, television tubes, clothing, leather goods, fertilizers, weed killers, food preservatives, medicines, cosmetics, soaps, detergents, antifreeze solutions, fireproofing agents—all these, and more, call for borax.

Many of the chemicals from the magic brew of Searles Lake are high on the list of strategic materials for national defense. Some of their uses are super-secret. It may be told, however, that something from the lake goes into hydrogen bombs; that atomic-driven airplanes may soon fly because the lake gave the key to a radiation shield for their engines; and that when the first man-made earth satellite whooshes into space, it may report back over radio devices taking their power from the sun with the help of a Searles Lake material, the wonder substance boron.

More uses for the commodities from this strange desert source are constantly being found. Already, for example, so many have been dis-



covered for lithium, the world's lightest metal, that it will take years to satisfy the demand for it.

Meanwhile, in a laboratory at the plant, company scientists keep looking for ways to win still more materials from the lake, and to improve the old. The lake contains nearly half of all the elements known, or about 50, although some, like gold, are present only in traces.

This amazing stockpile of raw materials vital to man was built while he still was a shambling brute who made his tools of stone. According to geologists, the chemicals were deposited in the basin by glacial streams which cascaded down from the High Sierra to the north during Pleistocene times, leaching the chemicals from the rock as they came.

Little by little, as the ages passed and the ice cap melted, the flow of water stopped. The climate grew hot and dry with changes in topography. The lake, once 40 times wider and much deeper, slowly shrank from evaporation. This concentrated the mineral salts until the lake had assumed its present character.

SOME 10,000 years later, in 1862 to be exact, John Searles discovered the lake while prospecting for gold and silver. During the 11 years that followed he crossed its bleached, pavement-hard expanse many times, led on by the vision of the bonanzas that had sparked such roaring camps nearby as Ballaret, Skiddoo, and Panamint City.

Lately, though, a more prosaic treasure had come to be in demand as well. This was a white, crystalline mineral named borax, valued for a growing number of uses. John Searles had seen borax in Nevada.

Meanwhile, he and his brother Dennis had just finished building a stamp mill to crush the gold and silver ore they expected to find in the Slate Mountains. Coming home to their camp one evening, they found the stamp mill burned to the ground by Indians.

Hoping to make up the disastrous loss, John took some samples from the surface of the lake and struck out for San Francisco to have them analyzed.

They proved to be high-grade borax.

He headed back to the desert to stake out a borax claim. The morning after he arrived, weary from four days of hard travel, a stranger in city clothes showed up at the camp.

"I've been sent from San Francisco by a man named Searles to look over some borax deposits," said the stranger, unaware that he was talking to Searles. "Can you tell me where they are?"

Searles kept a poker face and pointed into the distance. "They're down that way about 20 miles," he said.

When the stranger had disappeared into the desert, Searles quickly set about putting up the markers that would seal his rights to a section of the lake embracing the area where he had taken his samples. From this he was presently sending out the first borax to come from California. The Death Valley deposits were still to be found.

Between the lake and the nearest railway station, at the town of Mojave, lay some 70 miles of smoking sands. Searles scraped his borax from the surface of the lake, loaded it into huge, specially built wagons that could carry ten tons each. He coupled these into pairs, and to the rear hooked a 1,200-gallon water wagon, for there were no water holes along the way where man and beast could drink. He powered his wagon trains with teams of 20 mules.

There was power of another kind in the language that flamed from the mouths of the drivers. The best known of these was Salty Bill Parkinson, Searles' foreman. It was Salty Bill's performance with his borax team at the St. Louis International Exposition in 1904 that made the 20-mule-team trademark a kind of international symbol for borax.

Borax at that time was considered nearly as valuable as silver. But early in the century it became known that Searles Lake held other precious basic materials, and a general scramble for possession of it resulted. For a while the story of Searles Lake became one of fast-changing ownerships, clouded titles, claim jumping, court battles and gunplay.

There was further excitement in 1912 when potash was discovered in the lake. This was big news because potash, a key component of commercial fertilizer, had been unknown in this country. We depended upon Germany for our needs.

The news of the discovery apparently escaped the notice of Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, Germany's Privy Councillor, who boasted soon after the U.S. entered World War I, "America went into the war like a man with a rope around his neck, a rope which is in enemy hands," because Germany, "having a world monopoly of potash, can dictate which of the nations shall have plenty of food and which shall starve."

The "rope" proved to be an illusion. We had all the potash we needed during the war, thanks to Searles Lake.

By this time, operations at the Lake had passed mostly to the American Potash & Chemical Corporation, which remains the chief exploiter of its resources.

Although more than 14,000,000 tons of chemicals have been pumped from the Lake since operations began in earnest in 1916, it is believed that the brine is all still there except a fraction of one per cent. The amount left is estimated at 3,000,000,000 tons. At the present rate of use, that should be enough to last for generations to come.

By then, as things are going, we should be whizzing about in space, visiting other planets. If so, we may owe our new travel opportunities in part to that old bed of ooze—laid down eons before man ventured farther from home than the next cave—Searles Lake.

Good Question

A YOUNG BRIDE called her mother one day with this problem: "What I can't figure out is—do you mash the potatoes before or after you cook them?"

—EDITH ROBERTSON

Robert Shore

A look into the make-believe Murderers

by Martin Abramson

Elizabeth Short was a beautiful girl with long raven tresses and a strange addiction for dresses and lingerie of the sheerest black, which caused her boy friends to nickname her "The Black Dahlia." On a morning in January, 1947, the "Dahlia's" nude body was found on a Los Angeles lot; she had been strangled and horribly mutilated.

Newspapers headlined the story across the country and the police worked desperately to find the murderer, who neatly solved everything by coming forward and confessing. Only it turned out he wasn't the killer at all! And as time went on 37 other "murderers" appeared, all innocent men and women shrilly asking for the gas chamber.

One of the most perplexing facets of modern criminology is the fact that in nearly every criminal case which attracts front-page attention innocent people come forward and confess the crime. Such notorious murders as those of Serge Rubinstein, the international financier; Joseph

warped mind that risks death by falsely proclaiming, "I'm guilty!"

Scottoriggio, the New York election district captain; Arnold Schuster, who turned in bank robber Willie Sutton; and Mrs. Sam Sheppard in Ohio, all induced confessions by the innocent.

The Lindbergh kidnap-murder of 25 years ago attracted an all-time record high of 205 false confessions. And while innocents were pouring out their pleas of guilty, the man *really* guilty—Bruno Hauptmann—went to the electric chair insisting on his innocence.

This rash of confessions helped create much of the confusion that marked the police investigation of the case, delayed justice for an appreciable period and triggered a widespread belief that others equally guilty with Hauptmann were being shielded by high authority. The late Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey stated that these false confessions were a principal reason why he gave Hauptmann a dramatic reprieve, though he later allowed the execution to go through.

The harassment of the Los Angeles police in the "Dahlia" case was almost unbelievable. "For months, the best men in our department and throughout the state were spending most of their time going up blind alleys and staging wild-goose chases, all because we were overwhelmed by phony confessions, phony accusations, false information and fake leads," points out Los Angeles detective Finas A. Brown, who worked full time on the murder for over two years.

Some of the "Dahlia" confessions were easily disproved, but others died hard. Corporal Joseph Dumais of Fort Dix, New Jersey, who claimed he had once dated the "Dahlia," gave a 50-page statement implicating himself. He described so many details of the murder with such authenticity that Captain William H. Florence of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division contacted Los Angeles police saying in effect, "We've found the murderer!" Captain Jack Donohoe of the Los Angeles Homicide Bureau sent more information to Florence, and further checking revealed that Dumais couldn't have been in California at the time of the crime.

Judge Louis I. Kaplan, formerly an ace Government prosecutor responsible for breaking up some of the country's largest smuggling rings, says that false confessions often serve as an "unwitting smoke screen that gives real criminals time to cover their tracks and get away." He believes that some murder cases have been filed away as "solved" only because a false confession was accepted and the wrong man led to the gallows.

What sort of people are these who willingly, even eagerly, request death or long imprisonment for the crimes of others? Dr. Richard H. Hoffmann, psychiatrist and criminologist, has found that most of them fit the following four categories:

(1) People with an insatiable lust for headlines and public attention. They may feel rejected or unwanted and develop a warped desire to be "big shots." By coming forward with a confession of guilt, they can bask in the spotlight of publicity. They may be cursed from coast to coast, but at least they won't be ignored.

(2) Pathological liars who won't tell the truth about anything, even if they risk their lives in so doing.

(3) Masochists who want to be hurt. They may harbor such terrible guilt feelings about something they have actually done that they seek any pretext for punishment.

(4) Neurotics or psychopaths whose distinction between reality and fantasy is very faint. Carried away by their imaginations, they may associate themselves with a crime they keep reading about every day until they come to believe they are the guilty parties.

Curiously, and this is a quite common type of motivation, some people will confess to a crime they did not commit merely to get free transportation from one place to another.

Headline hunters are the most numerous of the false confessors, but often they are motivated by mixed feelings. The "Dahlia" case had an electrician who not only sought front-page notoriety, but also wanted to prove to his co-workers that he was a great Don Juan. In his confession, he talked of dating the beautiful Beth Short and supplanting her other boy friends. He wasn't sure just why he had killed her . . . his best guess being that she wouldn't let him go when he found another girl.

One of the most unusual confessors to a murder was a beautiful blonde from Michigan who went to Chicago a few years ago to confess a killing in which a scissors had been the murder weapon. She was finally claimed by her husband who explained that she was "always running off saying she's killed somebody." Authorities determined that she had a bizarre curiosity to find out what happened to people who were convicted of crimes.

Psychiatrists have found that people also confess falsely because of overwhelming feelings of fear, love, hate or chivalry. Not long ago, a 15-year-old girl named Selma Graff was murdered by a housebreaker in the bedroom of her Brooklyn home. Her nine-year-old brother rushed in, saw the killer and was knocked unconscious.

The story had been in the papers for only a few days when police received a call from a pay telephone in a restaurant. "I helped kill that little girl Selma Graff," a man's voice said nervously. "I'll wait here till you pick me up."

Police cars raced to the restaurant and took James Groarke, a 31-year-old elevator operator, into custody. Groarke had a criminal record—he was on probation for auto theft—and had been picked up previously on suspicion of housebreaking.

There seemed no reason, therefore, to question his confession. But when he was confronted with the eyewitness to the crime—Miss Graff's nine-year-old brother—the boy insisted the police had the wrong man. Grilled again, Groarke admitted his confession was a fake.

It turned out that Groarke had a

pathological hatred for his mother so intense that he was willing to risk death to satisfy it. "She was always nagging at me, insulting my friends, checking up on who I hung out with," he said. "I wanted to get back at her and I figured if I was arrested for this murder, her reputation would be ruined for life."

An even stranger case involved a devout servant girl who confessed falsely to killing her mistress. The girl, Elizabeth Baksa, came home with her boy friend late one night and stumbled on her employer's body. The boy noticed the woman's rings and stole them. A few days later, he took them to a pawn shop, where police eventually found them and traced the ticket. The young couple were immediately accused of committing the murder.

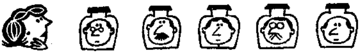
Miss Baksa swore her innocence on a cross, but the detective in charge refused to believe her. Incensed, the devout girl hysterically screamed out a confession.

Miss Baksa was spared prosecution for murder only because a tip led police to the real criminal. Her psychopathic hatred of the detective who had scorned her religious oath had caused her to admit a nonexistent guilt "just to spite 'em."

Confessions of the chivalrous occur frequently. "A father will often confess to save a son, a brother to save a sister, a husband to save a wife," a Chicago police official states. "But usually these confessions are easy to see through and don't have much effect."

History offers a famous instance of how suggestion, rumor and ugly suspicion almost perverted justice. Back in 1812, a resident of Manchester, Vermont, suddenly disappeared. Suspicion fell on two brothers named Boorn. The rumor spread that the Boorns, who were disliked in town, had murdered the man and hidden his body. The brothers were grilled so intensively that they came to believe their guilt and signed full confessions. Then, just before their date with the gallows, the "murdered" man was found living in New Jersey.

Here two men had admitted their guilt when they not only were innocent, but when no crime had been committed in the first place!



How to Preserve a Husband!

(Found in an old cook book)

Be careful in your selection. Do not choose too young. When once selected, give your entire thoughts to preparation for domestic use. Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, others are constantly getting them in hot water. This makes them sour, hard to get along with and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with patience, well-sweetened with kisses. Wrap them in a mantle of charity. Keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream. Thus prepared they will keep for years.

—*Montana Farmer-Stockman*

The Shop That Sells Dreams

by James V. O'Gara

Want a hood for a falcon, a crooked gunstock, a trap that spanks a mouse? Abercrombie & Fitch can fulfill the sportsman's wildest fantasy

A prominent American oil company had a problem of life and death—its workers deep in the Colombian jungles were being picked off by Motilon Indians armed with poisoned darts. It wrote "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" for suggestions.

The reply came back promptly: "Why not do as the conquistadores did—use armor?"

And that, briefly, is how Abercrombie & Fitch came to add chain mail to its amazing list of merchandise. The store did not have the item in stock, nor was it possible to buy it elsewhere, so it had the life-saving shirts of chain mail made up.

For over half a century, Abercrombie & Fitch, a 12-story wonderland on Manhattan's Madison Avenue, has supplied all kinds of things to all kinds of people. For his recent sojourn at Camp David, Maryland, President Eisenhower procured a $55 pair of gokey boots. Theodore Roosevelt ordered equipment from the store for his 1908 big-game hunt in Africa. (One item was a snake-proof sleeping bag.) The late Admiral Richard E. Byrd turned up there to fit out for five of his polar trips in the seventh-floor gun room and the eighth-floor camping department. So did William Beebe, who made the bathysphere a word known over the globe.

Not long ago, Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren purchased two $110 sets of imported cashmere underwear. An experienced—and warm—duck hunter is the Chief Justice. When a prominent American churchman was casting about for an appropriate gift for Pope Pius XII, he stopped at A&F and strolled out with a $350 vicuna dressing gown.

Abercrombie & Fitch is not only a store for the great and the famous. College boys from Princeton, where tigers are esteemed, show up in large numbers each year at A&F. They leave with tiger skins, for which they pay $150 to $400, depending on size.

Abercrombie's mail-order list runs to something like 350,000 names. That figure now excludes, of course, the name of the woman who wrote: "Gentlemen—Thank you for your attractive catalog. Please discontinue as I'm an old lady on her way to the poor house."

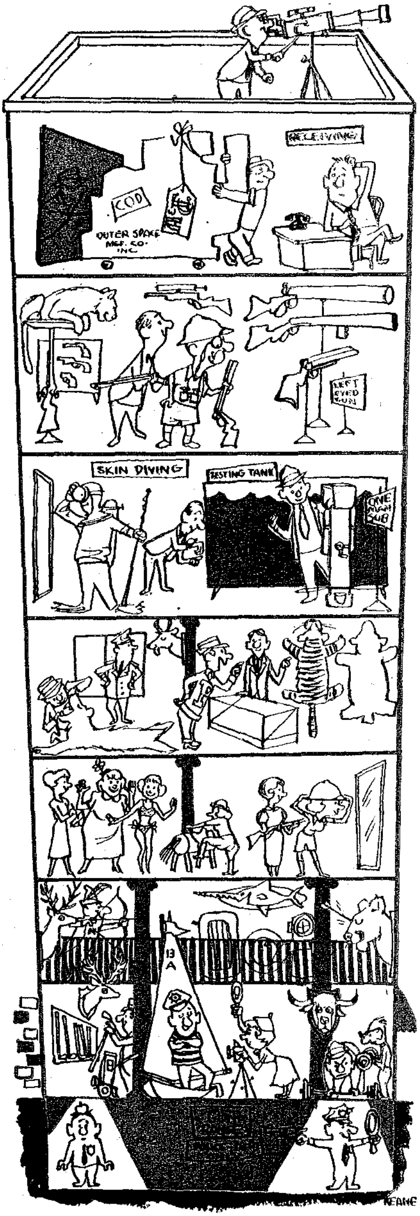
The store prides itself on service. And President Otis L. Guernsey, who once played in the Yale backfield, states flatly that the 65-year-old establishment offers identical service to "the man looking for a 10¢ fish hook and someone searching for a $3,500 gun."

Purchases at either extreme are not uncommon. Neither raises salesmen's eyebrows. Heavily heeled customers sometimes nurture secret dreams, even as you and I, like the titled Englishman who wrote from Nottingham to reveal "an ambition I have cherished for the last 13 years, namely, to have $10,000 to spend and a whole morning at Abercrombie & Fitch in which to spend it."

Abercrombie is dedicated to quality, beauty, durability. It lets price take care of itself. Store executives assert, however, that "our prices are competitive; value for value we are no higher than other first-class specialty shops."

It offers no item on the selling floor until thoroughly tested. Skin-diving equipment, for example, is put through its underwater paces in a nearby hotel pool. The testers are the store's three "skin salesmen." The store uses the same pool, incidentally, to give customers lessons in skin-diving techniques. Instruction, which costs $10 a lesson, is handled by the same sales trio, experts all. One, Albert Vander Kogel, has written a book on skin-diving.

Like Vander Kogel, most sales people at the store—about 90 in all, including 30 women—are fairly ex-



pert in their fields. Tackle-buyer Leo Martin has authored a volume on fly-tying. Walter Haynes, VP in charge of merchandising, holds eight or more patents on products the store now sells.

When Abercrombie & Fitch first opened its doors for business in lower Manhattan in 1892, the twin principles of sporting atmosphere and sportsmen-salesmen were laid down by David T. Abercrombie and Ezra H. Fitch. Abercrombie, former prospector and miner, inventor and sportsman, operated a camp-supply store on South Street. Fitch, a lawyer and sportsman, bought a half-interest in the shop.

Abercrombie pulled out of the partnership in 1912 and was succeeded by James S. Cobb, a customer who liked the place so much he purchased a part in it and became General Manager. Five years after this the store, which had already made three moves northward, settled down at 45th Street and Madison Avenue, in a building especially constructed to its needs, where it does business today.

With America's entry into World War I, A&F sold service uniforms (beginning at $47.50), money belts, unbreakable mirrors, air pillows. It was one of the first shops in the country to sell wrist watches, in those days regarded as somewhat effeminate.

In the early 1920s, the store was stumped when a man walked in and asked for a mahjong set. Nobody had ever heard of the game, but the store ransacked the city until it came up with a set for the customer.

Intrigued by the game, and figuring demand would snowball, Abercrombie later dispatched a buyer to China. Soon the sets started flooding in, and in the next two years the store sold more than 12,000 ranging in price from $16 to $265, thus triggering a national craze.

In 1924, the store was among the first to sell Plus Fours—knickers that were a great favorite of the style-setting Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor. The fashion swept across America. Since then Abercrombie has been an innovator on many fronts: waterproof and shockproof wrist watches, Norwegian moccasins, and safari cloth, a tough, long-wearing material.

UNUSUAL and exotic merchandise dots the pages of Abercrombie's famous catalogs. The first one, a leather-bound volume published by Ezra Fitch in 1895, went to 60,000 prospective customers. The most recent—the summer 1957 Play Hours edition—had a press run of something in excess of 290,000 copies.

Catalogs, which the store puts out four times annually, lead to about 15 per cent of Abercrombie's yearly sales of perhaps $10,000,000. So jammed are they with eyefilling items that a guide in Mississippi said wistfully: "I calls this book my wishin' book."

With $26.95 you can buy a Rosin Potato Baker—your potato bakes contentedly in pure gum rosin and when it is finished bobs to the surface. For only $8.50 you own the Wonder Litter-Stick—"gathers paper, twigs, leaves or other scraps . . . releases them instantly when tripped by hand or foot lever." The Ketch-

All Automatic Mouse Trap costs $5. The efficiency of this ingenious spring-wound device hinges on "the natural curiosity of the mouse to investigate . . . No bait required . . . Mouse is 'spanked' into the trap, whereupon he causes commotion and attracts others."

Interested in the ancient sport of falconry? Abercrombie stands ready to supply the necessary hoods, leashes and jesses. It has filled orders for a jinriksha, two live reindeer, dog-exercising treadmills, father-and-son boxing gloves. And half a dozen or more times a year, Abercrombie comes up with a gun with a gooseneck stock for hunters who sight with their left eye.

Abercrombie's startling storehouse, including fabulous guns with inlaid gold barrels adorned with delicate tracery, gives the place a world-wide reputation. Its fame is even attested by the U.S. Post Office. A letter addressed only: "World's Most Complete Sportsmen's Catalog" was delivered without delay. Another was inscribed simply, "Applecromby and Church." A third, addressed to "Mr. Otis Guernsey, Abercrombie Ave. and 45th Street, New York," posed no delivery problem.

Today, Abercrombie & Fitch represents a consolidation with three other operations. In 1928, two top sporting-goods stores—Von Lengerke & Detmold of New York, and Von Lengerke & Antoine of Chicago—and Griffin & Howe, New York gunsmith geniuses, were combined under the A&F banner. In addition to the Manhattan store, Abercrombie now has outlets in Chicago and in Hyannis, Massachusetts, and a San Francisco branch will open next year. The Hyannis shop, open from mid-May to mid-October for the vacation and tourist trade, has seen sales zoom a dizzying 240 per cent since 1948, when it was re-opened after the war.

Whatever outlet you shop, Abercrombie service is next to phenomenal. The man who telegraphed a request from his home, some distance from New York City, for a gun mount needed for an imminent hunting trip, got delivery within 72 hours.

"No questions were asked, no delays encountered on account of credit," he said later, admiringly. "They wired me back, prepaid, advising they were shipping the mount, airmail special. Somebody even went to the trouble of getting my address, which I carelessly omitted from my wire."

The purchaser of a barometer-thermometer-hygrometer missed a button from his suit when he got home, and had no idea where he'd lost it. Came the mail with his barometer—and a small envelope with the missing button enclosed.

Hence, not unusual was the lady customer's letter that began: "Dear Mr. Abercrombie, Sweet Mr. Fitch: Thank you very, very much for sending the Spinning Bird Target set so promptly . . . I love you all tremendously."

Unique, even in Abercrombie's scheme of things, is its Sportsmen's Information Service. Manning this desk, as he has for five years, is Gordon Dean, who dispenses information to all comers, in person and via phone, whether customers or not. Dean can tell you in a trice how big the sailfish are running in the Gulf Stream off Florida; what guns are best for anything from moose to weasel; which camping gear is preferred for the Rockies in July. He's even had calls from people desperate for help with a baffling crossword puzzle.

The basement of the Manhattan store provides a gun range where the staff fires newly repaired pieces to make sure they are perfectly okay. This range is closed to customers, but not to members of New York City's police department, who occasionally go there to keep their shooting eyes sharp.

Testimony to the marksmanship of many of the store's customers is evident as you enter the street floor. All around hang trophies of the hunt, for which Abercrombie is happy to provide display space. A pigmy elephant head, brought down by Osa Johnson and the first such ever to come out of Africa, has a place of honor.

Coupled with its unsurpassed service is the store's unqualified guarantee, which goes out with every item it sells—and Abercrombie estimates its current inventory at something like $8,000,000. The purchaser of a knife with a subsequently broken blade that "may have been entirely my own fault" got a replacement, no questions asked.

A Vermonter who bought a pair of high leather boots back in 1905, wrote that they had "seen service as riding boots in the Rockies and on the Rio Grande; they've withstood cactus thorns, irrigation ditches, mesquite thorns and deep snow." Resoled in El Paso in 1935, the boots 20 years later showed a "disappointing" crack in one sole.

Abercrombie told the Vermonter to send his boots along, the store would have them repaired. "We would like to critically examine those boots which have only served you 50 years. This matter certainly deserves our attention."

All in all, it's pretty much as President Guernsey says, as with some satisfaction he surveys his Madison Avenue domain: "Abercrombie & Fitch is a place for people who want to have fun."

Mutual Concern

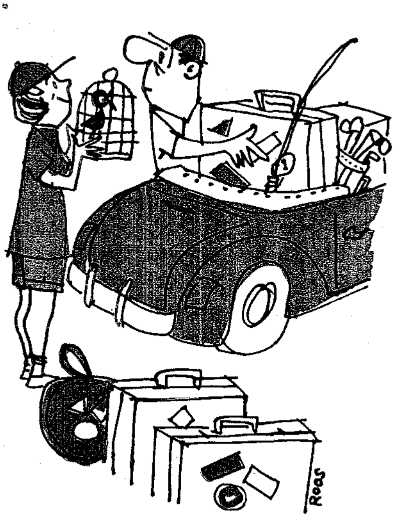
I COULD TELL *from the bus driver's greeting when the blind* woman got on that she must be a frequent passenger. She sat down directly behind him and they chatted as he drove.

When we reached the woman's stop, the driver got out and escorted her across the heavily traveled street. He was chuckling as he returned to his seat, and I noticed the woman still standing where he had left her.

'She won't go on until she knows I got back safely," he explained. Then, with a honk of the horn, he drove away. The woman turned and walked toward her home.—STEVE STILL

GRANDPA retires from retirement

by K. N. HARDIN



As I grow older, the ravages of time are increasingly evident in my friends and contemporaries. I'm always noticing how bald they are becoming. How crotchety. How paunchy. Yet these signs are barely discernible in myself, of course.

Like most men, the reward—or threat—of retirement occurred to me occasionally. But it was something to be reckoned with in the distant future.

Then I came down with the grippe. And while I was recovering from the wonder drugs prescribed to combat my ailment, my physician suggested that I get away.

"He needs to take things easy for awhile," the doctor explained to my wife. "Retire—"

"Retire?"

"Well, go South and sit in the sun."

I mumbled a protest, but my wife thrust a thermometer into my mouth. And before I knew what was happening, the car was loaded with fortnighters, two-suiters, Gladstones, knitting bags and paper boxes tied with string. I was tucked away among the luggage, well-covered with lap robes, and armed with a suitcase full of vitamins and medicine that was equaled in weight only by the cosmetic kit carried by my wife.

I protested up until the last minute that I couldn't be away from the office. But my son blithely assured me that I was only a figurehead anyhow. (Those weren't his *exact* words, of course, but that's the impression I got.) As we drove off I could see him mentally erasing the "& Son" from the door of our law offices, and having his own name printed in large block letters.

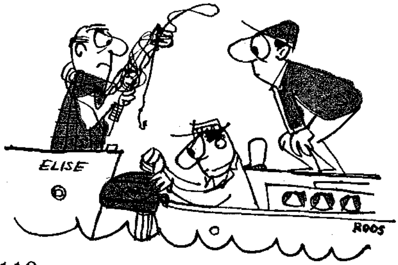
After several days on the road we

arrived at the Sunset-by-the-Sea Motel, which was recommended to my wife as an ideal place for a couple to spend their sunset years. I was somewhat disturbed by the implication of sunset, but I figured that at least it was better than Twilight-by-the-Sea.

When I looked out the window on the morning after our arrival, I noticed that the motel was a series of efficiency apartments built U-shaped around a patio where the guests were already sunning themselves. All eyes turned in my direction as I stepped outside in my purple plaid Bermuda shorts, so I held the morning paper in front of my pale knees and varicose veins and sidled into a chair.

My first impression of my neighbors was that of motion. The man on my right, who introduced himself as Mr. Donavan—retired railroad man—was rocking vigorously in an old cane-bottomed chair. My neighbor on the left, a Mr. Kinly from Iowa, shot back and forth in one of those modern suspended chairs.

Conversation with these gentlemen proved somewhat difficult. Mr. Kinly informed me of his capable, industrious son, who ran his prosperous, up-to-date hardware store in Iowa; of his brilliant grandchildren and his ruptured disk. But as he did so he shot back and forth so rapidly that I could catch only fragments.



I got along pretty well with Mr. Donavan, however, after I geared my chair to his gait. But by noon I was suffering from a mild case of motion sickness.

There was a homey, all-one-big-happy-family atmosphere about the motel. Several people introduced themselves to us. Mrs. Oglesby, a very attractive widow who lived several doors down, came by and passed the time of day.

"Mrs. Oglesby looks like a very nice person," I commented at lunch. My wife snorted and informed me that *she'd* look nice too if she wore an all-in-one as tight as Mrs. Oglesby's.

My wife took to my retirement like a duck to water. She enrolled in a craft class, took Spanish lessons and joined a group who made atrocious little objects out of dyed sea shells. Every morning she took off in a flurry of pastel pedal pushers, floppy straw hat and shell-incrusted sunglasses, leaving me inert on the patio, peacefully soaking up Florida sunshine.

I was perfectly content, but my wife felt that I couldn't possibly be having a good time just doing nothing but sitting in the sun.

"Why don't you find someone to play cribbage with while I'm gone, dear?" she suggested.

That sounded like a pretty good idea. So I got out my cribbage board, found a cribbage partner, and spent my mornings on the patio playing cribbage and perfecting my tan while my wife was out improving her mind and constructing sea-shell earrings.

"How was your game today, dear?" my wife asked at lunch one noon.

"Pretty good," I replied absently. "She tied up the score this morning."

"She?" My wife raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Mrs. Oglesby," I explained. "My cribbage partner."

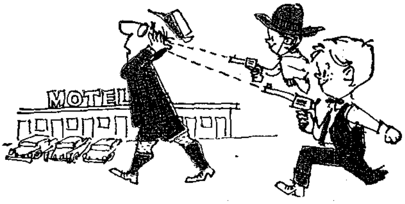
Well, sir, things got excessively, frostily polite around our apartment for awhile. In fact, the atmosphere didn't thaw until I played off the tie and canceled future engagements.

I didn't mind particularly. Because the truth of the matter is, Mrs. Oglesby was beginning to monopolize the conversation with anecdotes about her grandchildren. And if there's one thing I find uninteresting it's *other* people's grandchildren.

Then my wife conspired with Mr. Donavan and Mr. Kinly to get me interested in a hobby of some sort to help me relax. (It seemed useless to point out that if I were any more relaxed I'd roll right out of my chair.)

Mr. Donavan loaded me down with fish and game magazines. He even tried to teach me how to tie flies. But I stuck a fish hook in my finger and gave that up.

Mr. Kinly, who was an amateur photographer, took me in hand then. His hobby was snapping candid shots of the motel guests—taking special pains to catch us in our most awkward moments with our mouths sagging open or our stomachs protruding over our Bermuda shorts.



He allowed me to assist him in developing films a couple of times, and I must confess I found the process so fascinating that I purchased a small do-it-yourself developing kit.

After my wife left for her craft class I fashioned a darkroom in the kitchen area. I drew the blinds, stuffed the cracks in the doors and windows with towels and prepared my developing solutions.

Then, just as I switched off the lights and was getting ready to dunk a roll of film in the developing tank, the motel maid burst howling into the room, exposed my film and scared the living daylights out of me! Seems she was walking by and saw towels being stuffed in the windows and thought I was planning suicide.

Shortly after that incident I was pleased to receive an invitation to join the Sunset Motel Boating Club.

Every morning the members went down to the docks where they tinkered with motors and readied their fishing equipment. It seemed to me that they spent more time tinkering than they did fishing—but after all, it's the fellowship that counts.

The only flaw in our Florida retreat was the fact that we missed our grandchildren. I would never have believed it, but the fact remains that absence indeed makes the heart grow fonder of one's grandchildren. So when our youngest daughter wrote that she was flying down with her twin boys for a visit, my wife and I were overjoyed.

We purchased gay little T-shirts with swordfish painted on them, and we stocked up on sand buckets and shovels so the boys would have something to entertain themselves with.

The boys, however, proved to be remarkably self-sufficient when it came to entertaining themselves. They raced around the patio firing cap pistols at the motel guests. They placed a baby alligator in my cigar box, and they nearly reduced me to nervous collapse with their attempts to climb the TV antenna in front of the motel.

My daughter spent her time sunning herself, but occasionally she raised her pretty little head long enough to bellow, "Knock it off, you two!"

I began spending more and more time with the Boating Club.

I was sitting on the patio one morning reading the paper and minding my own business, when the twins, without warning, leaped on the rockers of my chair. This suspended me suddenly in mid-air and I yelled frantically, "Halp! Halp!"

The boys held me there, squealing gleefully, until their mother looked around and threatened ominously, "I'm going to *clobber* you!"

They both leaped off immediately and I catapulted out of the chair into the path of Mrs. Oglesby, who happened to be walking by at that ill-timed moment. As Mrs. Oglesby and I untangled ourselves she giggled coyly—apparently under the impression that I had wilfully launched myself at her.

Unfortunately, this opinion was shared by my wife who had come to the doorway of our apartment and was watching us struggle to our feet.

I limped into the apartment where I spent the rest of the day nursing a wounded knee and mulling over the fact that a man has to have a strong constitution to take retirement.

Next morning brought a letter from my son.

"Dear Dad,

"Everything is getting along just fine here. Don't worry about a thing. We still haven't found those depositions that you flew to Seattle to get, but they'll turn up some place.

"Mrs. Henders quit last week, but I've already hired a new girl. She's doing pretty well considering she's just out of business school, and I expect she'll figure out Mrs. Henders' filing system pretty soon.

"The key witnesses on that suit that came up last week didn't show up. And I guess I told you that we lost the damage suit that we were working on when you left.

"That's about all the news. Just wanted you to know that everything is getting along just fine. Don't worry about a thing.

"Your loving son, etc. etc."

Undoubtedly my son could have taken adequate care of the situation, but I was like an old fire horse hearing the bell. We packed our gear, strapped the twins in the back seat and headed for home. And I'm pleased to report that my son seemed surprisingly glad to see me back in the office.

Apt Answers

THE LATE Bernarr Macfadden, physical culturist, was enthralled by his first symphony concert and could not stop watching the conductor, who was wielding the baton with furious energy.

"Say, this is great stuff," he commented appreciatively to a friend.

"I told you," said the friend, "you would enjoy the music."

"What music?" Macfadden asked, "I was watching that fellow with the stick. That's a great exercise for the shoulder muscles." —E. E. EDGAR

A TOURIST approached a farmer and commented, "Sure is clouding up, isn't it?"

"Yup," drawled the farmer.

"Guess you could use some rain," ventured the tourist.

"Yup," was the reply.

"Been pretty dry, hasn't it?"

Again the farmer answered, "Yup."

Undaunted, the tourist continued, "Think it'll rain?"

"We-e-el," drawled the farmer, "if it don't, it's sure going to miss a powerful good chance!" —BURTON P. MORTENSEN

AS A MOTHER was driving her young daughter past a movie theater showing *To Hell and Back* recently, the child remarked, "Say, there's a movie I'd like to see." Her mother, somewhat taken aback, said, "Why, darling, that isn't a movie for children."

"Well," replied the youngster, disappointed, "I've heard how you *get* to hell, but I sure would like to find out how you get *back*." —D. A. HEINAMAN

A SOUTHERN farmer irately refused to accept a federal subsidy with this comeback:

"I, suh, will have no part of a U. S. Grant!" —*General Features Corp.*

THE COUPLE were sunning themselves on the beach while a girl in an abbreviated bathing suit sat quite near them.

"Look at her," the woman told her husband, "she must think she's Marilyn Monroe." The husband didn't budge. "She's got some nerve, parading around like that," she continued, and the husband still wouldn't turn around to look.

"What's the matter?" his wife asked finally, "Aren't you interested in this bathing beauty?"

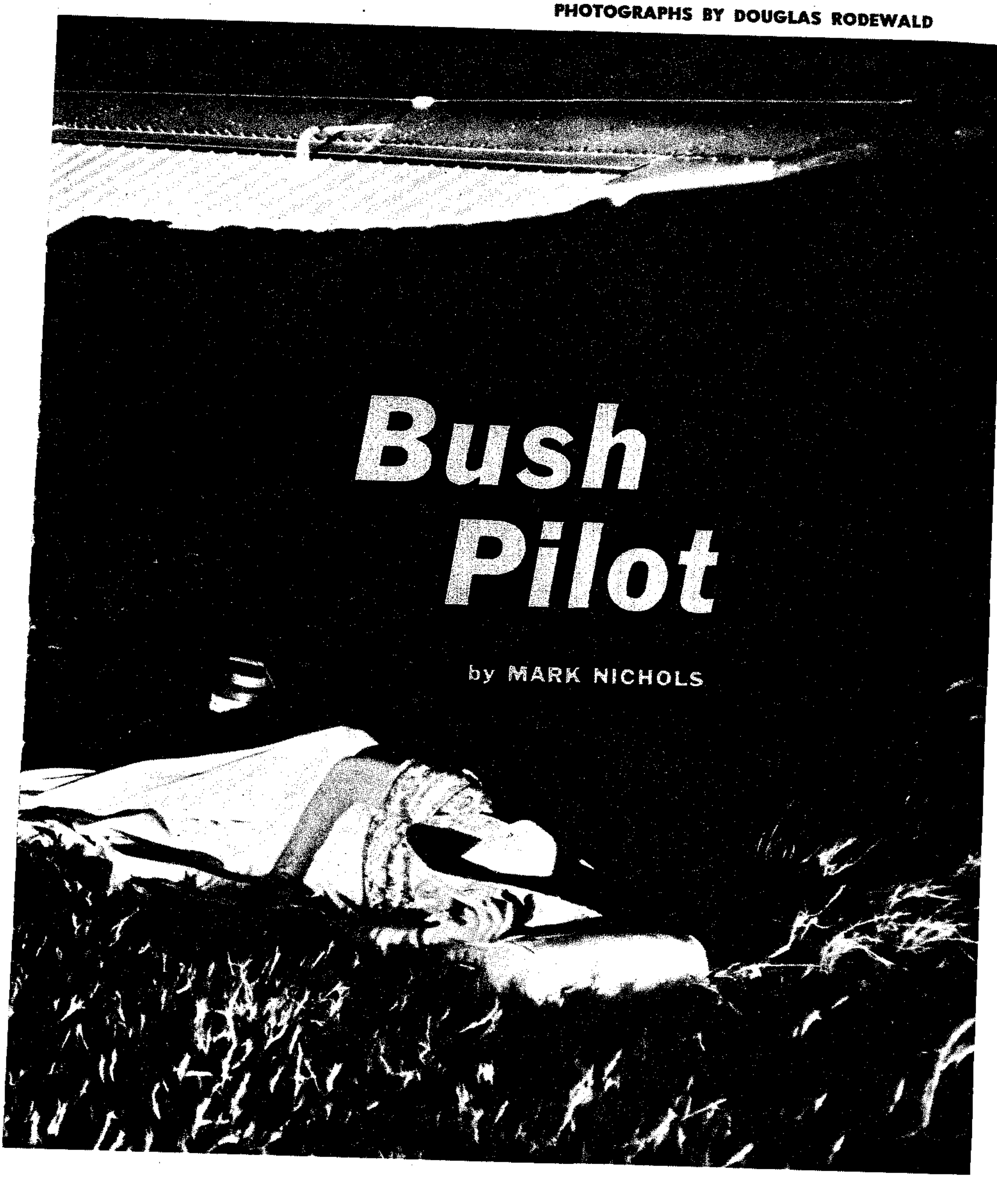
"Not a bit," he answered, "if she *is* anything like Marilyn Monroe, you'd never have asked me to take a look!" —ALBERT N. MIXELL

Among the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] men-adventurers today is the bush pilot—who flies in remote areas "by the seat of his pants" and relishes both danger and challenge. [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS RODEWALD

Bush Pilot

by MARK NICHOLS



and of these airborne cowboys, as pictures on the following pages show, is Jack Hornsman (above) sleeping on a lonely Caribbean island after landing a party of hunters.

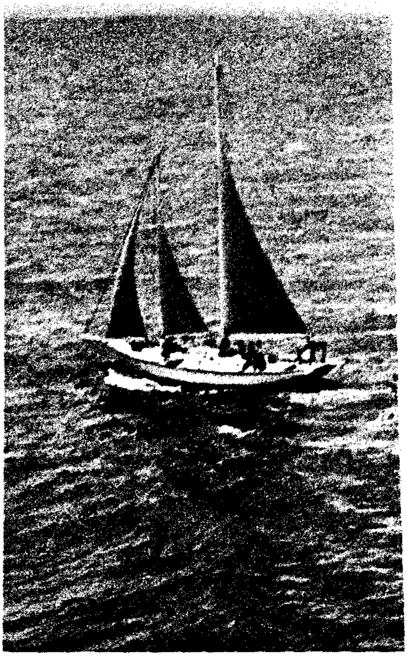
Up at dawn, he makes a vital repair on the tail-locking lever.

Right hand must know what the left hand
is doing . . . or disaster may take hold

WHAT makes a bush pilot? An irrepressible yen to keep flying "when I should be keeping tabs on my bank account, waistline or whatever it is other men of 38 keep tabs on," grins the 6′1″, 190-lb. Monsanto. So he flies—sometimes 18 hours a day, seven days a week. If he chose, he could be piloting a desk. For his VIP Airways, Inc., based at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, is a bustling business. He has a payroll of six, including three other pilots, and owns three twin-engine and two single-engine planes. Monsanto and his men haul anything, anywhere—at any hour. They also act as a shuttle service for scheduled airlines in the West Indies and deliver mail where no one else will. This kind of work demands rugged, resourceful men.

NATIVES of the islands look forward to his arrival because "Mr. Jack" encourages them to board (*below*) and inspect his ship, sit in the seats and wave to friends. He believes this creates confidence in flying—and future customers.

Of Spanish-Irish-French descent, Monsanto was born in Cuba and became a naturalized American citizen in 1942. He became infected with the flying virus in Florida two years later, served a World War II hitch in the U.S. Navy (as a non-flier), then went to work in St. Thomas as a harbor pilot. It took him five years to save up the $6,000 he needed to buy his first plane and launch his career as a bush pilot. His English is spattered with Spanish, Danish and Calypso, and his bachelor household includes two dogs, one of whom (*right*) always clamors to go flying.



When emergency arises . . .

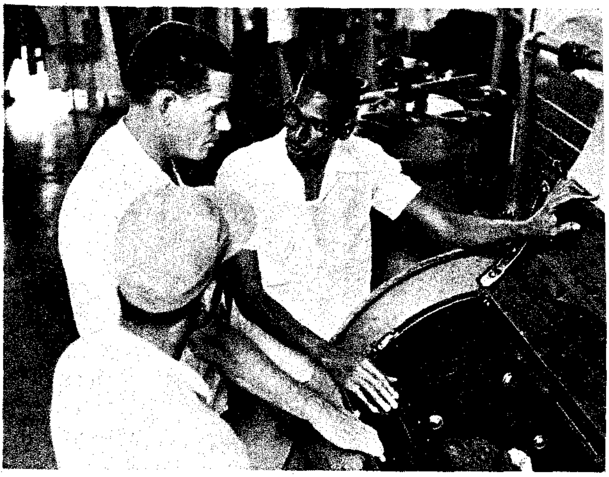
Waiting for KLM plane with mail they must cart to St. Eustatius, Jack and pilot he's breaking in take shelter from sun under a wing.

Jack locates charter boat at sea, drops messages to passengers

As kaleidoscopic as the life of the islands is the life of a West Indies bush pilot. He flies natives and their beady-eyed fighting cocks to the arenas at St. Croix; transports a blind boy to St. Thomas for a specialist's examination; rushes veterinarians to a faraway atoll to investigate a new parasitic cattle disease; hauls tourists, hunters, fishermen and would-be beachcombers to the four points of the compass. But Monsanto is more than merely a flier. He's also a would-be politician (he's run for councilman on St. Thomas), a man of enterprise (he owns a clothes-cleaning plant and a beer-distributing agency as well), and a crackerjack guide, hunter and fisherman.

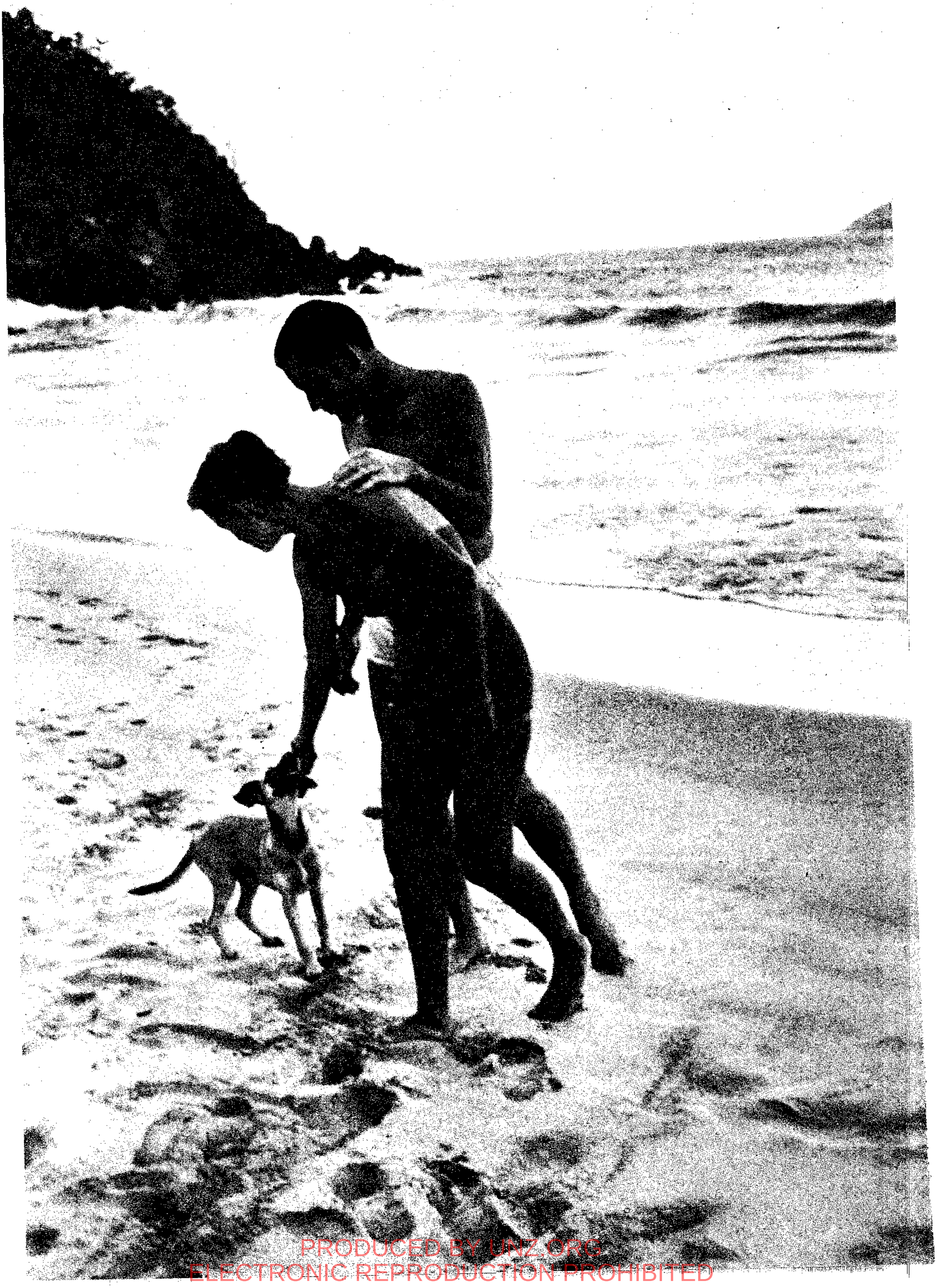
On Buck Island, Jack hacks overgrown vines on runway with machete before take-off.

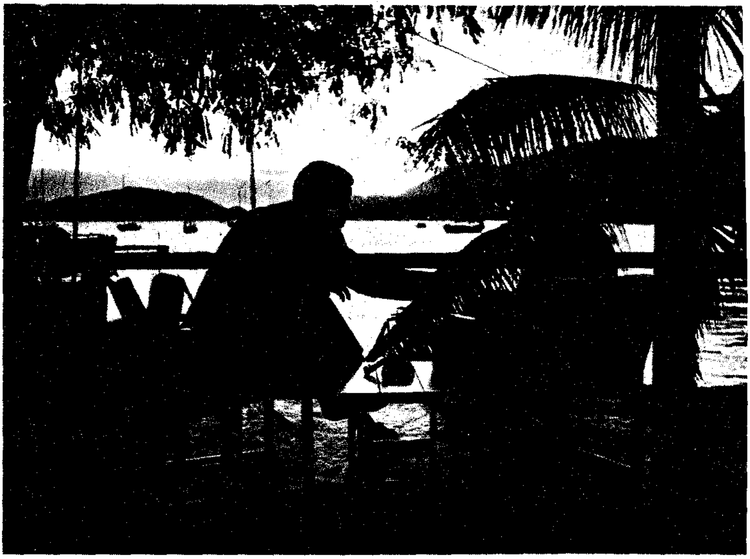
Being a bush pilot means being a one-man task force. And the tasks—at which Monsanto is an expert—include making a landing strip out of an incipient jungle . . . breathing life into a dead radio . . . hauling a plane out of a hangar with a station wagon . . . and sometimes using a palm tree as a lever to jack up a plane



At his cleaning plant, Jack gets report on breakdown of clothes vat, quickly traces the cause and starts repair job.

DESPITE his hectic life, Monsanto's energy rarely flags. At carnival time in the Caribbean he works around the clock, stoking himself mainly with fruit juice. Although trained to fly without instruments, he nevertheless has a thorough mastery of the technical side of aviation and mechanics.





But all work and no play makes dollars without sense. So on a sun-burnished Virgin Island beach he finds time for a swim—and a blonde

TWO YEARS AGO, love figuratively chartered a flight when a vacationing family named Proctor booked Monsanto to fly them to neighboring islands. Soon Jack was devoting off-duty hours to showing their blonde daughter Marilyn, in her early 20s, the night life of the Virgin Isles. When she returned to New York, he followed a few months later to continue his courting. They became engaged that winter. Now Marilyn lives in St. Thomas, waiting for a busy bush pilot to find time for a carefree day at the beach (*opposite page*) or a relaxed evening together (*above*). She is trying to adjust to the life she faces as the wife of Jack Monsanto. She's sure she will.

Using patience and affection as his bricks and mortar, this

HE MAKES BAD BOYS GOOD

by GWEN DEW BUCHANAN

"THERE IS no such thing as a bad boy," Floyd Starr, founder of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys in Albion, Michigan, claims.

Over 43 years ago, "Uncle Floyd" wrote those words into the school's creed. They have since become nationally famous; and he has come pretty close to proving them.

For, thanks to him, over 3,600 boys, who might otherwise have become tough criminals, have taken their places as respected members of society. Over 4,000 "bad boys" have known his love and care, and 90 per cent have been reclaimed. Most correctional schools would consider a far lower per cent of success enviable.

Among these boys were the world's youngest bandits, near murderers; some stole automobiles, robbed stores, forged checks, committed arson. They were the boys called "bad," whom nobody wanted . . . but Uncle Floyd.

Today, many of them are ministers, doctors, teachers, policemen and mechanics; one is a college professor and author of many articles.

Uncle Floyd is the core of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys. A fine-looking man, immaculately groomed, with silver hair, deep-set, kindly eyes, he has an air of youth blended with understanding, tolerance and great dignity. His personality seems to reach out to anyone who comes in contact with him—warming, sympathetic, intelligent.

This a boy feels when he comes to Starr. From the first warm handclasp, he knows he is welcome, *wanted,* and is to be part of a happy, healthy school life.

Floyd Starr was four years old when he heard his parents discussing a man who had adopted 50 boys.

"What's adopted?" he asked, and was horrified to learn that there were boys who didn't have homes and loving parents.

"When I grow up, I'm going to take care of boys like that," he announced.

By the time he graduated from Albion College in 1910, young Starr had decided they were to be the boys nobody wanted, the so-called "bad boys." Three years later, with a few hundred dollars he had saved and a small inheritance, he acquired a run-down 40-acre farm on the rolling hills around Montcalm Lake, west of Albion. The first two bad boys assigned to his custody were both orphans.

"Times were hard," Mr. Starr admits. "For breakfast we had beans and potatoes we raised, for lunch potatoes and beans, and a hash of both for dinner."

They lived in a barn until the first house was furnished.

Today, the Commonwealth includes a 2500-acre farm and a 50-acre campus with a school, cottages for the boys, a gymnasium, Chapel-in-the-Woods, library and museum. The boys are well dressed, well fed, happy.

"The Commonwealth is not built on the principle of making boys pay for misconduct," Mr. Starr points out. "We want them to feel that this is a school of opportunity. We believe that they can be good if they are made happy.

"Bad acts are merely a symptom of something tangled within a boy. Sometimes the worst one, apparently, is the most easily straightened out, once the cause of his wrong thinking is discovered and corrected. Our job is to find the real boy, the good boy; set him on the right track and keep him there. Sometimes the crust of badness is deep. But it can be removed, *if* there is someone who cares."

The Commonwealth is a nonsectarian, nonprofit school mainly

In a college atmosphere, boys combine classroom study, sports activities and work in practical trades

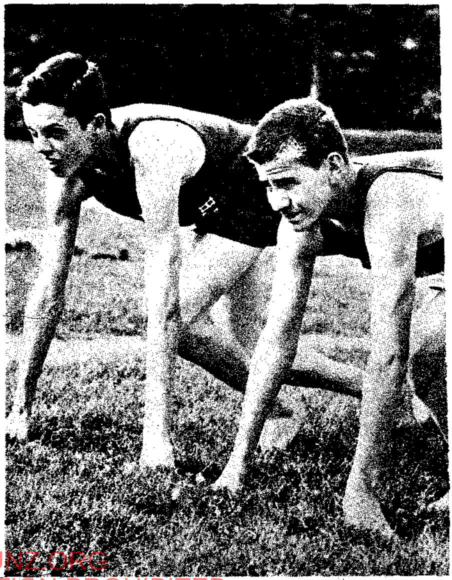
supported by gifts, as it receives neither state nor Federal aid. Parents are encouraged to contribute to the best of their ability. The farm brings in some income and helps supply the food. The boys send out Christmas seals.

Boys who enter must be either homeless, friendless or delinquent; and they must be normal physically and mentally. All must come willingly. Ages are from 11 to 15½, inclusive.

A private school is maintained from the 6th through the 10th grades; 11th and 12th may be taken in public school, if the boy's behavior has earned it. Ways are provided if a boy wishes to go on to college.

There are 160 boys at the Commonwealth now, 30 more live in nearby Jackson and attend high school. In 1951, a branch was established at Van Wert, Ohio, where there are now 20 boys.

The staff includes a teacher for every 13 boys, an athletic coach, psy-



chologists and qualified social service workers.

In the dining rooms, the tables are set with silver and linen, and served formally by the boys themselves, each getting his turn at waiting on tables. At dinner the boys must wear a jacket and tie. Good manners are emphasized, and they are taught the proper social amenities so that whatever their future life, they will have poise and confidence.

Famous artists have given valuable paintings to the school. This has helped the boys to understand and appreciate beauty.

"We try to develop a love of music, too," Mr. Starr says. "Once a guest pianist announced she would play Beethoven's Fifth, and was amazed at the spontaneous applause."

The boys are instructed in various practical trades in one of the finest general shops in Michigan. On the farm, the capable farm superintendent instructs in agriculture, and the boys also learn horticulture. They have an opportunity to work in the office and are taught to wash dishes and make beds, to cook and bake, iron shirts, press trousers. All the barbering is done by students.

"The surest way to help a boy to do his best is to find out what his abilities are and induce him to use them to the fullest," Mr. Starr says. "We endeavor, from first to last, to *lead* him to see that only through his *own* wise decisions and efforts does he become strong and capable of a successful, well-balanced life.

"We try to make our boys *think*. We are becoming a nation addicted to predigested thinking, but here our boys must study by themselves; must learn self-control and how to make their own adjustments."

When a boy leaves the Commonwealth, he feels he has been part of something rich and fine. It is probably the only correctional school in existence with an alumni association which takes tremendous pride

in the school's record. Families come from all over the United States to reunions, and fathers proudly tell their offspring they are "Starr boys."

As Uncle Floyd looks out of his office window across the rolling campus with its English-style buildings and fertile farm acres, he tells you: "I can still say that I have found nothing to challenge my original conviction that there is no such thing as a boy who is bad.

"A hundred years ago, witches were burned at the stake, and today we are horrified. A hundred years from now, people will be equally scandalized that we put boys who are sick in reform schools and jails!"

And here he points a finger at the people who make big noises about "delinquency of boys."

"We have no boy problem in America," he says. "Ours is a *parent problem*. Crime prevention should start before a boy is born. We have standards for almost everything except parenthood. Anyone can become the fathers and mothers of children. It is a perpetual wonder that children stay out of jail, parents being what they are! I believe that serious scientific parenthood could eliminate crime from America in one generation."

That sounds like a broad statement, but who should know better?

Merry Mix-ups

DURING the Korean War, our colonel, a man noted for his colorful swearing, always took along the unit chaplain when greeting new replacements before sending them up the line.

One day he and the chaplain, by mistake, switched helmets. The chaplain took his usual place at the rear, while the old colonel stood before the nervous G.I.s and, after a few preliminary remarks, let loose a barrage of his more blistering invectives.

At this point, one private nudged his buddy and whispered, "Holy mackerel, if that's the chaplain, I wonder what the old man's like!" —M/SGT. TED ARTHURS

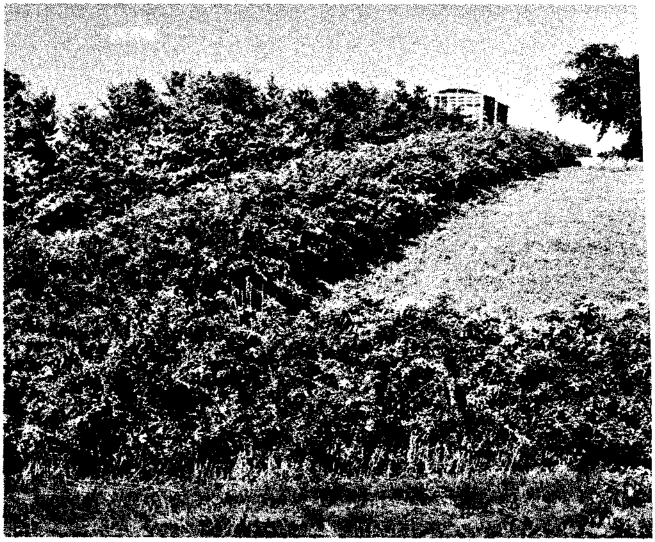
AT A RECENT farm show a young lady asked an attendant where the newly born twin calves could be viewed. Advised that they could be found in the "Maternity Stalls," she searched but could not find them. Finally she asked a police officer:

"Where is the Maternity Ward?"

"I really can't help you," the officer stammered, looking her over carefully. "But if it's urgent, there's a First Aid Station just down this aisle." —Towanda, Pa., *Daily Review*

IN A WINDOW DISPLAY of women's underthings, a sign slipped from a pair of nylon hose and landed on a frilly, filmy negligee. It read:

"Business Sheers $1.49" —JOANNE BROATCH



the amazing fence that grows

by Peter Farb

Beautiful, yet indestructible, this natural barrier surpasses any that man can build

TODAY, on farms all over the country, *living* fences are replacing the familiar ones of wood and barbed wire. These fences that grow—beautifully blooming multiflora rosebushes planted in a single row—form barricades that can stop the strongest animals.

Multiflora rose fences are even being tested to replace the old guardrails along some of our highways, and save lives. In Connecticut, in experiments sponsored by the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, a careening test-car was deliberately smashed into one of these rose fences at a speed of 50 miles an hour. Had it been a conventional guardrail and not a living fence, the driver might have been lucky to escape with his life, and been happy to write off the car as a total loss.

Instead, there was a shower of rose petals and the two tons of automobile was slowed and brought to a stop. The passenger was scarcely shaken up and the car fenders only slightly dented. The fence that grows had served as a natural landing-net, absorbing the shock of collision and bringing the vehicle to a safe halt. The broken branches grew back to plug up the hole.

In new experiments, Connecticut—and other states, too—are planting multiflora rose hedges along their highways to help cut the shocking traffic toll. Chicago is planting them between lanes of divided expressways to cut glare from oncoming headlights and reduce traffic noises.

MULTIFLORA ROSE is like no other rosebush you know. You couldn't invent a tougher, more wiry shrub—and it forms a barrier that can beat man-made fences.

That is partly due to the way it grows: it usually shoots up to a height of about six feet and then, like an umbrella, gracefully arches down. Each year it becomes thicker and thornier, the canes and branches intertwining and forming a mesh like a net. It is fast growing—sometimes an inch a day! It can be planted almost anywhere except in deep shade, swamps or deserts—and it asks little in the way of fertile soil or moisture.

Year after year, more canes are continuously produced to replace older ones, forming a tight barricade that is also a thing of beauty with dense clusters of white blossoms in the spring, sparkling green leaves throughout the summer, scarlet berries all winter long.

Drought rarely affects it, because its deep roots can probe far underground for water. Fire won't kill it. A few hundred feet that burned over in the Northwest a few years ago came back as luxuriant as ever. It shrugs off insect attacks and plant diseases. Plantings have been buried under Maine snows for months, survived on worn-out strip-mine land, smothered under tons of blowing sand along our coasts.

It wasn't until about 20 years ago that the U.S. Soil Conservation Service started testing scores of foreign and native shrubs to find the one best suited for use as a living fence on American farms. They were put into the soil in about 30 problem areas throughout the Midwest, and soon multiflora looked almost too good to be true.

It took root and grew fast; better still, tests showed that it didn't rob adjacent lands of moisture. It seemed tough enough to hold back animals.

As a final test, Hugh Steavenson—the man who did this pioneering work at the SCS' Elsberry, Missouri, nursery—made an experiment. He confined big bulls, butting goats and other barnyard animals on short rations. When the animals were hungry enough, he let them out to find forage. Only, to get to the forage they had to go through a sturdy multiflora rose fence. None made it.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture declared flatly: "Multiflora rose is definitely the outstanding shrub for use in fence-rows and hedges wherever it can be grown." The states thought so, too, and started growing it in their own nurseries. Farm planners and county agents made demonstration plantings on farmlands everywhere. Now, millions are being put into the ground every year, at a cost of perhaps a fifth of wire fencing, and the ugly farm fence is being replaced with hedgerows of this barbed wire that is different—it grows.

One of the first farms in the nation to plant these fences was also one of the most famous—Malabar, the 1,000-acre Ohio showplace of the late farmer-novelist Louis Bromfield. The first rose fence he planted grew so vigorously that at the end of only three years it was able to turn cattle. And today rose fences crisscross the fields like delicate lacework.

Multiflora hedges are proving a multiple boon to the American farm. They cut wind velocity for hundreds of feet around them, reducing moisture evaporation and helping the crops to grow big. The Illinois Natural History Survey found, for example, that yields of corn were as much as 33 per cent greater near the multiflora rose hedges than in the center of the same fields.

These living fences preserve precious topsoil on hillside fields because the network of multiflora branches and roots acts like a strainer, slowing water, filtering it into the ground through root canals—rather than letting it gain momentum in its downward rush.

On some of the tributary flood-prevention projects, plantings of multiflora rose are helping to cut the annual flood damage. On a farm near Kansas City, for example, 15,000 rosebushes were planted around a lake area by 160 city Boy Scouts, who received a Presidential citation in recognition for the job.

Multiflora rose fences are one of the best hopes of getting wildlife back on our denuded lands. Results from hedges already planted are phenomenal. "These bushes are excellent for furnishing wildlife cover," says the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

That is because predators cannot attack them when they seek refuge in the thorny tangle of branches. And the little red berries are concentrated frost-proof vitamin pills which provide a cafeteria to feed wildlife all winter long.

So favored is this bush as a nesting spot for songbirds that when Illinois made tests on four square miles of land, using a score of different kinds of plants, they found 80 per cent of all the birds nesting in multiflora. Results from Ohio have shown that substituting a living fence for the non-living variety will immediately multiply the songbird population.

In fact, so many birds make their homes in it that many rose fences are *self-fertilizing*. The guano dropped by the birds gives them all the rich nitrogen they need to constantly keep vigorous. Some bushes haven't needed a drop of fertilizer in years because of the wildlife they sheltered.

Each of these birds, too, is a winged insecticide, and they can devour more than their weight in insects a day. Studies have shown that birds nesting in these hedges have sharply lessened the population of chinch bugs and grasshoppers.

These nesting birds cut into the insect population early in the season, before the bugs have had a chance to multiply. "As a result," says the Illinois Natural History Survey, "large numbers of insects which would ordinarily be present later in the season to harass crops and cut yields are just never produced."

Other pest-destroyers make these fences their home. You'll find about 40 times as many predatory ladybird beetles in living fences as around ordinary metal or wooden ones. Also, these fences harbor the highly beneficial praying mantis and the voracious shrew which spends nearly 24 hours a day rooting out meadow mice, surely one of the most destructive animals on our continent.

A home, a factory, a park area surrounded by fences of multiflora rose in full bloom is a glorious sight. And real-estate people say that these plantings raise property values more than any other kind of landscaping, except big shade trees. They are trespasser-proof, and thousands have been sold to drive-in theaters and fairgrounds to keep out gate-crashers.

The cost is amazingly low—you can plant a thousand feet of fence for roughly $50—making it the cheapest kind to install and certainly the cheapest to maintain. For, you won't have to clip, prune or support this fence.

Multiflora rose needs care only during its first two growing seasons—fertilizer and water if necessary during the summer, mulching to keep out weeds. Thereafter it will take care of itself (except in areas where spreading is not desired) and last a lifetime, growing more beautiful and useful every year.

But you have to start off with quality stock from a reliable nursery—and be sure that you ask for the thorny, upright variety.

The Department of Conservation gives free stock for conservation reasons and, in many states, to farmers who allow sportsmen to hunt over their lands. Here is where the city hunter and farmer can work together. American farmers have tens of millions of acres of useless land which can produce but one crop—wildlife. The sportsman clubs have the manpower to make the plantings, and in the process they guarantee good hunting in their area.

You couldn't make a better investment than planting the fence that blossoms as the rose.

Indispensable Mutt

A dog that daily eats us out
Of house and home—that's Rover;
A dog that "orders us about"
And leaves his hair all over;

A dog that leaves, among the flowers,
Large holes in various sectors;
A dog that growls at friends of ours. . . .
And *welcomes* bill collectors.

—HAL CHADWICK

DISASTER AT THE DOCK

One of the grimmest ship sinkings of all time took place—not in a storm at sea—but on a sunny day in the heart of a great city

by WILBUR CROSS

At 7:15 Saturday morning, July 24, 1915, William Raphael looked out of the window in the commission house he managed on South Water Street, Chicago. Below, along the Clark Street Dock, Western Electric employees were boarding five lake steamers chartered to take them to the dune country for their annual picnic.

Small convoys of children tugged excitedly at their parents' arms, leading them towards the ship of their choice. In most cases this was the *Eastland,* a trim three-decker with two tall stacks amidships, which had seen 12 years of excursion service on the Great Lakes.

At 7:20, Raphael turned from the window and began sorting consignment papers on his desk. He could not have been at work for more than six minutes when he heard what he later described with pitiful simplicity as "a ship flopping over with a crash and a splash." He ran out toward the dock and saw that the *Eastland* had turned completely over on her port side. The starboard hull lay 15 feet out of water at its highest point and the Chicago River was jammed "like a tub of apples" with struggling humanity and flotsam.

A few minutes earlier, on the old Clark Street Bridge over the river, Harlan E. Babcock, a reporter for the *Herald,* had been hurrying toward the *Eastland.* He had been assigned to cover the excursion, but had overslept. He looked down on the ship from this bird's eye angle and noted its upper deck "black with people, mostly women and children." The vessel was obviously overcrowded.

And as Babcock watched, the long, slender *Eastland* rolled outward and away from the pier as though it were a toy boat pushed gently but persistently over on its side by a small boy's hand. The mass of passengers on the upper deck moved to one side like a shovelful of coal sliding slowly down a chute and was spewed into the river, amidst deck chairs and luggage. He saw apparently good swimmers strike out for shore not 30 feet away, then go down as panicky non-swimmers clutched them in frenzy.

At first there was a great stillness, then the river channel was filled with the cacophony of disaster, cries for help, and the macabre and muffled sounds of the unfortunate victims trapped within the ship's hull. It seemed impossible that the disaster could have occurred without warning.

But there *had* been warning. The most important came at a little after 7:00 that sunny morning. On the *Eastland's* high, white flying bridge, Captain Harry Pedersen was supervising the transfer of a line to the small tug, *Kenosha*. On the hurricane deck, a band played hit tunes of the day as the picnic-bound passengers streamed aboard.

Captain Pedersen was concerned about a list to starboard and leaned over the rail to order the gangplank in and no more passengers permitted aboard. He also ordered the engineer to trim ship by partially filling the port ballast tanks.

"Don't *over* trim her!" he shouted into the speaking tube. The ship had listed badly several times in the past, and although Pedersen "didn't think there was any danger," nevertheless, after 25 years on the Lakes, he knew crowded decks could mean trouble.

In the engine room the orders were relayed to a young assistant engineer and two oilers working the ballast intake valves.

"Knock off the water. The Old Man says you're overdoing it."

"All right, all right. Close valves."

For some unexplained reason—sloppy handling or pure error—the orders were not complied with properly. The gauge showed more and more water pouring in, with a corresponding list.

"Look to that damned valve!"

But by that time it was too late. The port side of the compartment was abruptly transformed into the deck. Loose equipment rocketed across the steel plates and men tumbled helplessly against hot pipes where they were first scorched by the hot metal, then suffocated by billowing steam and finally drowned by the torrents of water sucked in from the muddy river above. Some of the crew below decks had no chance of escape at all.

More fortunate in some cases were passengers in the staterooms above. Mrs. William Peterson, wife of a Western Electric foreman, was in a starboard stateroom. At 7:15 she felt the hull lurch "somewhat like a trolley rounding a corner."

Her first impression was that the ship was underway, but when she looked out the porthole the dock seemed to be in the same position.

One man clung to a piling while two women and three small children used him as a human ladder to climb to safety; afterwards, exhausted, he slipped under the water and disappeared

The second time the hull lurched, she decided she must be having a dizzy spell. The room gave her the same sensation as standing in a tilted fun house at an amusement park. She was suddenly thrown to the floor, and then saw with disbelief that she was not on the floor at all but prone on the stateroom door. Her hands and shoulders were immersed in something cool. It was water.

Then, with a popping sound, the door was shoved upward and before she knew what had happened she was struggling underwater. Choking with horror, Mrs. Peterson fought to the surface. Directly overhead, where the ceiling should have been, was a porthole, through which she could see the bright sky.

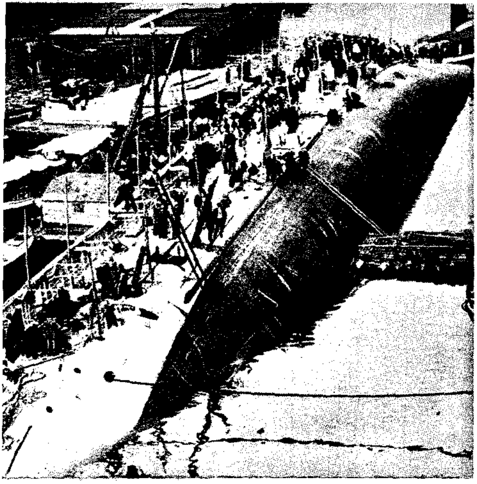
From outside came faraway sounds like the wind through many trees. Mrs. Peterson screamed as loudly as she could. After the third or fourth scream, a face appeared at the porthole, white with terror. "I saw two hands reaching in. They pulled me through the porthole."

In another stateroom, but on the port side, Lottie Anderson, her sister and eight other girls in their teens and early 20s had been admiring each other's dresses, since a prize was to be given for the most beautiful summer costume. Lottie was standing near the cabin window (on this deck many cabins did not have portholes) when suddenly one of the girls shoved her in what seemed like more than an accidental jostle.

As Lottie opened her mouth to demur, she was horrified to see the entire group coming at her head on. With a splintering of glass, she was pitched headlong out the window and into what she angrily thought to be a tremendous tub of water. She floundered around under the surface and was then propelled by some great force outward and upward, to find herself struggling in the middle of the Chicago River. She never saw sister or friends alive again.

To one couple, standing at the starboard rail of the main deck, the entire side seemed to rise up gently, as on a large wave, without warning. Someone shouted, "Get back!" They had to cling to the rail to keep from falling. As the ship rolled over, they crawled slowly, almost calmly, onto the starboard side of the hull. All motion quickly ceased and they found themselves standing on what they thought looked like half of a giant turtle shell.

Several others were standing there, numbly, not even wet. More were slithering around where the metal curved into the muddy water. One of the persons near them was L. D. Gadory, a candy hawker who had been working the lower deck. He sensed what was happening when he felt the list, looked towards the



The ill-fated *Eastland* rolled over completely—10 yards from shore.

pier, and saw a heavy hawser snap as the capsizing ship tugged against it.

"My God, I wonder what happened to all those kids. All those kids." He had been in the midst of a small platoon of them and shouted a warning to "get over this way."

Little Helen Thayer, age eight, and her brother, Harry, seven, were standing on the deck with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thayer, when suddenly every one not able to grasp the starboard rail had started slipping and tumbling across the deck. Mrs. Thayer grabbed a stanchion, told the children to hang onto her, and momentarily checked their fall. The deck was now at about a 40-degree angle, so by the time she lost her grip all three of them plunged with terrific force towards the jumble of horror-stricken people.

Somehow Mrs. Thayer managed to catch hold of the children after they were dumped into the river. She remembered treading water endlessly, holding the two small heads just above the water. The confusion around her became blurred and her left arm, with which she held Helen, grew numb and the child slipped from her grasp and disappeared. Little Harry was still clinging to her shoulder when a policeman grabbed her and began swimming with her. "My husband and child," she kept moaning over and over. But they had disappeared.

By this time, William Raphael, the manager of the commission house, had jumped in to aid two women struggling only ten feet from shore. He reached them quickly and "a fat man, his face green with terror," floundered close enough to grab one of the women's dresses and hang on. When he started to drag them under, Raphael had only one choice. "I kicked him in the face to make him let go. I couldn't swim with the whole load." But the fat man held his grip on the woman and sank beneath the water, pulling her to death with him. Raphael got the other woman to safety.

The Chicago River — in the shadow of giant skyscrapers—was crammed with dead and dying grotesquely intermixed with debris from the ship and a fantastic collection of furniture, crates, timbers and anything else that would float, which had been frantically tossed to them as makeshift life preservers.

Two tugs and a fireboat were wallowing among the debris, hauling survivors and corpses aboard like so much baggage. A policeman was rowing a tiny boat all but submerged by people in the water hanging to the gunwales as he dragged them towards shore.

Underneath the pier, a man clung to a spike on a piling while two women and three small children used him as a human ladder to climb to safety. Afterwards the man slipped under the water in exhaustion and disappeared.

Rescuers now arrived with acetylene torches and began cutting into the hull to rescue those trapped inside. The number taken out alive was pitifully small.

The final toll of the disaster was 812 dead, countless numbers injured, 22 entire families wiped out of existence.

Acting Mayor Moorehouse of Chicago proclaimed a state of emergency, ordered all places of amusement in the city closed for one day and prohibited the public showing of any films taken at the scene of the tragedy. Captain Pedersen and 29 surviving members of his crew were placed under arrest pending investigation.

The public, numbed by the immensity of the disaster, first blamed the captain, then the engineer, then the steamship company for permitting overcrowding. It took more than 20 years for the courts to reach the final decision, announced in newspapers on August 7, 1935: that the steamship company "is not liable for the 812 deaths in the disaster . . . that the boat was seaworthy; that the operators had taken proper precautions; that the responsibility was traced to an engineer who neglected to fill the ballast tanks properly."

It could only be a bitter epilogue to the tragedy of the happy, trusting youngsters who skipped on board the doomed ship that morning, quoting lines from the company house organ, "Readers of the *Jubilator* be jubilant . . . Long ago Jonah took a trip in a submarine. There is no Jonah about this, but it will be a whale of a weekend."

Overture in Overtime

A MUSIC LOVER, impressed by a maestro's reputation for conducting difficult operatic scores from memory, decided to attend a performance and see for himself. Somewhat to his surprise, he observed that the conductor not only had a poorly concealed score but that he appeared to give the closest attention to it. After the performance, the somewhat disillusioned music lover expressed his disappointment to a member of the orchestra.

"Oh, that?" the musician smiled. "The maestro was working on the score of Tannhauser for tomorrow night!"

—*The Speaker's Handbook of Humor,* MAXWELL DROKE (Harper Brothers)

Artist, farmer, businesswoman, plumber,
decorator, this six-foot grandmother is
supercharged with talent and energy. She's . . .

Mama Mahaffey:
Texas Dynamo

by Seth Kantor

SHORTLY AFTER CHRISTMAS a year ago, a friend met Josephine Mahaffey on Fort Worth's Main Street.

"Your Christmas card was the most unusual I ever saw," the friend said. "Did you paint it yourself?"

"Not exactly," Mrs. Mahaffey smiled. "I made it with a rat trap."

"A *what?*"

"A plain, 10¢ rat trap. What I did, I whittled the design onto the bottom of it, and stamped out the cards by hand, using the spring-trap on the top as a handle. Ran off 200 cards in less than an hour that way."

"Remarkable!" said the friend. Mrs. Josephine Mahaffey is indeed a remarkable woman. Some people know her as a self-taught artist who has gained national repute. Some as a shrewd businesswoman who ran $13 into properties worth a quarter of a million. Some know her as a successful farmer. But all agree that she is a lovable character who has made a great deal out of very little.

Mama Mahaffey is a big-boned Texas grandmother, 54, and close to six feet tall. Concerning her weight, she volunteers: "Let's just say that once a year when I diet off 15 or 20 pounds nobody even notices."

Her day begins at 5:30 (and sometimes ends as late as midnight) with chores about the ranch she built for Papa Mahaffey, her husband, and their eight children, 20 miles north of Fort Worth. Later she may turn up at a fashionable art show with horse manure on her dressy shoes. Then she teaches ladies free of charge—some of them invalids in their 70s and 80s—how to express

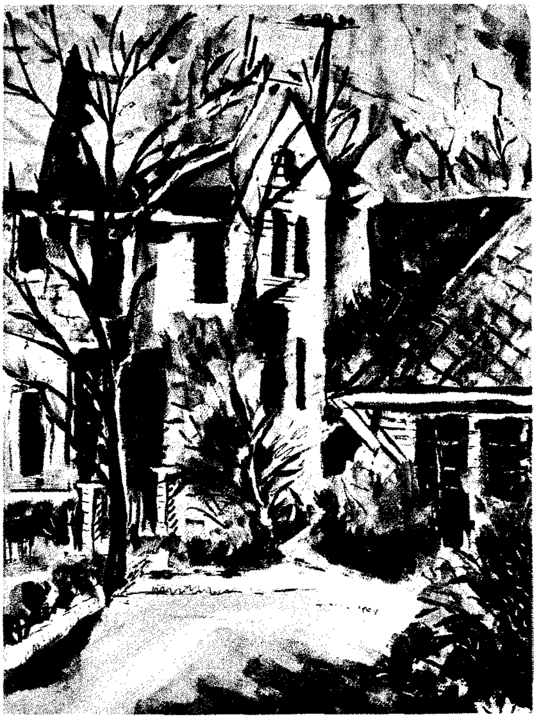
Mama chooses some pictures for an exhibit from among thousands stored in her attic.

themselves in vigorous modern art. Or she gossips with tenants in the 15 apartment units she owns, while she redecorates or repairs their plumbing. What with her church work and household duties, she has to keep a tight schedule.

In between, Mama Mahaffey paints. She paints so fast that big drops of sweat slide down her face as her brush strokes and jabs at the canvas. "You've got to get it down fast," she explains, "or else you lose it."

One painting, conceived, sketched and finished in 30 minutes, took first prize in the state-wide Texas Watercolor Show. Others hang in major galleries from New Orleans to Denver to Chicago.

Mama did her first painting one day in September, 1920, in geometry



A winter scene—"Old Fort Worth Building"—which took one of four first places Mama won in recent Fort Worth Women's Club art show.

class at the College of Industrial Arts in Denton. The students were given an assignment to design a medallion resembling a church window in their home town.

Josephine had no home town. She was a tall, skinny farm girl from the piny woods country of East Texas, with a couple of plain dresses, a high IQ, and arms muscled from hard farm chores and caring for seven younger children at home. She was 17; working as a maid to cover her room and board; weaving baskets, preserving foods and even making hats, to pay for books and tuition.

The prayer house back home was half-log, half-weatherboard and had no church window in it, but Josephine figured that the geometrical problem was the point of the assignment. So she drafted the lines, setting them down the way she thought a church window would look. Unable to afford paints, she colored it with shoe polish and laundry blueing.

"My geometry teacher stared at it like a toad blinking in a hail storm," she remembers. "I apologized for the coloring."

He took it to F. M. Bralley, president of the college, who registered it at the State Fair in Dallas as the most representative piece of classical art turned out by any of the school's 2,200 undergraduates.

With no money for the luxury of an extra-curricular course, Josephine did not study art in school. "I just went ahead and did it," she explains.

In 1922, Mama married Mark Mahaffey, a quiet wisp of a man who is a truck driver by trade. (Like most American men, Papa would have to be dragged to an art exhibit.)

Then the children came—Charles born in 1924, Billy in 1926, Margery Ruth in 1928, Joe in 1930, Paul in 1932. ("I got speed into my painting by doing candid pictures of the children crawling and playing. I only had a spare minute to do it in every few hours. I wanted to keep a record of the family as it grew, and we couldn't afford a camera.") When Paul was three weeks old, Mr. Mahaffey came home with the news that he was about to be laid off from his $32-a-week job as truck driver for a meat-packing house.

The nation was staggering under the Depression. Winter was coming on. The gas bill was unpaid. Charles had a leg broken in three places. Paul had the croup. But there was $13 in the children's piggy bank and Mama cheerily suggested using it to go into business.

"Business?" Papa said. "You'll ruin us."

Mama went ahead and found an old vacant store in the neighborhood and talked its owner into the belief that the place would be better off with a tenant who could afford no rent, than with no tenant at all.

She decided to start a grocery store there when she found that wholesalers would stock her shelves to the hilt, on credit. (Foodstuffs were rotting on their docks.) She went to a downtown breadline and selected two strong-looking young men who were anxious to learn the butcher trade, on a salary of food to begin with. (The $13 paid for installation of utilities.)

Then she went to Papa and said: "Let them fire you. You've got a big business career ahead of you."

Mahaffey's Grocery Store was opened a week later by Mama and the children—Charles with his leg in a cast and Paul in a basket.

"You see, the joke was on me," Mama recalls. "Because Papa wasn't laid off after all. And he wouldn't risk our security by quitting his job, either. So I asked him, 'What am I ever going to do with five kids and a store?' Papa said, 'You're the one that got us into the fool thing. You get us out.' So I was stuck with the store."

Meantime, Mama managed to complete as many as five paintings a day. She sometimes had to melt crayons or squeeze berries to use for paints. Or cut out bits and pieces of colored paper from advertisements in discarded magazines and paste them on her canvases, which were often wrapping paper or newspaper.

Three years after starting in business, Mama Mahaffey had three grocery stores. One evening in 1936 she rode home from one of them on Billy's delivery bicycle and slowly plodded up the stairs to bed. The twins, Don and John, were born that evening. She was so delighted she painted three water colors the next day. And she sold the stores and invested the money she got in some rent property.

Some of her tenants couldn't pay rent, for times were still hard. Mama turned no one out. In fact, there was a constant yield in the Mahaffey's small back yard crammed with vegetables, chickens, a cow sometimes, which was quietly shared with neighbors and tenants in need.

Mama had busy, exciting sessions when the neighbor ladies came in to learn modern art. The children had their loud, brassy music practice, each of them learning to play two or more instruments. Papa went quietly about his job of driving a truck.

"What counts is that Papa wants to be a truck driver and is a very good one," Mama says today. "I've led the children by their ears to books and music and art, but Papa tolerates my impatience and I guess maybe he's taught them more just by taking them fishing. A man would have to earn a million dollars a week to give his family anything more than what Papa has given our children."

Together they raised their seven boys and one girl, besides taking in four children abandoned by poorer parents. (Today, when the children and their children come home for Sunday dinner, Mama cooks for 27.)

Once a year, Mama pounded on doors and sold enough paintings at 50¢ or a dollar each to pay for a family vacation. Then they all would load into a sagging, hiccoughing car, cook their meals at roadside, and sleep out each night on light-hearted excursions into Canada or Mexico or the big cities of the nation. Mama and the twins were once, the story goes, put out of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York for enjoying the paintings too loudly.

Josephine Mahaffey's most important goals were reached as the children began to graduate with high grades—Charles in geology, Billy in physics, Margery Ruth in music, Joe in engineering. Paul was next in line.

PAUL had been baling hay to earn spending money for school. It was 1949. He wasn't 17 yet. He was riding in the back seat of a farmer's car. There was a terrifying, head-on collision. Everyone in both cars lay still on the highway. Paul's neck was broken. He had a crushed forehead, a shattered leg, but inside his broken ribs his heart was beating feebly. He was the only one still alive.

Eight doctors pieced him together at the hospital. When Mama arrived, crying and praying, they told her that Paul could not live. He was hopelessly paralyzed, in a stone-like coma.

After 30 days of watching him lie like a faintly breathing corpse in the coldly antiseptic hospital room, Mama stopped crying. She told the doctors she would take her boy home to die in his own warm bed.

Home by then was a small ranch with a few animals, a grove of tall pecan trees and Eagle Mountain Lake splashing against its back yard, north of Fort Worth. It had an enchanting, homemade ranch house. Mama opened Paul's window so he could hear the birds and smell the good country air, somewhere deep in his soul. She fixed a place for him in the pecan grove he loved, where he could lie on warm days. She fed him with a stomach tube—not on watery hospital fare but on good country gravy, a lot of coffee, whisky eggnogs. He was in something like a prenatal state, arms and knees drawn rigidly up to his chin.

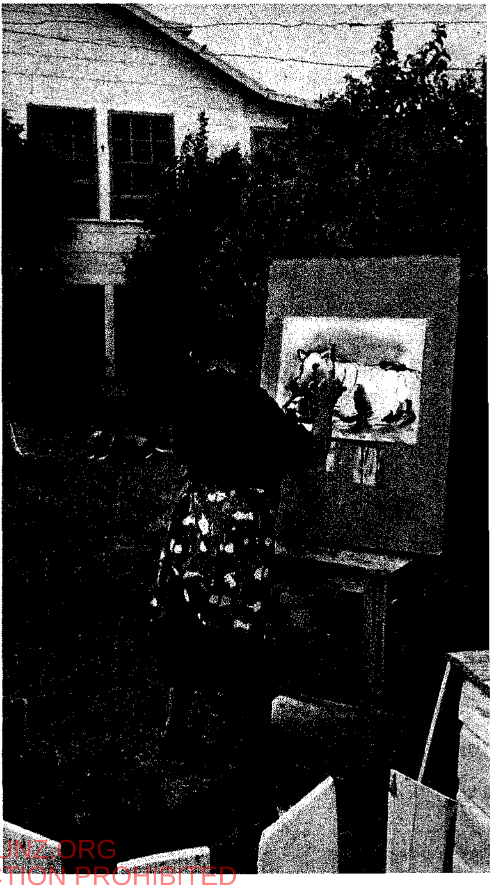
It wasn't until the 65th day of his death-like stupor that Paul uttered a sound. And it was months before his eyes moved and his arms and legs unlocked slightly. His face was still expressionless. He had to learn who he was again and be taught to read and write as if he were five years old.

Paul's 30 days in the hospital had cost $6,900. Mama had the rent properties, in mortgage for a while, to keep up. There were ranch chores to do, paintings to continue, business places to trade at. Wherever she went, bubbling with energy, laughing heartily, no one knew how great a hurt she carried for a boy named Paul who sat in the car outside, staring emptily from the back seat.

Mama's paintings, meanwhile, had begun to gain national recognition. (17 of her works now hang in the Knopp Gallery in Santa Fe, and a futuristic water color has been shown in the Denver Art Museum.)

Praise for the passionate thunder that rolls from her fingers came from leading critics. Xavier Gonzalez of New York called her "among the finest artists of instinct and spontaneity in the land." According to another critic: "Her work has a highly polished crudeness; strong, forceful; extreme in value. But to own a Mahaffey is like owning the portrait on a special-delivery stamp. They are stacked by the hundreds in her attic; by the thousands in her barn. She has churned out probably 30,000 paintings in all."

Mama Mahaffey's reaction was: "I don't pay any more attention to that than Papa does. If they said to



Working in her apron outside her home, Mama's lightning fingers finish a sketch of her dog in 45 seconds. She sketches every spare moment, using children, food, furniture and animals as her subjects.

me, 'You silly old thing, you can't paint worth a lick,' why, I wouldn't care. I'd just go right on."

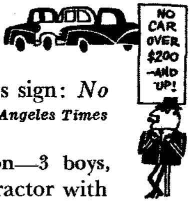
In 1955, six years after Paul's accident, the surgical pins were removed from his body. He had limited use of facial, foot and hand muscles. But he was tall, handsome and alive.

Then last year, Paul was in another terrifying car crash. He lay unconscious, with a bad concussion, when Mrs. Mahaffey got to the hospital. She was holding his hand several hours later when he suddenly awoke. He looked at her, put his hand to his head and grinned, for the first time in seven years.

"Mama, I can move everything again," he whispered. "It's a miracle. I'm like I was before the first accident."

The wonders in Josephine Mahaffey's life never seem to end.

Signs of the Times



A LOS ANGELES used car dealer displays this sign: *No Car Over $200—and Up.* —ART RYON, *Los Angeles Times*

SIGN on a Dublin, Ohio, driveway: "Caution—3 boys, 1 girl, 2 dogs, 4 bicycles, 1 motor scooter, 1 tractor with equipment, and poison ivy. Proceed at your own risk." —*United Press*

IN LOS ANGELES, a variety store window full of porcelain gimcracks displayed this sign: "Dust Collectors, 10 Cents." —MATT WEINSTOCK, *Los Angeles Mirror-News*

SIGN on back of truck: "Please don't hug me. I'm going steady." —ELMER LETERMAN

FOR SALE: 2 corn pickers. Pair White Rock roosters. —JOE CREASON, *Louisville Courier Journal*

IN LOS ANGELES, a battered station wagon carried this window card:

"God bless our mortgaged Dad," and underneath: "Now I take me out to drive, I hope the Lord keeps me alive, at home my children all await, dear people, please cooperate." —MATT WEINSTOCK

SIAMESE CAT factory going out of business. Four tiny kittens FREE! Slightly irregular. —*Bellaire Texan*

SIGN on a tiny foreign car in a Hollywood auto dealer's show room: "Price includes all accessories—including its own attractive carrying case." —*Zanesville Times Recorder*

GO as you please . . . It's fun to plan for a vacation and see it dawn one glorious morning. But it's even more fun to take off unexpectedly—to go as you please, *no matter what time of month it is!* Tampax® internal sanitary protection has given millions of women new freedom—freedom to do more, see more, be more at ease. Choose Tampax. *It's the modern way.*

So much a part of your active life . . . TAMPAX

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

the man who was doomed to

by Bill Monroe

"We have a candidate for state legislator we want you to meet." It was Republican headquarters in New Orleans on the wire. "We haven't put him on television. When you see him you'll understand why."

A few minutes later, Paul Ramos, a tall man with a long jaw and blue eyes, limped into the WDSU-TV newsroom. He extended his left hand in greeting—his right hung useless by his side.

Then he began to speak, slowly and haltingly. Sometimes, after picking a word, he had trouble saying it. But the thinking behind the words was clear as he explained how a public bribery indictment against his Democratic opponent had given Republicans hope of breaking Louisiana precedent and electing a GOP legislator.

Here was a man of obvious courage and keen intelligence. But he was semi-paralyzed and his every sentence took concentration. How had a man with such handicaps come to get into politics, and in the normally hopeless role of a Republican candidate in the Deep South?

Paul Ramos patiently unfolded the answer in a story of personal achievement that is also an amazing example of what is possible for victims of aphasia, the destruction of speech centers in the brain by injury or disease. In Ramos' case it was a fragment from a Japanese shell.

Major Paul Ramos of the Marine

FAT GIRLS' DIET

Tested practical ways to take off fat, rushed by return mail in plain wrapper at special prices.

☐ **SPECIAL DIET FOR FAT STOMACHS AND THICK WAISTLINES—**
If it's your stomach and waistline that's bothering you, here's your diet!..25c

☐ **HIGH PROTEIN DIET FOR WOMEN PAST 35—**
Excellent healthful diet for people of ALL AGES! Combines plenty-to-eat with rapid weight loss! Very popular!..25c

☐ **"SECRETS" TO SPEED REDUCING—**
Important "little things" discovered in 18 years reducing thousands....25c

☐ **2-DAY "JOLT-OFF-POUNDS" DIET—**
If you need to lose a few pounds quickly, this diet will do it! Also recommended for weight-standstills....25c

☐ **ONE-DAY ALL LIQUID DIET—**
Gets appetite under control and tells you how to lose a few pounds safely!.......................25c

☐ **7-DAY DETOXICATION DIET—**
Rids your body of poisons. Helps you to a fast start in losing pounds!..25c

☐ **POUND A DAY "MIRACLE DIET"—**
An infallible diet that insures the loss of at least a pound a day! Can be repeated 3 days each month!....25c

☐ **DEHYDRATION DIET FOR THOSE WHO CRAVE SWEETS—**
The fastest and most pleasant of all! Helps fight your worst enemy!..25c

☐ **HOW TO GET RID OF A DOUBLE CHIN—**
If you have a double chin you're thought of as "fat"—no matter what your weight. Get rid of it!......25c

☐ **THE FAMOUS RICE DIET—**
Frequently prescribed by physicians for Hypertension (High Blood Pressure) also excellent for people who want to lose a few pounds F-A-S-T!......25c

☐ **SPECIAL DIET FOR FAT HIPS AND THIGHS—**
If your weight is below the waist, this diet will slim you!.............25c

☐ **FAMOUS BANANA DIET—**
World renowned medical hospital diet, very filling, satisfying, easy to follow, takes weight off rapidly..25c

☐ **POPULAR "9-DAY MIRACLE DIET"—**
If you have 9 pounds to lose, this will do it! A fast start for 90!......25c

☐ **18 DAY 18 POUND DIET—**
This diet insures the safe loss of considerable poundage in only 18 days 25c

☐ **HOW TO STAY THIN AFTER LOSING FAT—**
Getting thin is one thing—staying thin another! This tells how!.........25c

☐ **7 DAY, 7 POUND DIET—**
Follow this, lose 7 lbs. in 1 week..25c

CHECK DIETS YOU WANT, SEND FOR PROMPT DELIVERY. ENCLOSE COIN, MONEY ORDER or CHECK. Any 5 mailed to you for only $1.00, postpaid. Any 10 for only $2, postpaid. ALL 16 for only $3, postpaid. No orders under $1.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GIVEN: Weight and Height Chart PLUS Measurement Chart!

RUTH PFAHLER, Dept. 2402, Decatur, Ill.
I am enclosing .... If I have checked FIVE items, please send them to me for $1. If I have checked TEN items, please send them to me for only $2. If I have checked ALL SIXTEEN items, please send them to me for only $3.

Name..

Address..

engineers was on the beach on the second day of the assault on Guam, July 22, 1944. One moment he was lying on his stomach behind an 18-inch coral ridge under heavy Japanese fire—an active man of 25, a husband of 32 months' standing who had spent only six months with his wife, a graduate engineer with a promising future. The next moment he was sprawled on the sand semi-conscious, with a gaping wound in the top of his head above the left ear and a shell fragment imbedded in his brain.

Two men put him on a stretcher and brought him to an aid station. He couldn't move his right arm or his right leg. He could hear the questions that a medical officer asked him but somehow he couldn't answer. He could think of the words to say all right—but he couldn't say them.

Then began a nightmare trip by ship and plane to Pearl Harbor. Paul sank into a welter of despair and loneliness. He had neglected to wear his dog tag the day he was wounded and had no other identification. As a result, the Navy didn't even know who he was, and Paul couldn't tell them. He could communicate only the simplest thoughts by improvised sign language, using his left hand.

In a right-handed person, the left side of the brain not only controls the right side of the body but also dominates in the control of speech patterns. Paul had lost his controls.

In addition, as often happens to aphasia victims, the injury had left him with the emotions of a child. He laughed gleefully or broke suddenly into tears. What normally would have been minor anxieties turned into vast fears.

Nine days after he was wounded he reached the Aiea Heights Naval Hospital near Pearl Harbor. Next day a brain surgeon, Commander Nathan C. Norcross, operated and removed the largest fragment of metal he had ever taken out of a brain.

Paul recovered promptly from the surgery. But he was still half paralyzed and couldn't speak.

They gave him a tray of alphabet blocks and asked him to spell out his name.

He picked out his initials, "P" and "R." But something was wrong. Try as he might with various block combinations, the other letters refused to make any recognizable pattern. The image was gone. Paul burst out crying.

One week after the operation the first ray of hope appeared. By this time the Navy had learned his identity and Dr. Norcross told Paul he would be able to relearn his speech, be able to walk and do other things. It would take a long time.

Norcross sent two Marine patients to see Paul. They had suffered similar, though less severe, brain wounds, and could already say a few words.

They convinced Paul he had a chance to speak again. They told him that, under hospital custom, as soon as he could say "a beer" he would be rewarded with a bottle. They spent most of their visit coaching him on these vital syllables.

It took Paul three weeks of practice before he could make a sound which, by generous interpretation, earned him a beer. But it was the

THERE ISN'T MUCH TO DO IN THE DAYTIME

This is Georgia Melisova. The hovel before which she is standing is her Athenian home in Greece. Her mother occasionally works at straw chair weaving but is never able to find permanent employment. Her father just disappeared. She has four younger brothers. Georgia is amazingly intelligent for a ten-year-old child who hasn't had a dozen weeks in school. She should be given an education as she has great charm and potentialities. As it is, she hardly gets enough to eat.

There is severe unemployment and heart breaking, harsh poverty in Greece. Even many of the children who are helped have only one meal a day and go to bed hungry every night. The bed is some old rags on the dirt floor of a bleak shanty. There isn't much to do in the daytime except to sit and think how hungry they are. There's no use going through the garbage cans, for too many are doing that. And for lack of funds, the relief agency doesn't serve any meals at all on Saturdays and Sundays.

Children like Georgia can be "adopted" and properly fed, clothed and educated in Greece and all of the countries listed below. The cost to the contributor is the same in all—$10 a month. The child's name, address, picture and story is furnished the donor. The donor also can correspond with the "adopted" child.

COUNTRIES:

Austria, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Western Germany, American Indians.

For Information Write:
Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond 4, Virginia

I wish to "adopt" a boy..........girl..........for one year in .... I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year).
(Name Country)
Enclosed is payment for the full year............ first month............ Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $............................ Please send me further information.

Name..
Address..
City..*Zone*..........*State*.................

Gifts of any amount are welcome.
Gifts are deductible from income tax.

first step in a remarkable odyssey of relearning.

Transferred to the Oakland, California, U.S. Naval Hospital early in October, he began to try walking. By holding onto a bed or a chair he found he could swing his right leg forward. But without looking at it he couldn't tell where his leg was, whether it was dangling or whether he was putting weight on it. He learned how to dress himself, spent hours practicing how to tie his tie and his shoelaces with one hand.

A friend stationed in San Francisco heard that Paul was in the Oakland hospital and invited him out for a weekend.

"It was a strange visit," Paul says. "I couldn't talk or write and had to be helped in walking. My host and his wife had to do the talking. I nodded or made a few gestures with my left hand. I had a beer or two and listened to the radio. But I was thrilled to be a member of society again."

Paul's reading ability had not been destroyed. At first, though he could understand words and phrases, whole sentences often confused him. Then, gradually, his reading ability began to return without benefit of special training. But he was making no progress in speech.

He was flown to the great U. S. Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Insulted at being called a stretcher patient, he insisted on walking with a cane from the plane.

His wife and parents saw him for the first time since he was wounded. After the despair of the first terrible communications from the Navy, they were encouraged by his good spirits and the little gains he had made. But the road ahead was still uphill.

The speech area of his brain had been virtually destroyed. Dr. C. Hunter Shelden, brain surgeon at Bethesda, had his doubts that Major Ramos would ever talk again.

But Paul gestured and said "ba ba," his only syllables, so insistently that the doctor decided to let him try. Shelden asked Ensign Elaine Mikalson, an educational officer who was also a trained speech therapist, to work with Paul.

"When I arrived on his floor," she recalls, "I asked the corpsman to guide me to Ramos. I remember his shocked expression. 'Don't go near him,' he warned me, 'he's a devil. He won't even let me make his bed. He ruins all the inspections on this deck. He wants to do everything for himself.' "

Paul listened intently as Ensign Mikalson explained her mission. Then began the ordeal.

Paul watched how Elaine produced a simple sound—the lip movements, the shape of the mouth, the position of the tongue. Then, working with a mirror, he would try to mimic her.

The paralysis of half his face, including the right side of his tongue, didn't help matters. To help condition his vocal apparatus he practiced lip and tongue exercises.

The strain was enormous. Every sound mastered gave him a thrill. But once individual sounds were learned they had to be combined, slowly and painfully, into words.

One word came to Paul more or less as a gift. In a fit of temper he

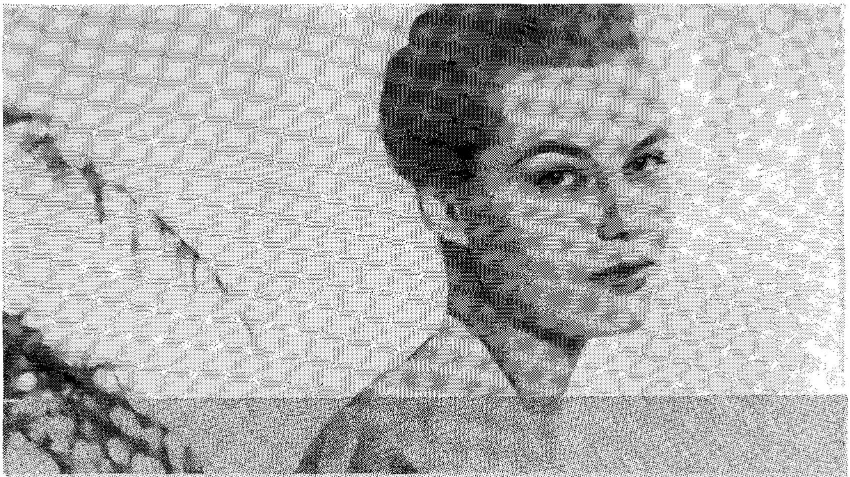
NOW! EASIER, SURER PROTECTION FOR YOUR MOST INTIMATE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

Tested by doctors . . . proved in hospital clinics

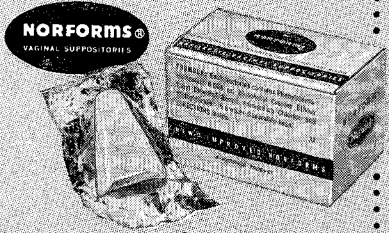
- **Antiseptic** (*Protective, germicidal action*) Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

- **Deodorant** (*Protection from odor*) Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

- **Convenient** (*So easy to use*) Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.



Tested by doctors . . . Trusted by women



A NORWICH PRODUCT

***FREE** informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-79
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name______________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street______________________________

City____________________Zone_____

State______________________________

burst out with "dammit." He was so delighted with his unexpected achievement that his anger immediately turned to glee. Words associated with strong emotion, he found out, are often among the first to come back to aphasia patients.

Between speech lessons Paul applied himself to two of the three Rs that did not come back automatically: writing and arithmetic. As his speech gained in clarity his writing gained in legibility. He reconquered mathematics and, gradually, his engineering vocabulary returned.

Conclusive tribute to his speech improvement came from Paul's mother who startled the Montana-born Elaine Mikalson one day at Bethesda by bursting into tears and wailing, "He talks just like a Northerner."

Paul still spoke haltingly. But with patience he could marshal the words he needed and get his thought across. He had forced his way out of the tomb of silence that had threatened to seal him in forever. And, as the medical authorities at Bethesda well knew, the miracle was that he could speak at all.

In March, 1946, Dr. Shelden operated to close his head wound by installing a tantalum plate.

But for all Paul's achievements he had won only a battle, not a war. He had more jolts coming.

His wife had joined him at Bethesda where they rented a cottage near the hospital. But their life was not the happiest. "I was a hard person to get along with," Paul says. After his discharge from Bethesda, they returned to New Orleans and she announced she wanted a divorce.

In January, 1949, Paul had another operation at Bethesda, this time a "tendon transplant" to stabilize his brace-held right foot and give it a better walking motion.

Back in New Orleans, he was ready for a try at job hunting. An employment agency told him of a company that needed a route salesman to sell insecticides, drugs and extracts to groceries, barrooms and sweet shops. He felt the contact with people would be a challenge. He applied for the job and got it, making 30 to 40 calls a day.

He has since held jobs as a quantity surveyor, clerk, statistical analyst, and assistant engineer at Jackson Barracks, Louisiana National Guard headquarters. For two years he worked as a successful real-estate salesman, and then he decided to run for state legislator on the Republican ticket. He had no opposition in the Republican primary, for few Republicans cared to face the inevitable defeat that has been their lot for decades in the Deep South.

There was no state-wide contest to generate interest. The party told Paul it could provide no financial support. There were no rallies to provide an audience, no TV time available.

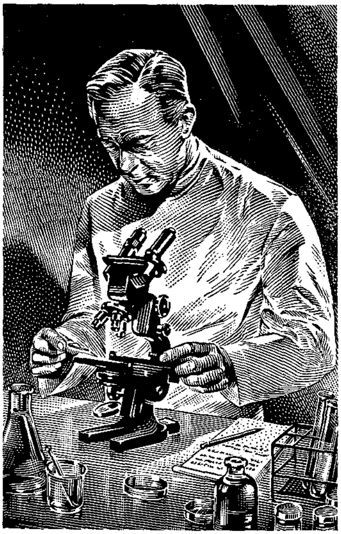
But Paul's idea was: "We have to stand up on our two hind legs and do something about the two-party system." As a result of this personal determination, when the Democratic incumbent was indicted the Republicans had a legally qualified candidate in the field to exploit the opportunity.

His party now decided to get behind Paul's campaign to the extent

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

**Finds Healing Substance
That Does Both —
Relieves Pain —
Shrinks Hemorrhoids**



For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

of $800 for posters, a sound truck and one mailing of campaign literature. Paul, who a few years before had had to force himself to meet people, did most of his campaigning door-to-door.

Refusing to exploit his physical liabilities, he chose not to explain his limp arm, his leg brace or his measured speech unless a voter asked about them. He stuck to campaign issues as he saw them.

At first he was ill at ease. But as he talked to voters and found them friendly listeners, he forgot his fears.

When election day came, Paul and a handful of workers had been able to canvass a mere fraction of his district. And, to nobody's surprise, he was beaten. But his showing made an old-line politician sit up and take notice. For he was defeated by 1,950 votes to 1,276, whereas, four years before, a GOP candidate for the same seat had been obliterated, 2,224 to 152.

Paul found great satisfaction in the results. Before the campaign ended, he had begun to enjoy the canvassing. And he had won impressive majorities in the precincts he had canvassed most heavily.

Shortly after the election, he told his personal story in a television interview. While his political colleagues watched with interest and his friends held their breaths, he answered questions about his recovery from aphasia in a deliberate but relaxed performance—another milestone people thought he would never reach.

He recently moved out of his parents' home, where he had been living, and set up his own apartment. He dresses, drives, cooks, eats and swims with increasing left-handed dexterity. He believes his experience has given him a deeper understanding of himself and a faith in others: "I like people, perhaps more than I used to. So many people helped me along the way."

His political plan is to continue to run for legislator in the hope of picking up additional strength each time until one day a GOP representative may sit in the Louisiana House.

The odds, he knows, are against him. But heavy odds hold a positive fascination for Paul Ramos. He has an old-fashioned answer for them: try, try again. And that he intends to do—with all the patience and determination of a man who refused to be struck dumb.

◆

PHOTO CREDITS: 8 Universal-International; 13 top Columbia Pictures, bottom Warner Bros.; 30 ABC-TV; 36-43, 114-123 Douglas Rodewald from Rapho-Guillumette; 74-75 Malak from Shostal; 76-77 Fred Lyon from Rapho-Guillumette; 77 right Axel Grosser; 78 left Shostal; 78-79 Ed Nowak from FPG; 79 right Herbert Lanks from Shostal; 80-81 A. Devaney; 81 right Winston Link from Frederic Lewis; 84, 87 Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; 86 Shostal; 124, 126 left, 127 Joe Clarke; 126 right Albert Lilly; 129 E. Cole from State of Missouri; 133 Brown Brothers; 136 INP; 139-40, 143 Gene Gordon.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

Liszt and His Music (13½ min.)

Franz Liszt—the "Prince of Pianists"—exemplified the romantic movement which swept Europe in the early nineteenth century. This film assesses the composer's magnificent musical achievements against a background of the Europe which inspired him and shaped his character. A stimulating introduction to Liszt and his place in the history of music. *High School—Music.*

The Napoleonic Era (13½ min.)

Through the eyes of a soldier who has lived and fought under Napoleon, we observe the creation of modern France. Filmed in Europe, *The Napoleonic Era* captures the significance of the major events of this turbulent period of French history—the campaigns, the seizure of power, and the final disintegration and collapse of the Grand Empire. *High School—World History.*

Adaptations of Plants and Animals (13½ min.)

By appealing directly to children's experiences, this film clarifies the meaning of "adaptation." The film's illustrations of adaptation are immediately recognizable by young viewers who have owned pets, visited the zoo, or observed plants. The result is a graphic, simple-to-understand account of the meaning and significance of an important scientific concept. *Intermediate—Science.*

Brahms and His Music (13½ min.)

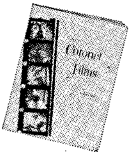
The controversies which raged over the music of Johannes Brahms are important to an understanding of the man and his work. This film clarifies the positions of the classical and romantic schools, since the characteristics of both were inherent in Brahms' compositions. We also hear selections from his music, some of which is the greatest ever written. *High School—Music.*

The Ancient Orient: The Far East (13½ min.)

This beautiful film traces the beginnings of culture and civilization in three ancient lands—India, China, and Japan. It visualizes their lasting contributions to the world—philosophy, religion, mathematics, the dance and drama—and shows the heritage and ideas which have shaped Oriental life from early times to the present day. *High School—World History.*

New CORONET FILMS for September 1957

The five CORONET films described below continue CORONET's proud tradition as the leading producer of the finest in educational motion pictures. Each will fill a long felt need in its area . . . will increase the effectiveness of classroom instruction. From more than 700 16mm sound motion pictures released by CORONET, educators may select those which best fit their teaching needs. CORONET continues to produce sixty new films a year.



Write for full information . . . about these and more than 700 other fine CORONET films available for classroom use, in either color or black-and-white. Simply use the coupon to request your copy of a 100-page catalogue containing descriptions of all CORONET films and complete information on purchase or rental of these fine motion pictures.

Coronet Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill.
The World's Largest Producer of Educational Films

Coronet Films, Department C-957
Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

☐ Please send me your new 100-page catalogue describing each of the more than 700 CORONET films available in color or black-and-white.

☐ I am interested in purchase.

☐ I am interested in rental.

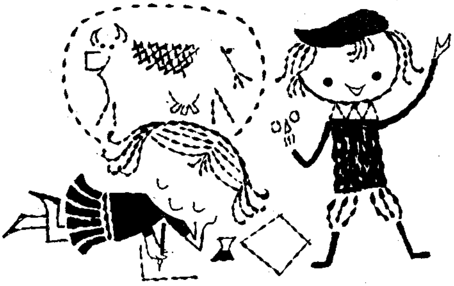
Name. . . . .

School or Organization. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . .Zone. . . . .State. . . . .

tales out of school



FROM THE composition of a fifth grader: "I want to be a veteran because of my likeness to animals."

"DEAR SIR," a youngster wrote to the editor of a country paper. "Can you tell me how long cows should be milked?"

His answer was: "Just the same as short cows."

FROM A ninth-grade English student: "Glue is what envelopes will stick better if they have more of it on."

A SIXTH-GRADER's essay on his plans for the future: "After going to the moon, I would like to travel."

TWO WORRIED PARENTS were discussing the possibility of having their unawakened ten-year-old attend classes in sex education at his school. The lad disposed of this notion in one sentence: "I don't want it if there's any homework."

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Jimmy came home from school at lunch time, flushed with excitement. "Guess what, Mother? After recess, Miss Morton told me to put on my coat and go downstairs to get some gravel and stuff for our class terrarium and when I went into the school yard, there was nobody in the yard—and, Mother, I could've escaped!"

FROM THE composition of a high school senior: "Last week was Open School Week. We did *Hamlet* in class. A lot of parents came. Some of them had seen it before, but they laughed just the same."

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Suzie was crazy about school, while her six-year-old sister was somewhat less than enthusiastic.

"Let's play school," suggested Suzie one day.

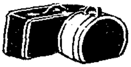
"All right," the younger one agreed grudgingly, "but let's play I'm absent."

A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL social studies teacher reports: "One night while playing my sons' favorite song, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' I was amazed at the words they were singing . . . 'He has trampled out the vineyards where the grapes were wrapped and stored.' "

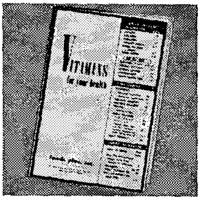
—ABRAHAM LASS

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



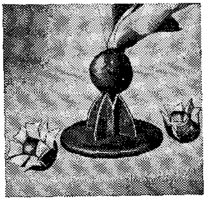
NEW VITAMIN BOOKLET



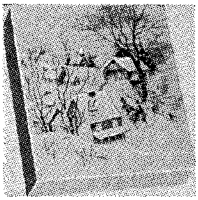
A free booklet is now available on the uses of vitamins for infants, children, teen-agers, average adults, older people and special categories. This booklet also shows how to save up to 50% by buying vitamins direct from manufacturer. For your free copy, send post card with the words "vitamin booklet" to Foods Plus, Dept. 202, New York 36, N. Y.

QUICK, DECORATIVE RADISHES—50¢

Just one push of the radish on this ingenious little plastic device and like magic—a perfect rose of a radish! Quick, safe, automatic . . . easy to clean! No sharp knives. Now serve radish roses on every relish plate! Rosebud Radish Maker only 50¢, postage paid. Guaranteed or money back! Order from Sunset House, 1418 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



MAKE $50-$75-$100 EXTRA MONEY



Start a Greeting Card & Gift Shop at Home. Show New Style assortments in spare time. Profits to $1.00 per box. Bonus. Fund Raising, Party Plans. Write today for Feature boxes on approval, 64 Free Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery, Free Selling Guide, Amazing Free Offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 933, Mass.

NEW FUR CAPE FOR $22.95 . . .

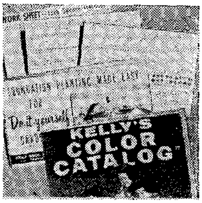
made from your old fur coat by Morton's, World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. $22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 12 pg. style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-W, Washington, D.C.

SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators," amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dept. C97, Brockton 68, Mass.

FREE TO HOMEOWNERS

"Do-It-Yourself" Landscape Kit incl.: Foundation Planting Guide for every home; Cutouts of plants, trees, hedges, etc.; Scaled Worksheet to "lay out" home landscape easily, quickly; Plus new Fall Color Catalog of perennials, shrubs, shade & fruit trees, berry plants, etc.—all guar. to thrive. Write: Kelly Bros., Dansville, COR-9, N.Y. (50¢ West of Miss.)



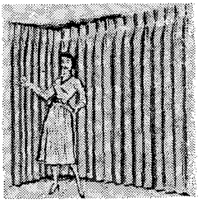
DAY-N-NIGHT MARKER $4.95

EARL L. SMITH
343

Your name & number gleam on both sides of your Day-n-Night Marker, in permanent raised letters that shine at night! White letters, black background; baked enamel on rustproof aluminum. Wrought aluminum frame. Shipped in 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $4.95 ppd. Spear Engineering Co., 640 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES

Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Color Swatch Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes, 245SS-2 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey.



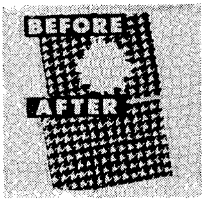
(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 164

Norman Vincent Peale
STAY Alive ALL YOUR LIFE

STAY ALIVE ALL YOUR LIFE

Norman Vincent Peale shows you how to put doubt, fear and frustration out of your life—how to *achieve lifetime* happiness and security. Dr. Peale's new Action plan helps you meet everyday problems with new *courage and hope. $3.95.* Send no money. Write Prentice-Hall, Dept. 601, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, for free-trial copy.



MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

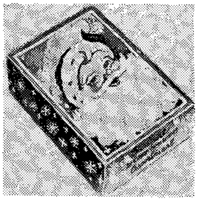
Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver *in your community. Make* cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. *Steady demand from tai*lors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabrico, Dept. 399, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, *Illinois.*

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index *dividers incl. Guar. or* money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Check-Safe, Sunset House, 1416 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



EXTRA MONEY WITH CHRISTMAS CARDS

Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends, neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. *We'll include free catalog* with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown, 11 E. 26th *St., Dept. U-219, N. Y. 10.*

Silver

WHILE ATTENDING COLLEGE I worked part time at the local county home for the aged. Although I was sorry for most of the people I met there, one little old lady seemed to defy anyone to pity her.

One day I asked her if I might buy some of the beautiful lace she made. But she declined, saying proudly that it was for her daughter. Since I had noticed she never had company, I asked why her daughter didn't come to see her.

"I guess she is ashamed," she said. "You see, she put me here after I turned my home over to her."

Shocked and puzzled, I asked why she was making gifts for a daughter who had done such a thing. The

SHORTHAND
in
4 DAYS

WRITE SHORTHAND IN 4 DAYS

Get Abreviatrix, the amazingly simple shorthand, using the alphabet. Explained in four easy-to-understand lessons. Not a correspondence course, one book only. Fine for school and office. Highly recommended. Comp. course—with Practice Handbook to develop speed—$2.98, ppd. Free lit. Satisfaction guar. Fineline Co. (Dept. 416) *303 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16.*

Linings

little old lady looked at me as though she were surprised I didn't understand. "Why, I know she must be miserable," she explained, "and I want her to know I forgive her."

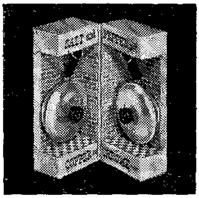
—CAROL HAMILTON

NEAR THE END of my first year of teaching I was hospitalized with a serious illness. When the worst was over I received a package that looked like a roll of wrapping paper. I opened it to discover to my delight that it was a letter 30 feet long on which each one of my 150 students had written a message of good cheer.

Of all the messages it contained, one was probably more responsible for raising my sagging spirits than

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only; satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 467 Brockton, Massachusetts.



SKILLET SALT-PEPPER SET

Decorate your table with the new Copper 'n Chrome salt-&-pepper set. Perfect miniature skillets, they measure 5 inches long and have copper bottoms and chrome tops. Comes in unusual book-type gift box. Send $1.25 for Skillet Set and catalog of similar gifts postpaid. Adriane, Inc., 7-814 Finch Building, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use, University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. M-26, Wilmette, Ill.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591, Lynn 480, Massachusetts.

FAMILY PIANO LESSONS

Play piano with proven successful short cut method that teaches you to play songs in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. H-301, New York 36, N. Y.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L925M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

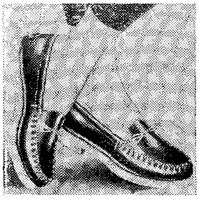
(*Continued on next page*)

SENT FREE!

Buy Direct From The World's Largest Doll Catalog And Save Up To 50%! See the newest dolls and toys for girls and boys of all ages. Never before such a complete selection—never before such outstanding buys! To save most on dolls and toys—don't delay—send for your catalog today. Write to Niresk Industries, Inc., Dept. DE-1, Chicago 40, Ill.

SIZES 3 TO 13, AAAAA TO EEE

Like walking on air! Women of all ages will revel in the satisfying comfort of these handlaced moccasins. Perfect fitting! Light, buoyant foam crepe soles, soft leather, flexible — smartly styled for casual living. Guaranteed. 24 hour delivery! Smoke, White, Red, Brown. Factory to you: $5.95 plus 50¢ post. Moccasin-Craft, 65-JP Mulberry, Lynn, Mass.

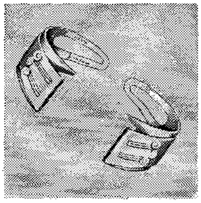


MAKE MONEY—SELL HOOVER UNIFORMS

Show nationally-known Hoover Uniforms to waitresses, beauticians, maids, nurses, others; make good money every day. They'll fall in love with Hoover smart styling, fine quality, wonderful values. You don't need experience. Work part time. Have fun, make new friends. Beautiful Style Presentation free. Write: Hoover, Dept. JG-91, 251 W. 19 St., New York 11.

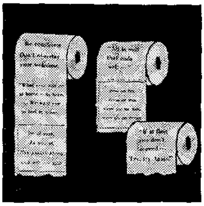
WATCH BAND PREVENTS DERMATITIS

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only $4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.



FUN FILLED TOILET TISSUE—$1

Laughin' bathroom tissue will dress up any john. Great for gag gifts. Makes your guests sit up and take notice. A silly saying is printed on each sheet with non-irritating ink. "Do it yourself", and 100 other sayings! Guar. or money back! 3 different rolls only $1 postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 1417 Sunset Bldg. Hollywood 46, California.



Silver Linings continued

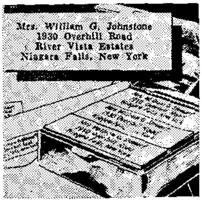
all the rest combined. It was from Eugene, a boy whom I felt I had not "reached" in the classroom. Eugene had all the natural ability needed to be a top athlete and scholar, but for some reason he refused to exert himself. I had spent most of the year trying to stimulate him to work harder, but it seemed only to make him more surly and uncooperative. I felt I had failed utterly until I read his message: "Dear Mr. Mastbaum: If there's anything I can do, I'd like to help. Maybe I can help by promising to try to be what you want and to make up for my bad behavior. I'll even apologize to you in front of the whole class if you will only get well and come back."

Eugene's earnest face was the first one I really saw the day I returned to my class. —SOL MASTBAUM

THE GALLANTRY of small children is often remarkable. Not long ago we had to tell our son Jonathan, who is seven, that he is suffering from a disease of the hip bone, and will have to wear a leg brace for at least a year. As this meant he could not ride his "good ole bike," or run or

1000 PERSONAL LABELS $1

Any 3 orders $2 ppd. Up to 4 lines printed with name and address on finest glossy gummed paper. Padded. Plastic Box Free! Personalize stationery, checks, etc. 1000 only $1. Special Offer — any 3 different orders $2. Over 1,000,000 satisfied customers! Money back guarantee. Regal Labels, 987 Regal Bldg., Mar Vista 66, California.



jump or otherwise conduct himself in his usual manner, we expected, at the very least, a storm of tears and a long, painful evening of trying to explain something we didn't understand too well ourselves.

Jonathan was quiet for a while when we told him. Then he asked, "A year's a pretty long time, isn't it?"

"Yes," we said. "It will be until after next Thanksgiving."

"Can't ride my bike?" he asked, with just a hint of a quiver.

"No," we said. "You see, that bone's got to grow."

"Well," and he sighed deeply, "I guess the leg bone's just gotta get connected to the thigh bone." And that was it.

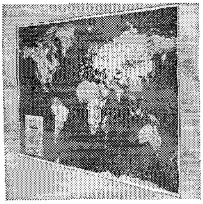
We talked of other things for a while and then we left him. Soon he was sleeping soundly. And we have yet to hear him complain.

—MRS. OSCAR WILD

WHILE SHOPPING in a small Connecticut department store last December, I watched two little boys who were quite obviously selecting a Christmas present for their dad at the gift counter. After careful consideration they held up their choice and asked the clerk, "How much?"

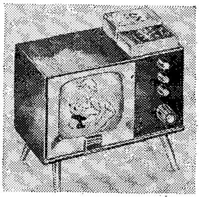
GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-9, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.



MAKE EXTRA MONEY FROM GIFTS

Easy to earn $50 or more in spare time. Show friends "Tiny TV" Salt & Pepper Set, 200 other unusual Gifts and newest Christmas Cards. Keep up to 50¢ on $1 sales; $1.25 profit on $1.95 box! Get free Personal Album, 4 assortments on approval, $1.25 Tiny TV Free on 15-day offer! Midwest Cards, 1113 Washington, Dept. 428-K, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

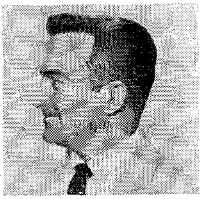


XMAS CARDS FROM YOUR 35MM COLOR

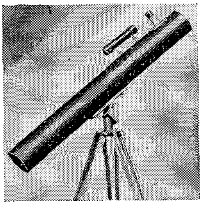
100 supersize 2½ x 3¾ color enlarg. from 35 mm, 828 or stereo color slide, $12.95 incl. postage. Superb qual. History-making low price. Self-sticking back—instant mounting. Beaut. Xmas cards for mounting prints, 25 for $2.50. Sept. orders — 25 extra prints free. Seeing is believing. Send 10¢ for samples. Color-Chrome, Dept. C-1, Box 231, Barrington, Ill.

SECRET HEARING AID

New Dahlberg "Magic-Ear II" Hearing Aid worn completely at ear. ⅓ oz. with batteries. Fits snugly. Stays securely in place for any type of activity. Full 4-transistor power. Wide hearing range. No noise. Nothing worn on body. Matches hair color. Inconspicuous. Free Booklet. Write: The Dahlberg Co., Dept. I-41, Minneapolis 27, Minn.



120 POWER ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE



See stars, moon, planets close up. Reflecting Telescope, same type famous Mt. Palomar. 60 & 120 power, 3" dia. aluminized mirror. Incl.: Optical Finder; Tripod with Equatorial Mount; Star Chart; Astronomy Book. Order Stock #85,050-DM-send check for $29.50 f.o.b. Barrington. Money back guar. Write for Free Catalog DM. Edmund Scientific Co., Barrington, N.J.

REK-O-KUT BOOKLET—"TRUE" HI-FI!

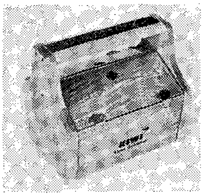
Learn how "hi-fi" owners prevent excessive record wear, get "true hi-fi" sound on modern, handsome high fidelity turntables; just like broadcast studios do. Simple home test helps you avoid a costly mistake in your high fidelity system. Send today for Free colorful booklet and strobe. Rek-O-Kut Rondine Turntables, 3801 Queens Blvd., L. I. C., N. Y.

(*Continued on next page*)

$1 DELIVERS UNDERWOOD & LIGHT

1957 Underwood portable delivered immediately for just $1.00 down, then $1.50 weekly; 24 months to pay! Every modern feature! Includes electric light, carrying-case, booklets "Earn Extra Money Typing at Home" & "Typing Instruction"! Students, Mom & Dad will love the Underwood! Send only $1.00 now. Scot Typewriter Co., Dept. 500, 1 Beekman St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

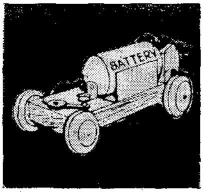
MAKE SHOE SHINING EASY



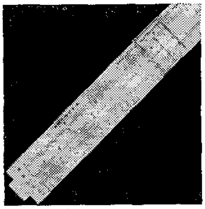
With Kiwi Shoe Groomer. Useful gift for family or friends. 2 giant 50¢ cans Kiwi Boot Polish (black and brown), 1 can Kiwi Neutral polish, 2 buffer brushes (val. $1 ea.) 2 shine cloths in handsome, white birch case, with comb. handle & rubber foot rest. Big value $5.95 ppd. Rittenhouse Enterprises, 33 Rittenhouse Blvd., Norristown, Pa.

MINIATURE HOT ROD

For young speed demons to build and race. Hot Rod can be put together with hammer and screwdriver. Kit contains powerful electric motor, wheels, body, controls and easy-to-follow instructions. Powered by flashlight battery, not included. A great little racer with Plenty of Zip! Send $1 for each postpaid. The Electric Game Co., 10 Lyman St., Holyoke, Mass.



HANDY 10-INCH SLIDE RULE



For the student, handyman, housewife, mechanic, salesman, everybody. Calculates instantly, accurately. Multiply, divide, find roots, proportions, compute bills, commissions, formulas, etc. "Highvision" Clearview slide shows correct answer immediately. $1 postpaid, with Free 28-page Instruction Book. Larch, 118 East 28, Dept. 60-A, New York 16.

BABY SHOE BRONZING SPECIAL

Midsummer Special! Baby's first shoes gorgeously bronze-plated in solid metal (not painted imitation) only $3.98 pr. Also smart metal Portrait Stand (shown), Bookends, TV Lamps at great savings. Perfect gift for Dad, Grandparents. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for Free mailing bag, details American Bronzing Co. Box 6504-L, Bexley, Ohio.

Silver Linings continued

When she answered, "Ninety-eight cents," they said in unison, "We'll take it."

As their purchase was being wrapped, the older boy removed a dollar bill from his wallet and handed it to the clerk who said, "That will be $1.01; there's three cents tax." Taken by surprise, the happiness left their faces as they fished through their pockets for another penny. Instinctively I took one from my purse and started toward the boys. But the saleslady beat me to it. "This will be enough," she said with a smile. Greatly relieved the young shoppers accepted their package.

I was a happy mother as I gave the clerk the penny in my hand and followed my sons out of the store.

—MARIE E. MARTIN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," *Coronet* Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

NUTRIA . . . NEWEST OPPORTUNITY

New fur-bearing animal now being bred in U.S. Offers huge profits to breeders. 15 to 20 young per year. 1½¢ per day to feed. *Any Climate, disease* resistant. The Cabana Marrone strain is obtainable Only through Cabana Nutria, Inc., and its authorized dealers & distributors. For free booklet write: Cabana Nutria, Inc., 636-C W. Lemon Ave., Arcadia, Calif.

SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONERS

RETIRE In Mexico On $150 A Month or less in resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65-80°. Or maintain lux. villa, servants, All expenses $200-250 mo. Am.-Eng. colony on Lake Chapala. 30 min. to city of ½ million, medical center. Schools, arts, sports. Airlines, train, bus, paved roads all the way. Full-time servants, maids, cooks, $7 to $15 a mo.; filet mignon 50¢ lb.; coffee 45¢; gas 17¢ gal. Houses $10 mo. up. No fog, smog, confusion, jitters. Serene living among considerate people. For exactly how Americans are living in world's most perfect climate on $50 to $250 a mo., mail $2.00 for complete current information, photos and facts, from Am. viewpoint (Pers. Chk. OK) to Bob Thayer, File 9, Ajijic, Jal., Mexico.

EUROPEAN tours, groups, individuals. 10-18 countries, 50-78 days: $895-$1195. Tourist ships, luxury motor coaches, excellent hotels, meals; expertly conducted. Britain, Scandinavia, Italy on all tours. Midwest Tours, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota.

FOR THE HOME

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save about Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book, write: Olson Rug Co., Dept. P-41, Chicago 41, Illinois.

CLEARO prevents steam, fog, rain, ice on windshields & eyeglasses for days. Prevents steam inside of w'shields, mirrors & windows 15 days with one application. Money back guar. Mail $1 for year's supply. Clearo, 1194 Market St., San Francisco 2, Cal.

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds —50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, Dept. K, 390 Nye Avenue, Irvington, N. J.

FOR THE WOMEN

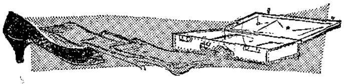
TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No selling. Free details: Jud-San, Box 2107, Dept. I-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

FUR-REMODELING. Send for free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only $22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resew weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. B-14, New York 1, N. Y.

EARN $50 Fast sewing precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26 Wisconsin.

WIDE Shoes for Women that are smart and comfortable. See America's largest selection right in your own home. Choose from all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE, only $4.95 to $10.95, comfort, fit guar. Write for free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.



FREE shoe style booklet for Narrow Feet! New Fall-Winter fashions, widths to AAAAAA (6A's—count 'em), sizes to 12. Order by mail—perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Write for Booklet A: Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57 St., New York, N.Y.

GIVEN without one penny cost to your Church or Group—Sensational 48-cup Automatic Electric Percolator. Just have 10 members each sell only five bottles Famous Flavoring. No money needed, ever. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, 2410 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

MAKE pre-cut leather items at home profitably. Write Crown Industries, Dept. 1, Los Angeles 36, California.

TALL girl nylon stockings direct from mill. Special knit for perfect fit. Money-bk. guar. Lovely sheer Seam-free Microfilms, colors Beige & Sun. Sizes 10½, 11, 11½, 12. 3 prs. only $3. Write, savings other styles, too. Halbro, Snow Shoe, Pa., Dept. 151.

MAKE Money Spare Time, Sewing Babywear—Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Moccasins; New Baby Sandals. Make $50-$100 and more fast, easy! No house selling! Rush stamped, addressed envelope. Cutie Cuties, Warsaw 151, Indiana.

ATTRACTIVE traveling position open for ambitious lady to sell church advertising. High income possible for hard worker. Northern states only. For personal interview state your qualifications. Write: Church Digest, Box 350, Hopkins, Minnesota.

FOR THE FAMILY

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1359, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR PET OWNERS

ALLIGATOR, live baby harmless—be the only one in your neighborhood with a real live alligator. Send $5.00 ppd. to Alley Farm, P.O. Box 303, Miami Shores, Florida. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 164

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. *Kodacolor developing 85¢; prints* 27¢. Kodachrome: 35 mm processing, 20 exposures—$1.45; 36 exposures—$2.25. 8 mm movie rolls $1.25; 8mm magazines—85¢. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

KODACHROME, Ektachrome, Anscochrome processed & mounted. 35 mm 20 ex. $1.25; 12 ex. roll films $1.35. Finest color control. Mailers. Above 3 35mm films, 20 ex. rolls, 3 for $4.25. Great Lakes Photo Service, Box 5468, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

FREE King Size Prints to prove our black & white photo finishing brings out the snap and quality of your films. Send this ad with roll of film plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Perfect Film Service, Dept. CO-97, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

COLOR Processing—Quality Work—Low cost—Kodacolor roll developed 75¢. Prints 25¢ each. 35mm Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Ektachrome 20-Exp. $1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mail-N-Save, Box 310-C, Quincy 69, Mass.

COLOR film processing deserves the best. Anscochrome, Super Anscochrome, Ektachrome; 35 mm 20 exp.; 2¼; Superslides; 127; all above mounted $1.25. Unmounted $1. Kodachrome processed by Kodak 20 exp. $1.50. Write for free film mailing bags. Colorfax Laboratories, Inc., Silver Spring R, Maryland.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Super Anscochrome, Ektachrome. 2½x3½-25¢ 3½x5-45¢ 5x7-$1 8x10-$2 11x14-$4.95. Kodacolor prints 32¢. Money-back guarantee. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories Inc., Silver Spring K, Md.

COLOR SLIDES

170,000 COLOR-SLIDES in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9¢ for 88 page catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

PILGRIM, better quality color slides by Henry Cobb Shaw. Free 100-pg. catalog; thousands of appealing subjects: U.S., East Coast, United Nations, National Parks, Indians, West Indies, Europe. Write Pilgrim Productions, 105-8 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

ONLY 10¢ brings you 115 unusual stamps from all 5 continents incl. Airmails, Dead Countries, Old Classics, Pictorials, etc. Value over $2.00, to *introduce our superb Approvals of all U. S. and* Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 04.

GIGANTIC Collection Free—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5¢ for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10¢ for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

FREE 400 genuine postage stamps! Worth $10.00 at catalogue prices. Africa-Europe-Asia-British Emp.—a fascinating, valuable mixture from foreign convents, banks, etc. Who knows what you will find! Also Free helpful Collectors Handbook. Adults only. Approvals enclosed. Frasek Co., CR, White Plains, N.Y.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. *General Contest Bulletin*, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

AUTHORS! We can help you gain recognition. We will publish your manuscript—edit, design, promote, advertise and sell it. Low subsidies, good royalties. Send for free booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO-9, 200 Varick Street, New York City 14, N. Y.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my *service. Free invention protection forms.* Miss Ann Hastings, P.O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

INVENTORS—Send for free Patent Information book and Inventor's Record. Registered Patent Attorney. Associate Examiner, Patent Office 1922-29; Patent Attorney & Advisor, Navy Dept. 1930-47, Gustave Miller, 97C Warner Bldg., Washington 4, D.C.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: Sept. 20 for Dec. issue: Oct. 20 for Jan. issue.)

FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF FANS

LEATHERCRAFT. Easy to make Belts, Gloves, Purses, Billfolds, etc. with Larson kits. Free Illustrated Catalog includes tools, supplies, books. Also Metalcraft and Woodcraft. J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp. Dept. 7060C, Chicago 24, Illinois.

FUND RAISING

RAISE $50 to $500 or more—quickly with big value Christmas, Everyday greeting card assortments, Gift Wrappings, Gifts, Costume Jewelry, Stationery, Imprinted Christmas Cards. Big profits. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval. Free Gift Offer, details. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-13, New York.

NEW Christmas Card Selling Plan saves money for friends; earns more for you! Sell Exclusive New Christmas Cards at discount. You make full profit—up to $1 per box! $100 easy in spare time. 250 finest Card and Gift sellers. No experience needed. Get 50-page Personals Album Free, assortments on approval, $1.25 gift Free for prompt action. Cardinal, 1400 State, Dept. 57-D, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLUBS and Church Groups, earn $100 to $500 cash plus 24 handsome sturdy card tables. No deposit. No risk. In 17 years have satisfied over 3,000 plan users. Write for details, F. W. Mathers, Advertising Card Tables, Dept. C.T., Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-J, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room CR-22-K. Chicago 26, Illinois.

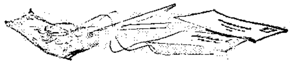
RUN spare-time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1957 Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 15, Ferndale, Michigan.

START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room CM-22-J, Chicago 26, Ill.

MAKE extra money selling fast-selling line: gifts, toys, collector's items, household wares, greeting cards. Ideal for direct selling, home gift shops, or parties. Write for free money-making catalog. North Star, 7-535 Finch Bldg., St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11¢ brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room CL-22-J, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Ill.

SPARE-TIME Cash! Send in friends' orders for Elliott's Prize Winning, bargain Christmas & Everyday greeting card assortments; imprinted stationery; gifts. Sample kit on approval! Free gift for promptness. Elliott Greeting Card, 427 Ridge, Elyria, Ohio.



MAKE big profits making costume jewelry at home in spare time! Sell to friends, neighbors, stores, everyone. Quick, easy to make; easier to sell! Details Free! Don-Bar, 3511 W. Armitage, Dept. J-112, Chicago 47, Illinois.

EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabrico, 6222-N Sheridan, Chicago 26, Illinois.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-22, Chicago 32, Illinois.

$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical used by Airforce snuffs out fire instantly. Only $4.95. Terrific commissions. Millions want it. Free kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept X-58A, New York 16, N. Y.

BARGAIN Catalog! 30-80% Discount! Appliances, Gifts, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, Clifton 18, New Jersey.

ANYONE Can Sell famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. J-131, New York 11, New York.

FLORIDA Keys—Waterfront lots, 75x110, only $100 down and $50 per month—in fastest growing Florida Keys community. For complete information, prices, write Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

BUY Bargains! Resell At Big Profits. Brand name—Appliances, cookware, housewares, watches, Jewelry, dry goods, clothing, sporting goods, toys, gifts, etc. Free 1958 color catalog. Merit Home Products, Dept. COR-9, 107 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

CHRISTMAS Cards—impressive albums of Deluxe and Popular-Priced greetings with customer's name imprinted. 150 lavish designs for Business and Personal use. Wide selection for every taste and budget. You can earn $300 to $500 commissions—even in spare time—between now and Christmas. Sales experience unnecessary. We furnish free fully equipped sales kit complete with albums and easy-to-follow selling instructions. Dependable service guaranteed by old established manufacturer. Write Process Corp., 1952 S. Troy, Dept. EF, Chicago 23, Illinois.

OPPORTUNITY For You! Earn $25-$50 or more per week, making & selling candy from your home. Ideal for retired couple or family. Season starting soon. Rush 25¢ in coin for details to Dottie's Home Made Candy, Box 131, Sta. I, Toledo, Ohio.

(Continued on next page)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES (Cont'd)

$25 A Day Easy With 60% Profit. Friends and neighbors will thank you for demonstrating new beauty tips and most glamorous ways to use famous Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics. Information I send you quickly qualifies you as a Beauty Advisor so you can make up to $25 or more a day to start—or $5.00 an hour for spare time. If you write me today I will include actual samples for which you pay nothing—now or ever. Send name—letter or postcard—to me personally. Harry Taylor, President, Studio Girl Cosmetics, Dept. 1879K, Glendale, California.

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-957, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

SEND name for sensational Feature Christmas Card Assortment on approval plus Free samples Personal Cards. Many make $50 to $500 showing thrilling designs everybody wants. 76 ways to make extra money. Wallace Brown, Dept. U-220, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10.

WILL you wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to $30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. J. C. Field & Son, Inc., Dept. N-1834, Harrison & Throop Sts., Chicago 7, Ill.

MOTEL—RESORT Management—Qualify for hundreds fascinating, leisurely, well-paid executive openings. Learn at home. Free booklet. Motel Managers Training School N119C, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

GROW Living Miniature Trees. Only inches high! Beaut. Home decorations. Grow own exotic miniature forest & orchard (tiny fruit to pick & eat). Fascinating money-making oppt'y. Free rare seeds & Secrets Plan. Miniature Nurseries, Dept. SR, Gardena, Calif.

FREE Folder, "How to Make $3000 Yearly, Sparetime, Backyard, Raising Earthworms!" Included free for gardeners: "How Domesticated Earthworms Converted Our Barren Soil Into A Profusely Beautiful Flower Bed." Write: Oakhaven 60, Cedar Hill, Texas.

NEED Extra Money? $50.35 yours for selling only 53 boxes of our Christmas Card Lustre Line. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Some folks made $150-$250-$500. Costs nothing to try. Colonial Studios, Inc., Dept. 639, White Plains, N. Y.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10.00 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabrico, 6220-N Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

WOMEN'S Hosiery. Unusual oppt'y to buy at discount prices. Save 40% on seamless; sheers; service; cotton soles; non-runs; surgical hose. Over 25 styles. Free discount price list info—easy re-selling plan. Fields Hosiery, 95 Chauncy, Boston, Mass. Est. 1929.

IF you want to earn money fast, I'll send you Free Sample Stocking Of newest Stretch DuPont Nylons to sell at only $1 a pair. American Mills, Dept. 622, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

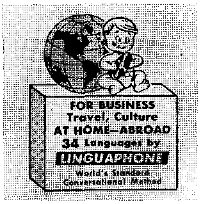
HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury, Gold Coins. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

HANDWRITING Analysis reveals how others see you and whether you are making the most of your potentialities. A personal analysis sent upon receipt of $1 and specimen in ink. Greco, 1363 Jerome, New York 52, N. Y.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

LISTEN & LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Speak any of 34 languages almost overnight right at home. Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method, brings you native language teachers on life-like recordings. Used internationally by schools, colleges, govts. Over a million home study students. Write for Free book. Linguaphone Institute, T-343-097 Radio City, New York 20, New York.



LEARN "BY EAR" WHILE YOU SLEEP

New, scientific shortcut to learning—amazing Dormiphonics invention works for you awake and asleep. Speeds up learning a language, facts, figures, correct speech. Ideal for public speakers. So simple, saves time, effort. Used by educators, psychologists. Find out about Dormiphonics, write for free book. Modernophone, Inc., 348-097 Radio City, N.Y. 20.

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

INDIANA Technical College—B.S. degree in 27 mo. Engineering, Aero., Chem., Civil, Elec., Mech. & Electronics (inc. Radio & TV.) B.S. in 36 mo. (Math., Chem., Physics.) Prep courses. Enter Dec., March, June, Sept. 9597 E. Wash. Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks. Age no obstacle. Lowest cost. Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 34th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write today for free booklet which gives full details—and free sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly you can learn Speedwriting shorthand. School of Speedwriting, Dept. 4909-7, 55 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

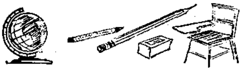
Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

HOME INSTRUCTION

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

CALVERT School—Educate your child at home. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Start any time. 52nd yr. Catalog. 690 E. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Maryland.

***INTERIOR** Decoration: Approved supervised home* study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payment. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1416, Chicago 14, Ill.



***ACCOUNTING**—Unusual opportunity now due to* shortage of men and women accountants. La Salle can prepare you quickly in spare time at home by famous Problem Method—you learn Accounting by doing. No previous bookkeeping experience necessary. All La Salle instructors are CPA's and expert accountants. Accounting offers top pay—secure future. Get all the facts—send for Sample Lesson and Free illustrated book, "Opportunities in Accounting," which describes the opportunities in this profitable field, and how you can take advantage of them. Low cost, easy terms. Write La Salle Extension University, A Corrrespondence Institution, Dept. H 824, 417 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois.

DRESS design: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1416, Chicago, Illinois.

FINISH High School at home—no classes. Standard text furnished; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, *write for free catalog.* Wayne School, Dept. HGX-9, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Illinois.

"**HOW** To Make Money With Simple Cartoons"—A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free: no obligation. Simply address Cartoonists' Exchange, Dept. 1029, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

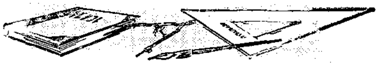
ENGLISH Course for Adults—With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes—speak & write effectively. 15 minutes a day at home. Free 32 p. booklet. D. O. Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 299, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Illinois.

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5497-P, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

COMPLETE Your High School at home in spare time with 60-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Booklet free. Write American School, Dept. X617, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

***WANTED:** More new writers for TV-radio, maga*zines, business and social publications. Learn at home for extra income or exciting full time career. Many students earn while learning. Professional instruction. Send for free book of opportunities and free typical lesson. Send now before you forget. Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CM-97, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

STUDENTS—Do you have study problems? Need better grades? The Maxwell Simplified Study Method will help you. Simple, efficient, proven. Of value to anyone who studies. Only one dollar, to Study Methods, P.O. Box 419, Pacific Grove, California.

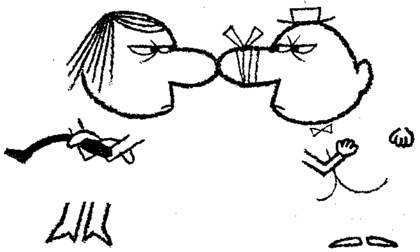


DRAFTING. Learn quickly in spare time. Opportunities unlimited! Highest salaries! Many leaders in industry have used drafting as their key to success. *So can you! Free Success Book. G.I. approved.* Cleveland Engineering Institute, 6304 Euclid, Cleve. 6, O.

LEARN fascinating, profitable Invisible Reweaving at home. $10 earnings in an hour possible making tears, holes, disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabrico, 6224-N Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO RESORT & TRAVEL READERS AND ADVERTISERS: A New Resort and Travel Section, including advertisements with photographs, will be added to the Coronet Family Shopper beginning with the October Issue of Coronet (closing for November ads, August 20). Advertisers interested, please write Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York.

they called it justice



by Will Bernard

It may surprise you to learn that a judge sat through a case in a state Supreme Court that was officially reported in part as follows:

"The Plaintiff's attorneys then asked the Defendant's attorneys what they intended to do, and, in answer, the Defendant's attorneys asked the attorneys for the Plaintiff what they intended to do. Thereupon the court inquired of the Plaintiff's attorneys what they intended to do. To which they replied they would like to have the court suggest what they had better do. The court then asked the Defendant's attorneys what they intended to do, and the Defendant's attorneys replied they intended to stand upon the Defendant's rights. The Plaintiff's attorneys then requested the court adjourn until Friday."

So, in the light of the above, it will probably not surprise you to learn that a judge in a Pennsylvania county court rendered the following decision:

"Proceedings for divorce instituted by husband against wife. Charge: cruel and barbarous treatment.

She his second.

He her second.

Her dowry to him five ready-made children.

His contribution to her the same number.

None added since.

She, without a vestige of feminine loveliness.

He, without a mark of masculine attraction.

From start to finish, an inexplicable and hopeless connubial absurdity.

One averred ground for divorce, her cruel and barbarous treatment.

Another, indignities to his person.

Only proved instance of former, his nose broken by her use of a stove lifter.

Only proved instance of latter, her unladylike behavior in the privacy of nuptial privilege.

Nose possibly broken in self-defense, as she testified.

Unladylike behavior possibly incited by his own lack of good manners.

No course of bad treatment found on one side more than on the other.

Blame balanced as six and half a dozen.

Mutually mean.

He mean enough to seek divorce.

She mean enough to resist.

Parties too much alike ever to have been joined in marriage.

Also, too much alike to be separated by divorce.

Having made their own bed, must lie down in it.

Decree refused."

"My daddy goes a hundred thousand million miles away sometimes, but he always calls us up and makes us feel good."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

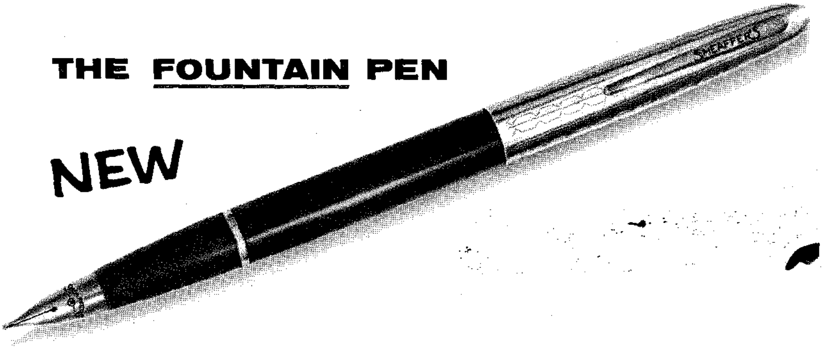
Station-to-Station Rates

For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Baltimore to New York	55¢	15¢
Milwaukee to Des Moines	75¢	20¢
Indianapolis to Memphis	85¢	25¢
Los Angeles to Seattle	$1.35	35¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

THE FOUNTAIN PEN
NEW
THAT FILLS LIKE A BALLPOINT



Skrip CARTRIDGE
SHEAFFER'S
FIVE PACK
Skrip

Just drop
Skrip cartridge
into barrel,
and write!

Away with ink bottles and mop-up filling! Sheaffer's new Cartridge Pen is tops for clean filling, easy writing. The point is a genuine Sheaffer. That means you choose the exact writing style that fits you best. Before school starts, stop at your Sheaffer dealer's, choose your favorite color. The "875" model shown.

Extra Skrip
cartridges
in handy
5-pack, 49¢

SHEAFFER'S®
CARTRIDGE PEN

NO OTHER PEN SO PERFECT FOR

$\$8^{75}$ • $\$5^{00}$ • $\$2^{95}$

When it comes to writing—come to Sheaffer's

©1957

W.A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IA., U.S.A. • IN CANADA: GODERICH, ONT. • IN AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE • IN GREAT BRITAIN: LONDON